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STUDIES
AT
LEISURE.

W. L. COURTNEY.

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STUDIES AT LEISURE

BY

W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD



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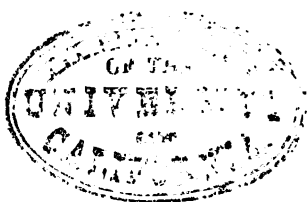
SOME of the following Essays have appeared in another form. I have to thank the Editors of the *Edinburgh, Quarterly, Fortnightly*, and *Universal Reviews*, and of *Macmillan's Magazine*, for leave to republish papers which originally appeared in their pages.

*

London, January 1892.

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STUDIES AT LEISURE.

KIT MARLOWE'S DEATH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, poet and dramatist.

SIR THOMAS WALSHINGHAM, Marlowe's friend and patron.

THOMAS NASH, dramatist

THOMAS LODGE, poet

EDWARD ALLEYN, actor

HENRY CHETTLE, a literary man.

FRANCIS ARCHER, landlord of 'Red Lion' Inn at Deptford.

NAN, Archer's housekeeper.

SCENE.—'Red Lion' Inn at Deptford. Parlour with sanded floor. NAN discovered laying table and making preparations for a meal as the curtain rises. 'Come, live with me and be my love,' etc., is sung as a quartette behind stage. NAN laying table and bustling about while music is going on. She sighs from time to time, and goes finally to window and draws back curtain, looking out on a moonlit scene.

TIME.—Evening of June 1, 1593.

Enter FRANCIS ARCHER (*the landlord of the Inn*).

Archer. Why, how now, Nan, is everything ready for our guests? A noisy crew they will be, I warrant—ay, and a quarrelsome one before the night is out!

B

Nan (sighing). Ay, Master Archer. (*She still looks out of window, and does not turn round.*)

Archer. Master Archer! Master Archer! How many times am I to tell thee, girl, that to thee I am not Master Archer, but plain Francis—Francis, an' it please you, that loveth thee with as true and honest a love as ever man gave to a maid? Is it moonlight to-night, Nan?

Nan. Yes, Master Archer.

Archer. Master Archer again! Why, sweet Nan, bonny Nan, know you not that moonlight is made for lovers? (*coming close to her.*) And that thou and I are very like to be betrothed to-night? (*she turns away and goes back to table; he follows.*) Didst thou not promise, girl, that it should be even so? Didst thou not swear to me that to-night, after the clock had struck midnight, thou wouldst give me a fair and straightforward answer, ay or nay? Knowest thou not that since my late wife died (God rest her soul!) I have favoured no other maid, but only thee? I grant you that my late venture was no profitable one. But thou, Nan, wilt make more than amends for all I have suffered; and thy bright eye will clear my bosom of all the perilous stuff of anger and petulance which have harboured there these many years past. Shall it not be so, Nan? Didst thou not make the promise I have said?

Nan. Yes, Master Archer, I have promised; but (*as he comes still nearer, and tries to take her hand*) after midnight, and not before.

Archer. Nay, Nan, I understand thee well enow. But thy coldness disconcerts me. Art thou coy, lass, with me, that hath loved thee these many months? Art thou afraid of me, that would take thee to his breast, like a frightened and timorous bird? Dost thou not know me, child? (*He at last gets possession of her hand, but she still keeps her eyes turned away from him.*) Is it something else, Nan, that keeps thee from me? (*fiercely.*) What is it? Who is it? Thou shalt tell me, Nan; ay, even if I tear thy secret from out thy lips!

Nan. Nay, Mr. Archer; I have nought to tell. Let me go (*bursts into tears*).

Archer. Now, by all the saints in heaven, I *will* know! Who is it? I ask thee again. It cannot be that one of the gentry hath spoken soft things in thine ear? Thou wouldst never dare lift thine eyes so high. Who is it, girl? (*roughly.*) Some simple swain, to whom thou hast plighted thy troth long ago, before thou becamest housekeeper in my service, and to whom thou yet feelest thyself bound? God's blood, but I am worth more than so clumsy a hind! No? Who then? Not one of these mad players and playwrights, who go over the whole face of the earth in paint and powder, cozening the face which Heaven hath given them into the likeness of knave or hero, God or devil? Ah! have I touched thee there? Then was I a thousand times right in asking their worshipful vagrancies here, and watching their wild antics with thee. Which is it, Nan? for God

is my witness, know I will, and that soon. Is it that wild tragedy villain, Alleyn, who hath debased himself into all the sins of Tamburlaine—so they tell me—ay, and even hath given himself a false nose and red hair, and masqueraded as Barabas, a Jew of Malta? or is it that whimpering Chettle? or the cold, sneering Nash? or—may God confound him—is it that handsome, careless, devil-may-care Kit Marlowe, with his saucy manners and his sparkling eyes, who hath taken the whole town by storm? Nan, is it Kit? God in heaven! not Marlowe! Speak, girl, speak!

Nan (with face averted, and frightened). Let me alone, Mr. Archer; nay, but I will not be thus harried by thee! Let me alone, I say! Have I not promised thee that I will give thee my answer to-night? Will not that content thee?

Archer. Content me, no—nor any other man, who feeleth the devil's own jealousy within him, as I do. Tell me fairly and openly, Nan, is it Marlowe? (*with a change of manner.*) Thou wilt not be hard-hearted, Nan; thou wilt not be so unkind to one who hath loved thee and would fain cherish thee all the years of thy life? Say, Nan, thou wilt tell me, wilt thou not?

Nan (crying). Nay, nay, nay, I cannot; leave me go, leave me go, Master Archer. See, how thy rude hand hath hurt my wrist! Unmannerly!

Archer. Unmannerly, sayest thou? And what of thee, who hast led me on from week to week and from month to month with the ever-deferred promise that thou wilt

be mine? Is that unmannerly? What of thyself, who hast played with so wanton a lightness on my heart's strings till, as thou knowest full well, I have no thought but of thee; and then, when the happiness of thy possession seemed at last to be within my reach, thou fliest off after some new fancy—some fresh young light-o'-love, no sooner seen than desired? Is that unmannerly? Heaven's truth! Speak not to me of unmannerliness, when thou canst thus throw off an old friend!

Nan. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Archer, thou knowest that I have always respected and—and—liked thee well enow.

Archer (bitterly). Liked! Respected! And when some beggarly young scapegrace of an actor and playwright, some son of a cobbler, who hath already lamed himself in his wild riots on the stage, and earned a fame at 'the Curtain' which should be the shame of honest men; who hath disgraced the mother that bare him and the learned colleges which have brought him up; who is notorious for his quarrels and his cups, ay, and his mistresses; who——

Nan (breaking in). Thou shalt not thus wrong Mr. Marlowe. I will not listen to thee. He hath ever been kind of heart and open of hand to all who have been in sorrow or in need. Why, only yester-even——

Archer. Ah! it is Marlowe, then! (*fiercely.*) 'Fore God, Nan, thou and he shall live to repent this! What, it is he then that hath caught this silly, fluttering bird—who hath taken all the gloss off thy butterfly wings! And I—well, I may go hang where and when it listeth me! But it

shall not be so, Nan! I swear it on my oath! He shall never hold thee in his arms as I am holding thee now (*clasps her*). This very night——

Enter LODGE, NASH, ALLEYN, CHETTLE, SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM. NASH holding a paper, over which they are all laughing immoderately, with the exception of CHETTLE. ARCHER leaves NAN, who escapes out of the room, and turning with a low bow—— [Exit NAN.

Your servant, gentlemen all!

Lodge. Good even, Master Francis. Servant, be it; and look you, we be thirsty souls; therefore serve us with some wine, and be quick about it; and we be hungry souls, look you, therefore serve us with that same supper which thou wottest of; and hurry thy legs about that too!

Archer (obsequious). Certes, gentlemen. Your appetites and your thirst shall not exceed my nimbleness. Ye shall be served with a supper which hath been these ten minutes awaiting you.

Sir Thomas Walsingham. Who was that comely wench, who so incontinently fled our coming? Methinks, if we are to be served by her hands, we shall not do amiss, please God.

Archer. It's my housekeeper, my lord.

Sir Thomas. Housekeeper, villain! She is young enough to be thy daughter.

Lodge (laughing). "Young enough and fair enough and

free enough to—cheat thee!” Aha, Sir Thomas, thine eye is ever for the wenches! At thine age, too!

Sir Thomas. Well, well, the supper—and thy house-keeper, Archer—especially the housekeeper!

[*Exit* ARCHER.]

Alleyn. And now for the dying will and testament, friend Nash. Out with it; let us all hear thee, and let those who have galled withers wince! I care not, I. But who would have thought our old friend Robin Greene would have made such an ending?

Chettle (*rubbing his hands*). Ay, ay, he was a kindly man was Robin Greene. A kindly man and a thoughtful—a rare writer of plays and a rare critic of his friends!

Lodge. Peace, thou sallow-faced weasel, and let thy betters speak.

Nash (*reading from Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit Bought by a Million of Repentance'*). “To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.”

Lodge. Poor friend Robin! He died hard, so it is reported.

Chettle. Nay, gentlemen, peace. Let us hear him.

Nash (*reading*). “If woful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness intreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come.”

Alleyn. Is not this brave? A rare preacher, say I!

Nash (reading). "Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians——"

Alleyn. Kit Marlowe! Kit Marlowe!

Sir Thomas. 'Twere best he speak no ill of Marlowe in my presence. What does the graceless villain say of Marlowe?

Chettle. Peace, peace, gentlemen. I pray you listen.

Nash (reading). "Why should thy excellent wit be so blinded that thou shouldst give no glory to the Giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied? O, peevish folly!" Nay, friends, is not this infamous? I will not sully my tongue with such dying venom. Hardly a year in his grave, and to leave such a legacy! I would that Kit were here to hear himself bespattered!

Chettle. Nay, but proceed, Master Nash. There is much sound wit and judgment in what is to come.

Nash. Proceed? Not I. Is it thou, thou white-faced loon, that hast given this pestilent rubbish to the world?

Alleyn. Ay, Chettle, art thou the editor?

Chettle. Gentlemen, gentlemen, I pray you be just to me. I have all the time of my knowledge of books hindered, so far as it hath lain with me, the bitter inveighing against scholars, and how in that I have dealt I can sufficiently prove. As for this Marlowe, I am not acquainted with him, and I care not if I never be.

Sir Thomas. Well, then, if thou carest to have a whole skin, the sooner thou departest the better for thee. Do I hear Kit's voice?

[MARLOWE'S voice heard without, singing.

Nash. Ay, begone with thee, Chettle! If thou givest such rubbish as this to honest men, beware their resentment!

Alleyn. Out with thee, thou knavish purveyor of malice!

[*As they threaten, CHETTLE slinks out L. From door R. NAN comes in with tankards and wine. From door C. enter MARLOWE, flushed, and as he comes in he sings :—*

And saw you not my Nan to-day?
My winsome maid have you not seen?
My pretty Nan is gone away
To seek her love upon the green.

As he comes down he sees NAN, and puts his arm round her waist and draws her to him. ARCHER, who has followed NAN with dishes, sees the act.]

Marlowe (seating himself at table). Well, comrades, how goeth it with you? Be ye merry, and I will give you a stave. But an' ye be mournful, I am not of your company (*looking after NAN, who has gone out, and sings*)—

My pretty Nan is gone away
To seek her love upon the green.

Sir Thomas. Thou art come in time, friend Kit, for this varlet Archer hath been like to upset the pasty on my lap, so overjoyed is he at thy coming. (*To ARCHER*) Sirrah, wilt thou put the dish down and be gone? Come, thou tragic histrio, Alleyn, repeat to him some of thy deep-mouthed verses to frighten him!

Alleyn (with tragedy air). "Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!" (*They all laugh.*)

Marlowe. Nay, nay, Tom Nash loveth not "the drumming decasyliabon," eh, Tom? "The swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse," eh, Tom? But, my worthy sirs, though I see many cups, yet there is to my mind a miserable paucity of contents. Friend Archer, wilt thou not remove that sullen face of thine, and let thy Nan come in to replenish our emptiness? [*ARCHER goes out sullenly.*]

Sir Thomas. Who is this Nan, Kit?

Marlowe (carelessly). Nan? She is what Archer calls his housekeeper, is she not?

Sir Thomas. Ay, ay, we know that well enough. But canst thou tell us no more of her than what we know already? Did not my ears catch some ribald lines which thou wert repeating in her honour, and did not my eyes see thy tender salutation?

Marlowe (laughing). Each one to his own, say I! Nay, in all seriousness, gentlemen, she is a small chit that hath much helped to relieve my dulness in this village while the plague is raging in the town. I did her, or her mother, some small kindness: I forget which it was, or what it was; and she hath in return done me the great kindness of living in Deptford, whereby I have something whereon to feast my weary eyes. (*NAN comes in with more wine.*) Hast thou not, Nan?

Nan (shyly). I know not, Mr. Marlowe, what thou sayest.

Marlowe (as she fills his cup). Well, Nan, thou shalt

give my cup the benison of thy lips. Drink to me, lass. Nay, I insist. (*She touches the cup with her lips; MARLOWE drains it down.*) 'Fore Heaven, 'tis nectar now. "A lass and a glass," saith the wise man. And now, Nan, go thy ways, my bonny girl; for we hard drinkers are not meet company for thee. Go thy ways, lass; go! (*She goes out.*)

Nash. Confound thee, Kit; thou always hast the devil's own luck.

Marlowe. Which is more than I can say for thee, Tom, when thou writest in the company of Robin Greene and decriest thy learned friends as "idiot art-masters"! (*The others laugh at NASH'S expense.*) But what was the business over which ye all looked so grave as I entered? It was a thirsty business, I'll be bound, or all the cups would not have been so empty!

Nash. We were reading Greene's testament, wherein, to his shame, he hath said so many hard words of thee.

Marlowe. So hast thou, Tom, in thy time, so hast thou! Nay, deny it not, man, nor think that it angereth me a jot. Dame Nature hath given me a tough hide.

Sir Thomas. And a tender heart.

Marlowe. That shall be as it may be. But read on, Nash, read on. I would fain have some savoury morsel wherewith to flavour my cup.

Nash (reading). "Defer not till the last point of extremity"—he is speaking of thee, Kit—"for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited."

Marlowe. Like enough! like enough! Unvisited,

unwept for, and alone! (*This in a half-aside, with almost a serious air.*)

Nash (continuing). "With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words." He must mean thee, Tom Lodge.

Lodge. No. Am I not a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, and a Master of Arts?

Marlowe. Ay, a better Master of Arts than thou art a Doctor of Divinity! But he means not Tom Lodge, but Tom Nash. Have we not all suffered from his biting satires?

Nash. I care not, whether it be I or he. But here is a worthier passage. Listen, sirs, and tell me whether even poor crazy Robin Greene speaketh not sometimes to the point (*reads*): "There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes-factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." Aha, methinks he hath taken off our young deer-stealer to a nicety!

Sir Thomas. Ay, that is the proper sauce wherewith to serve so eminent a gosling!

Lodge. Bravo, Robin! Thou canst be young Juvenal too, when it liketh thee!

Marlowe (starting up). Now, 'fore Heaven, I think ye be too uncharitable! I care not what he saith of me or any of you, but no man shall speak thus in my presence of young Will Shakespeare.

Sir Thomas. Why, Kit, they say he is like to be thy rival!

Marlowe. Rival, sayest thou? Nay, mistake me not. He is not my rival, nor any man's. I tell ye all that when we are lying in our graves, there will be one man who will be living in men's mouths—Will Shakespeare! When men have forgotten the very names we bore, when all that we have written becomes like letters on the sand or the water—there is one name they will never forget—Will Shakespeare! Ye talk of me and of my mighty line; what is all that I have penned, weighed in the balances against Will Shakespeare? Why, gentlemen, he is but in the first blush of his spring, and mayhap none of us shall see his summer, but I tell ye that there are thoughts of his and words which he hath written which ring in my ears like the divinest music, which cross the dull and muddy air we breathe like lightning flashes of Heaven's own blinding radiance! I say nothing of the man himself, how gentle he is and how modest, compared to our noisy crew, and with how simple a life he is for ever rebuking our mad escapades; but if this speech be my last, I will bear testimony to the finest mind and purest genius that ever blest our English tongue with inimitable jewels of language and thought—ay, the one man who, if fate so will that our dear England be conquered by some foreign foe and sink into obscurity and nothingness, will for ever redeem our race and the common name we bear—because Will Shakespeare was an Englishman! (*MARLOWE sinks down on his seat.*)



(*A pause.*)

Sir Thomas. Why, how now, Kit, this is tragedy indeed !

Marlowe (wearily). Ay, ay, mayhap I am something over-wrought to-night. Give me more to drink. Is it true that men have sometimes a strange feeling that their end is nigh, and that all their work is over ? Pshaw, this is woman's weakness !

Nash. Come, come, Kit. Tell us of thyself. Hast thou been doing aught that is noteworthy ?

Marlowe (brightening). Something here and there, by fits and starts, as is my wont. Rememberest thou the tragedy of Dido and those young school-boy essays of mistranslating Virgil ? Well, Tom, there is work in that for thee. The work tires me somewhat. Wilt thou take it in hand ?

Nash. Ay, that I will, and welcome. Right proud am I to be thy helper.

Alleyn. But hast thou nothing for me ? I would fain have something to study that is thine—some character to take the town, when this cursed plague is over. Hast thou no new Barabas ?

Thus like the sad-presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings—

Hast thou nothing like that, now ?

Marlowe (smiling). Maybe I have, and thou, my Alleyn, shalt be my interpreter.

Lodge. What is it ? May we know ?

Marlowe. What say ye, gentlemen, to a new character? A man who hath something in him of Tamburlaine, and here and there a likeness to thy friend (to ALLEYN) Barabas?

Nash. Perchance, too, there is a touch of Faustus?

Marlowe. Nay, nay, there is only one Faustus!

Alleyn. And his name, Kit, his name?

Marlowe. Hebrew, sirs, Hebrew. The Hebrews have all the vices and the intelligence of our time. Nay, now I bethink me, I have made him a Moor.

Alleyn. But his name, Kit, his name!

Marlowe. Art thou not forward in thy haste? His name is Aaron. Wouldst thou hear somewhat of his speech? Well, give me a brimming cup to baptize my latest offspring. (*They pour out wine in his cup, which he swallows.*) Again, lads, again. Aaron is a name somewhat dry in the mouth, methinks. (*MARLOWE pulls a MS. out of his pocket and reads from the play of 'Titus Andronicus.'*)

[NAN steals in and listens by the door.]

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills—

—nay, it is sorry stuff.

Nash. Marlowe's line, nathless.

Alleyn. More, more, I pray thee.

Marlowe (*turns over a few pages, and reads*)—

Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine;

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence and my cloudy melancholy?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution?
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Lodge. "Deadly-standing eye" is good.

Marlowe. Good, quotha? Nay, I am sick of it. Oh that I had the grace of Will Shakespeare to fashion my hard verses to smoothest melody! I care not if I never finish it. (*Seeing NAN, who has been listening with rapt attention.*) Ah, Nan, art thou there? Leave me, gentlemen, I pray you. I fear I am not so lightsome in my heart as you would desire. Leave me.

Nash. Leave you? Not I.

Alleyn. Nor I.

Marlowe. I pray you, do.

Sir Thomas. What, shall we humour him? Then give us thy new play to amuse ourselves withal. (*He gives his MS.*) But we will return anon, Kit. Thou graceless villain, are we to leave thee all the sweets? Well, gentlemen, come.

[*Exeunt SIR THOMAS, NASH, LODGE, and ALLEYN.*

MARLOWE is left with NAN.

Marlowe. Come hither, sweet. Hast thou been here all the time, and I saw thee not?

Nan. Nay, I only came when I heard the sound of thy voice. Thou knowest that it rings like music in my ears.

Marlowe. A harsh note, Nan, believe me. There is no music in my composition. Some force, maybe, and fervour, some gift of high-sounding words which these lads, that are my friends, do not attain unto. But no music, Nan—I would there were!—no unearthly melody like that which haunts the least words of Will Shakespeare. But why talk I thus to thee? Come nearer and comfort me, lass, for I feel strangely sick at heart.

Nan. Art thou ill, dear master?

Marlowe. Ill? No, only moody and dispirited. No matter, let us drink.

Nan. No, no (*putting away his glass*). I do not like thee in thy company vein. I like thee by thyself, as when we sometimes walk through the great solemn woods, and see the shadows of the tall trees on the grass, and hear the birds sing in the meadows. Ah, thou hast been a kind friend to me!

Marlowe. No, lass, no. 'Tis thou rather that has been kind to me. See here, sweet, I am but young in years. What is my age? 'Tis barely thirty, but methinks I have lived too long. I have seen too much, or else I have lived through my allotted space too fast. Whatever it be, I am all aweary of the world, and thy Kit Marlowe is an old man before his time. My life hath withered up my heart.

Nan. Nay, now, I know that thou speakest falsely. Hast thou no heart, thinkest thou, when thou canst turn out of thy way to be kind to a poor country lass like me? When thou savedst my mother's life with thy

timely gifts and still more kindly words, dost think thou hadst no heart? Ah, Master Marlowe, I know thee better.

Marlowe. No more of that, I pray you. Come, let us be merry, and talk of love, and laugh at death and old age. Thou art a bonny child, Nan, and 'fore Heaven I love thee well! (*Draws her to him and kisses her.*) Drink, lass, drink! Life is all glorious when we drink!

Nan. When dost thou go away?

Marlowe. What talk is this of going away? Why, Nan, have I infected thee with my dull spirits? Maybe, I shall never go away.

Nan. What do you mean?

Marlowe. God's truth, I know not. What a strange life is this of ours, when ever and anon there come visitings from another world—when in the heyday of life there is the sudden shadow cast across our path—Why do I talk thus to thee? Drink, girl, drink!

Nan. Art thou ill?

Marlowe (*musings*). Is there another world? And is all that we see and feel and touch the mere semblance of a dream which shall roll away, and leave us bare and naked before some dread Reality?—I had a strange vision last night.

Nan. Tell me, kind master. I would fain know all thy thoughts.

Marlowe. I believe thou wouldst, for I have ever found in thee, although that thou art but a village child, some touch of poesy. Ay, let me tell thee. But let me feel

thy warm touch about my face; let me link thy arms about me. (*He puts her arms round his neck, she on'y half resisting.*) Listen, child. Methought I was in some large plain, and before me there was a mountain which bounded the horizon, and it seemed that I must needs climb the ascent. And though the way was steep, and I could see others fainting by my side, to me it was an easy and delightful task to climb the lower bases of the mountain. And then, as I rose, I found that the mountain divided itself into twin peaks—one of them all rocky and precipitous, and the other slowly rising from the day into some wondrous region of cloud and mist. And a voice said, "Choose which thou wilt climb." And I said to myself, "Let me choose the steep and arduous peak; the other only requireth patience, and surely all men can attain to it." (*Putting her from him and rising.*) So I climbed up the precipices, and my foot was light and my hands were strong: nor could aught prevent my eager haste, till I placed myself at last on the cold, stony top of the hill I had chosen. And when I laid myself down to rest, of a sudden there was a thunder, and I heard a pealing cry, "Live thou on thy peak alone." And the clouds that rested on the other summit were swept aside for a moment, and I saw that it was immeasurably higher than mine. And again the awful voice, "Thou hast chosen ill."—Nay, child, I have frightened thee with my fancies.

Nan (slowly). When dost thou go away?

Marlowe. Again that question? Why, Nan, how

unkind thou art to me in thus harping upon my going.
When do I go away? Mayhap in a month, or a day,
or never. Dost thou love me, lass?

Nan. Oh, do not ask!

Marlowe. But thou must say, lass—thou must say.
Dost thou love me?

Nan (shyly). Thou knowest that I do. Hast thou not
been all kindness and tenderness to me?

Marlowe. I know not. Maybe I have been unkind,
for in certain ways, methinks, I have deceived thee. I
would not have thee mistake me, Nan. Think not that
love—the mere love of man for maid—can ever sway
my heart. It is not so; I have a love within me—a
passionate love, which nought can assuage; but it is
not an earthly love. They call me ‘atheist,’ do they
not?

Nan. Ay, sir; I have heard so.

Marlowe. Atheist; ay, so says Richard Bame. But
it is not true—at least, not true save in their narrow
sense. I have an unearthly love about me for something
to which I can give no name. It is a haunting passion,
an aspiration for that which hath never been, nor ever
yet will be: a mad feverish thirst for the grand, the
divine, the impossible. There is for ever hovering in
my restless head

One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least
Which into words no virtue can digest.

Why—(*laughing*)—what a sorry knave am I, that must

needs quote my own words, like some poor prating parrot !
Dost love me, Nan ?

Nan. I love thee.

Marlowe. Love me not, love me not ! I only love my art.

Nan. Ah—but—nay, why shouldst thou care what my lot may be ?

Marlowe. What is thy lot, Nan ?

Nan. I have promised Francis Archer that I will marry him.

Marlowe. Marry Francis Archer ? What, hast thou promised ? No, 'fore God, thou shalt not marry him ; thou shalt marry me. S'blood, I am sick of the town life. I will stay here with thee. Wilt thou marry me, Nan ?

Nan. Ah—mock me not !

Marlowe. Mock thee ? not I ! Marry Francis Archer ? Never ! Never ! Come, marry thee I will, willy nilly. When shall it be ? To-morrow ? To-night ? (*getting excited.*) In sober truth, I will leave the world and live with thee. I will marry thee now. Where is the priest ?

Nan. Nay, thou knowest that there is no priest here.

Marlowe. No priest ? Nay, the ceremony shall be now. (*Going to the door, wildly.*) Here, Nash, Lodge, Alleyn, come in, all of you. (*They enter.*) Come in, come in and be my witnesses in a solemn act of betrothal !

Nash. What mad prank is this ?

Marlowe. Nay, I am in sober earnest, or I shall be with one more cup of wine. Come and be my witnesses.

Lodge. "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships"? (*pointing to NAN.*)

Marlowe. Ay, and a pretty one, too! Come, thou tragedy-monger, Ned Alleyn, and be my priest.

Alleyn. Thy priest, Kit?

Marlowe. Ay, art thou not an actor?—which in good high-sounding Greek means a hypocrite. Priest, actor, hypocrite, 'tis all one! Come, marry us. (*He seizes NAN and forces her down on her knees, with himself in front of ALLEYN, the others laughing.*)

Enter ARCHER. *He stops appalled, then rushes forward.*

Archer. Sirs, sir, what mean ye by this foolery? Let the girl go!

Nash. Why, how now, thou moody knave! Nay, we must have no brawlers in church. (*Seizes him, and attempts to push him to the door. They struggle.*)

Marlowe. Thou insolent varlet! What, thou art going to marry Nan, art thou? Nay, let me get at him (*to LODGE and ALLEYN, who stop and attempt to keep him back*). Nay, I will turn him out of doors. 'Fore Heaven, I will murder him! Let me get at him, the drunken fool!

[*MARLOWE, struggling with LODGE and ALLEYN, gets at last to NASH, who is struggling with ARCHER. As they struggle the table is overturned, and ARCHER gets hold of a knife on the floor, which has been upset from the table. As MARLOWE at last gets to him, throwing off his friends, ARCHER stabs MARLOWE to the heart.*]

Archer. Take that, thou vile seducer !

[MARLOWE gets away the knife after a struggle, and holds it over ARCHER, then sinks back, and the knife falls on the floor. The others rush up to him, and ARCHER escapes from the room.]

Alley. Kit, Kit, look up, lad. Thou art not hurt ?

Marlowe. Hurt ? Ay, past surgery. Nan, art thou there ? (*She comes forward, trembling, and lifts his head on her knee.*) Lend me thy kerchief, lass, to staunch this bleeding. It is draining my life. Look cheerily, lass, 'tis all one ; and if it is not to-day, then it will be to-morrow. Nay, nay, weep not, child. Thou knowest I would have married thee ?

Nan. Ay, my dear lord (*weeping*).

Marlowe. Well, then, I am thy husband. Fare thee well ! Come, come, gentlemen, eye me not so sadly. Ye will grieve, it may be, for a time, and anon ye will be merry again. 'Tis all one.

Lodge. Let some one go and arrest the murderer.

Marlowe. Nay, let him go. He thought I had wronged him.

Alley. Oh, Kit, Kit ! Thou wilt not die and leave us ?

Marlowe. Needs must, sirs, when fate calls. Poor Kit Marlowe ! 'Tis a sorry ending to a sorry life ! Well, it would have come hereafter. "O water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst !" (*His head sinks down.*)

Nash. Is he gone ? (*They press some water to his lips.*)

Marlowe. Nay, there is yet a flicker ere the light goes out. But ah, my plays, my plays ! When comes another

Tamburlaine? Will men write another 'Faustus'? And my 'Hero and Leander'? I pray ye to ask George Chapman to end it for me; but when? when? And men will judge me only by what I have written. Poor, poor Kit Marlowe! (*His head sinks again.*)

Alleyn. Nay, Kit, thy memory shall be dear to us.

Marlowe (starting up). Is it e'en so? Nay, nay, come not, Lucifer! "See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!" Ah, ah! (*shrieks. Recovering.*) Nay, friends, look not so terrified. It is but Faustus that speaks. Will they remember me, think you, in the after days? Will they speak kindly of poor, wild Kit Marlowe? "Weep not for Mortimer, that scorns the world, and as a traveller goes to discover countries yet unknown." Oh, God! God! will death never come? I am but what I am—a poor froward boy, who hath shipwrecked his life on the sharp rocks of circumstance and fate. The fool hath said in his heart——(*dies*).

Alleyn (solemnly)—

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough.

[*'Come, live with me,' sung or played softly, as the curtain descends.*]

SLOW CURTAIN.

IBSEN'S SOCIAL DRAMAS.

THE curious interest which the dramas of Henrik Ibsen have excited in London and even in Paris is a phenomenon worthy of study. Possibly it does not admit of a single interpretation, but is due to a combination of different causes. If we take into account the alleged fact that in Norway itself there is a certain amount of scepticism as to Ibsen's pretensions, while in England there has been formed a school of Ibsenites as fervent, and as blind in their admiration, as the societies which clustered round Browning, we come across the familiar principle that even in literature our taste is as much guided by contrast as it is by affinity. We like what we understand and are familiar with, but our curiosity is more readily piqued by what we do not understand and what strikes us as strange. In Norway, a country which is struggling to develop a literature of its own, men instinctively turn to the older literatures of England, France, and Germany, as presenting them with a maturity and a disciplined skill which they recognize as the somewhat distant goal of their own efforts. In the midst of an older civilization an exactly

opposite feeling is often prevalent. We experience a pleasant piquancy in literatures that were only born yesterday; there are amongst us critics who seem to rate the novels of Tolstoi and Dostoieffsky above those of Thackeray and Balzac; and the work that is relatively crude and immature is estimated out of all proportion to its real value. There may be some of this feeling at the bottom of the admiration for Ibsen, as it undoubtedly accounts for the unstinted praise often given to Walt Whitman. But there are other causes at work more intimately connected with the stage and dramatic writing. We are told that the burden of conventionalism is slowly stifling theatrical productiveness; and when a strong and master spirit, who knows nothing about our conventions and our stereotyped formulæ, comes out with dramas full of refreshing novelty and vigour, it is a sign that our older species of composition has had its day and that a new era is dawning. The assertion may or may not be true, but the mere fact that it is made, accounts for the eagerness with which Ibsen's dramas are scrutinized as the harbingers of a theatrical revolution.

To this must be added the old controversy which in so many forms has appeared throughout the whole course of literature, and which in our day we call the antagonism between Idealism and Naturalism. Should art give us the glory which never was on sea or land, or should its humbler function be to present us with the real? Are the 'documents' of its activity those old and familiar functions which we call imaginative force, the constructive power of

genius, the dream of fancy, the intuitive insight of intellect; or a much more prosaic piece of industry, the accumulations of actual experience, the daily note-taking of a fearless and analytical inquisitiveness? There can be no doubt on which side are to be found the so-called representatives of the modern spirit. Browning gives us this realistic temper at its best—not untouched by the graces of idealistic fancy. At its worst we have not far to look. Shall it be Tolstoi with his ‘Kreutzer Sonata’? or Zola with his ‘La Terre’? or Ibsen with his ‘Ghosts’ and his ‘Hedda Gabler’? To speak of ‘the modern spirit’ is no doubt a vague and misleading phrase. But we shall probably not be far wrong if we include in its current signification at least these three elements—Naturalism naked and unashamed, a vigorous though crude unconventionality both of phrase and literary workmanship, and a profound belief in the necessity of democracy, the triumph of science, and the emancipation of woman.

Ibsen, at all events, has some of these features, though he adds to them characteristics of his own. If we take a play like ‘The Young Men’s League,’ it appears that, while he too tends towards the recognition of the inevitableness of democracy, he preserves the attitude of the critic or the cynic, and has a very shrewd suspicion of the kind of leader which democracies will probably develop. If we turn to ‘Ghosts,’ it is seen that he accepts to the full the interpretations of Science, and with a perfectly merciless hand reveals the doctrine of Heredity as applied to the family circle. Probably it is hardly necessary to say that

he paints the emancipation of woman to those who have seen the recent representations of his 'Doll's House,' for the Nora who deserts her husband and children, and bangs the front door behind her as the curtain descends, is the woman who has recognized that her first duty is the cultivation of her own individuality. Perhaps we should say that Ibsen is indeed 'modern' in these senses together with that equally characteristic note of modernity, a scepticism of the very ideas which he is promulgating. He wishes to educe the individual, and yet he shows to what repulsive lengths the individualistic craze can be carried. He fears and hates socialism and the tyranny of the majority, which after all are the logical results of triumphant democracy. He would free the woman, and yet shows how unlovely the unshackled woman can become. He welcomes the revelations of science, while he points out what havoc they make of such ideas as Conscience, Responsibility, and Freedom of the Will. And through all the scenes which he puts before our eyes, he paints without shame, or fear, or literary reserve, in full compliance with the dictates of that Realism, whose boast it sometimes appears to be that the real is the monotonously ugly.

The peculiarity, however, of Ibsen as a writer, as well as thinker,—a peculiarity which adds much to the normal difficulty of estimating a foreigner and a contemporary,—is that he combines the susceptibility to modern ideas with a literary form which is in many respects crude and immature. This is not a criticism which will appeal to

the Ibsenite school, nor is it here advanced with any confident dogmatism. But the problem with which we are face to face is so perplexing, that we are almost forced to offer it as at all events a plausible solution. On the one hand we have to acknowledge a freshness and piquancy in the way in which Ibsen advances his ideas, and a consequent attractiveness in the dramas which seems to increase with repeated perusal: and yet, on the other hand, there is a constant source of irritation both in the treatment of his themes and the various devices by which he seeks to reveal his characters. It is easy to illustrate by concrete examples, and we need go no further than the notorious 'Doll's House.' No one who has seen it on the stage would deny that in some fashion the play grows upon the spectator: unexpected points of interest start up, new lights are thrown on the personages, fresh elucidations occur to the mind of what the author is driving at. Nevertheless, on the whole, we are more piqued than pleased: we find fault with the *dénouement*, and are mentally reconstructing a better ending: we get to hate the fatuous husband, Torvald Helmer; and here and there in the long conversations we are appalled with the sudden *bêtises*—such as the incident about the silk stockings in the dialogue between Dr. Rank and Nora, and the incredible vulgarity of the talk about oysters and champagne. It is obvious that just this union of piquancy and bad taste is what is so often met with in the work of some precociously clever young man: it is the very 'note' of juvenility. Or else, if the expression be preferred, we

stigmatize it as 'provincial,' the work not of the centre but of the circumference, not metropolitan but suburban. And indeed the whole of the *mise en scène* of an Ibsenite drama is entirely suburban—the pseudo-culture of the women, the vain bumptiousness of the men, the astonishing frankness of the language, the grasping eagerness to parade the latest scientific idea. It gives us just the impression of the Chicago lady 'dizzy on education,' or of the man nearer home who liked to call agricultural implements by their proper name. But instead of being conjoined with feeble intellectual power, we have it here thrown down before us with marvellous vigour and a real grasp of essential elements, recalling in its general effect that sudden alternation of darkness and light which in some latitudes is due to the absence of a soft, pervading, mellowing twilight. Ibsen plunges us at once from brilliance into gloom: there are no stealing shadows, no tender penumbra, no gentle gradations through gold and orange and violet.

The crudity of literary form is more easily perceptible on a larger scale. It is not a mere matter of incidents and language, but it affects to a considerable extent the whole dramatic construction. What, for instance, is the indispensable element of drama? The evolution of character through action. When Browning's 'Strafford' was acted on the stage, it was remarked that we did not know Charles's minister any better in the fifth act than we did in the first. Something of the same kind is to be found in Ibsen's dramas. The prominent character, for instance,

in 'The Young Men's League' is a young lawyer, named Stensgard, whose label of vulgar democrat, attaching to him when the curtain rises, equally adheres to him when it descends. But his peculiarities can hardly be said to have developed before our eyes: we do not get to know him any better, as we do the characters of Shakespeare. He is a Dickens-like personage who exists to manifest a certain quality, not a real person whom we can imagine living and active in other circumstances than those in which his creator has for the time placed him. It is unnecessary to cite other instances, because this want of development in character is the natural result of a peculiarity of Ibsen's dramatic construction, which we are often told to admire. Like Euripides in some of his plays, Ibsen is fond of an analytical method. The successive acts are devoted to the analysis of all that is involved in a given situation which was realized before the curtain ascends. Nora Helmer in the 'Doll's House' has already forged her father's name before the action commences: Dr. Stockmann in the 'Enemy of Society' has already discovered that the vaunted baths of his town are impregnated with possible disease and death at the very opening of the first act. It follows that the ensuing scenes must be devoted to the drawing out of the consequences of a realized catastrophe; they must render explicit what is already implicit in the situation with which we open. No one has any right to object to an analytical method, although it is obvious that it is the characteristic rather of a philosophic essay than of a drama. 'Hamlet' might quite correctly be described as an analytical

play. But there is one condition which must not be foregone. If there is to be no real development by action, there must be at least an emotional development. Sometimes Ibsen realizes this, and then we get to know his characters. Sometimes he does not, and then we feel towards his work as we do towards some of the work of Euripides. We can, however, excuse the Greek dramatist, because he was not always concerned to paint flesh and blood, but artificially heightened figures with masks on. Ibsen's characters want to be flesh and blood, but the dramatist's method sometimes checks their legitimate aspirations. There is, for instance, often to be found among the *dramatis personæ* a conventional figure by the side of the heroine, a middle-aged friend, half cynic, half lover, and wholly a man of the world, such as Doctor Rank by the side of Nora in the 'Doll's House,' Pastor Manders by the side of Mrs. Alving in 'Ghosts,' and Judge Brack by the side of Mrs. Tesman in 'Hedda Gabler.' Even if it be admitted that such personages are not drawn in a conventional way, their appearance seems to argue a certain fondness for more or less conventional types.

To these points ought obviously to be added Ibsen's didacticism. That this tendency has to be adverted to, is not so much the fault of his critics as it is of his admirers. Probably every artist has reason to pray to be delivered not only from his friends, but from the school who look up to him and call him 'master.' For where the founder leaves the outlines somewhat indistinct and blurred, the disciple with patient assiduity fills in with decisive strokes

and adds body and substance to what may after all be a pure exercise of fancy. Directly, however, 'the purpose' and 'the moral' become doubly and trebly emphasized, the value of the work of art is gone; it is no longer a piece of dramatic portraiture, but a sermon, an apologue, a fable. An artist need not be without a moral, but by the very conditions of his nature he ought not to be tied down to one moral—rather he ought to be as many-sided and as capable of yielding different morals, as life itself. In Ibsen's case there seems to have been a distinct period of his life when he formally assumed the rôle of a preacher, and gave up that of a poet. The outward and visible sign was the adoption of prose and the abandonment of verse; the inward motive was a fine scorn of his countrymen and of the customs and ordinances of Norwegian society. 'Semper ego auditor tantum,' he seems to have said, and then composed one drama after another to expose the hollowness of provincial respectability, the insincerity of customary ethics, the poverty of connubial lives, proving with equal emphasis the bitterness of his retaliatory ardour and his Timon-like abhorrence of all ordinary social ideals. So far as Ibsen was thus consciously didactic, he may have been a consummate preacher, but he was an immature dramatist. But it is easy to exaggerate this tendency, as indeed is proved by those emancipated women who have gushed over the 'moral' of Nora Helmer's daring act of freedom. It appears to be almost necessary to rescue the dramatist from the embarrassing enthusiasm of his admirers and to

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point out that the conclusion of 'The Lady of the Sea' seems to suggest, as we shall soon have occasion to remark, a perfectly different moral. Moreover, it seems to be clear that Ibsen himself has done his best to rid himself of the obvious drawbacks of the didactic method; in 'Rosmersholm,' in 'The Lady of the Sea,' in 'Hedda Gabler,' he no longer preaches a moral, or if he does, it is by no means so plain and explicit as his worshippers would desire. Hence, there may be confusion in the ranks of 'the school,' but there is, at least, a perfectly satisfactory intimation, that, if ever the character of prophet suited the dramatist, it was a mark of immaturity, from which he desires to be free. It would be difficult to see how an artist could feel otherwise. He must gain for himself, at whatever cost, freedom to study character from any point of view he pleases, and even though an Ibsenite society should find its occupation gone, 'impavidum ferient ruinæ.'

It is time, however, to turn from generalizations and look more narrowly at the man himself and at some of his most characteristic productions; and it is obviously necessary to concentrate our attention especially on those dramas which are best known and have made most sensation in England. It ought to be remembered, however, that Ibsen, as a literary genius has other claims on our study than those to which we propose to advert. He commenced life by being a poet, and it would be quite an arguable position that his contributions to the poetry of his native land are at least as valuable as his later plays. It is very significant, however, that at a particular

period of his life he should have deliberately abandoned such inclinations as he felt towards the poetic career. He has chosen the vehicle of prose partly because he can more immediately appeal to all classes of society, partly also, it may be presumed, because the choice indicates a determined effort to become a reformer, or at all events a critic of those institutions of society which in his opinion are imprisoning the modern spirit; partly again, because prose suits the Realist. We have no space to take up the earlier career, but the briefest of facts may conduce to clearness, and some attempt must be made to suggest the personality of the man of whom we are speaking.

Henrik Ibsen was born on the 20th of March, 1828, in Norway, and lived there until 1864. The latter date coincides with the German aggression on Denmark, when it was for some time thought that England ought for various reasons to come to the help of the over-mastered country. Ibsen, in his distress that Norway and Sweden would not help Denmark to resist Prussia, as well as for other causes, shook the dust off his feet, deserted his own native land, and since then has mainly been resident in Rome, Munich, and Dresden, producing on an average a drama every two years. He was at an earlier period appointed artistic director of the Norwegian theatre at Christiania, and gained some actual experience of stage work. We need not be concerned with the elaborate reasons which some of his biographers have found for explaining Ibsen by his historical antecedents.

and by the character of his Scotch and Norwegian ancestry. Let us take the man as his friends have described him—a rather short but very vigorous and impressive personality. He has a peculiarly broad and high forehead, with small keen eyes, blue-gray in hue, of a quality which his sympathizers describe as penetrating to the heart of things. His long gray hair and his whiskers make him look more like a surgeon than a poet and dramatist; but the signs of strength are to be found not only in his forehead, but in his firm and compressed mouth, and it is probably for various adequate reasons that he has been called the man of iron will. He certainly has no look of the characteristic artist's face, there is nothing in him of the vague, questioning, æsthetic wistfulness which we sometimes associate with the artistic nature. He would probably consider himself, on the contrary, entirely practical—practical, that is to say, not in the popular, but in the philosophic sense, a man who attempts to diagnose the evil of society and to expose the causes of its corruption. In entire accordance with this rôle of speculative thinker we find that he is unusually reserved and silent, a man who propounds his social riddles somewhere about Christmas, leaves the busy tribe of scribblers and critics to attempt to discover their meaning, and shuts himself up for two years without communication with kith and kin until a new puzzle is ready. If we turn to his dramatic work, we shall find in the first place a certain set of historical and legendary dramas: a youthful 'Catilina,' written in 1850, revised

at a later period; a melodramatic play, 'Lady Inger of Ostraat,' 1855; historical studies, such as the 'Warriors at Helgeland,' 'The Pretenders,' and above all 'Emperor and Galilæan,' a play which by itself deserves a separate study. It is worthy of remark that in it he looks forward to a period which is to succeed the two periods, first of Paganism, and second of Christianity, a period which is to resolve all the riddles of this painful earth in a new era which shall recognize the rights of the individual man.

Then we find another class of dramatic poems, for instance, 'Love's Comedy,' and the two celebrated poems 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt,' in 1866-67. It is the third class, however, with which we have to deal—the so-called social dramas, commencing with 'The Young Men's League,' in 1869, and continuing with 'The Pillars of Society,' 1877, 'A Doll's House,' 1879, 'Ghosts,' 1881, 'An Enemy of Society,' 1882, 'The Wild Duck,' 1884, 'Rosmersholm,' 1886, 'The Lady of the Sea,' two years later, and finally the play which has lately been published both at Copenhagen and in London, 'Hedda Gabler,' Ibsen's New Year's gift to his admirers. It is of course impossible for us to review all the dramas in this recent group. It will be only necessary to take a few of those which may justly be reckoned characteristic, and characteristic especially of those three leading ideas which have before been referred to as animating a great deal of Ibsen's work—first, the revolt against society side by side with the criticism of the democratic state; secondly, the influence of scientific ideas,

especially of heredity; and thirdly, the position of woman in the social state. Under the first of these heads ought to be placed, disregarding the historical order, 'The Young Men's League,' 'An Enemy of Society,' and 'The Pillars of Society.' A good representative of the second will be found in 'Ghosts'; while the third division will include the 'Doll's House,' 'Rosmersholm,' 'The Lady of the Sea,' and 'Hedda Gabler'; to only some of which we shall have space to refer.

'An Enemy of Society' is by no means a bad example to commence with, because the central figure, Dr. Stockmann, not inaptly represents certain phases in Ibsen's own character. Dr. Stockmann is the successful doctor of a Norwegian watering-place, possessing the advantage of certain baths, to the popularity of which the doctor himself has largely contributed. He has an elder brother, Peter Stockmann, a burgomaster, a prefect of police, a Chairman of the Board of Directors—in short, a municipal official of the ordinary type. Dr. Stockmann discovers that the baths, of which he is medical officer, are contaminated, and that the numerous visitors who come to the town in search of health are likely to be poisoned—slowly but surely—by the so-called salubrious waters. He is determined to set himself right with the society in which he lives by proclaiming his discovery. Need it be said that his chief and earliest enemy is the official supporter of things as they are, his own brother, the burgomaster? In him is typified all that passive acquiescence in the usual, the ordinary, and the common-

place, which is the wonted characteristic of civic authority, but which, in this instance, is aggravated by the reasonable fear of doing damage to the town and alienating the influential patronage of visitors. Side by side with these two personages—the radical scientist and the conservative mouthpiece of Bumbledom—are to be found an editor of a newspaper, a prominent member of the journalistic staff, and a master printer. The newspaper, of course, adopts the policy of prudence, of waiting upon events, of ‘the jumping cat.’ It does not desire to originate any definite policy—that would be too dangerous—but to reserve its advocacy until it sees what policy is likely to be successful. When it thought that it would best secure its interests by supporting Dr. Stockmann, its editor is a friend and guest of the doctor: when it discovers that on the whole its best chances of salvation are to be found on the side of respectability and obtuseness, it goes over to the party in power, as represented by the municipal authority of the burgo-master.

The result of the struggle between the enlightened man, who not only knows which way his duty lies but also resolutely strives to perform it, and the dense and compact majority of his fellow-burghers, is exactly what might be expected. Dr. Stockmann is called an enemy of society; his proposed contributions to the newspaper are rejected; he is hardly allowed even to make his case known, and were it not for the friendship of a ship’s captain, who lends him his house, he would have had

no chance of a public interview with his countrymen. When the opportunity of an address is vouchsafed to him, however, he loses no time in declaring his mind without hesitation or reserve. It is the one strong and just man against the many 'who are mostly fools.' We have in consequence a most powerful and characteristic speech, which represents, it may fairly be assumed, some of the opinions of Ibsen himself. The points which Dr. Stockmann makes are important for our purpose, because they indicate that note of extravagance and of violent over-emphasis, which every moralist, whatever may be the vehicle of his diatribes, whether drama or essay, apparently of necessity adopts, but which, at the same time, are essentially the marks not of literature but of the platform and the hustings. The majority, we are told, is so far from being generally in the right that it is never in the right: most of the accepted truths, whether of religion or practical life, when they grow old, cease to be truths and become lies, because they no longer suit the requirements of a younger age: the organs of public opinion not only misdirect, but purposely beguile: school education kills individuality, and therefore destroys all progress in the germ. Dr. Stockmann ends with a doctrine, which is no less a paradox because it is in some senses a truism, that the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone. Put in this abstract form, however, the views of Ibsen as a dramatist are exposed to some injustice. If he represents in his hero the strong individual intolerance, he also suggests, side by side with

it, those other elements in society without which the 'independent man' becomes in very truth a menace to himself and to others. At the very end of the play Dr. Stockmann is represented as gathering his family around him, his two sons, his daughter, and his wife. To them he speaks with an air of absolute conviction: "You see the fact is that the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone." But two other voices chime in, before the curtain descends. There is first the wife, who shakes her head, and, in smiling deprecation, calls him to her side by his Christian name: and then the daughter, who takes his hand trustfully with the single word, 'Father.' Dr. Stockmann may call himself alone, but if there is any chance of his maintaining his attitude of righteousness and justice, it will be due to that little paradise of wife and children, that last and most sacred refuge of domesticity, which surrounds and overmasters his isolation, and is always vindicating the opposite truth that a man never is or can be alone.

Two other plays which belong to this group may be more shortly referred to. In the 'League of Youth' we have a study of the ardent young democrat, Stensgard, who begins with revolutionary fervour and ends with personal disaster, because, like many others of his type, he is easily conquered by the flattery of his social superiors. There is another reason, too, for his failure. He is a rhetorician and nothing more, a man to whom words come easily, a fluent orator, who throws down his

crudest notions with a certain wilful persuasiveness, highly attractive to his followers, whose aspirations, nevertheless, he has no power to direct or control. This is, of course, no new character in drama. We need look no farther than Sardou, whose 'Rabagas' is painted on much the same lines. Indeed it may be said that many of Ibsen's problems are in no sense novel in our old-world civilization: we are not only accustomed to the loud-tongued democrat, but also to the socially-respectable man, the 'Tartuffe' in provincial life, to the conflict between society and the individual, and even to the wife who objects to her husband treating her as a doll. Certainly the French dramatists have dealt with subjects closely akin to these: the difference is that when the Latin races take up their parable against the enslaving conditions of modern life, they are not in such deadly earnest as the Scandinavians, they preserve the note of raillery much more happily than their northern brethren. They are less logical in their treatment, it may be, because they 'sit more loosely' to social enigmas: on the other hand, quite apart from the fact that Art can hardly endure all this savage earnestness, they have at least the philosophical defence that the wheels of time grind extremely slowly. To carry out ideas in their proper logical sequence in the midst of an old-world society, itself a structure of venerable complexity, argues possibly much reforming zeal, but not much practical dexterity. We hasten on a revolution and make a clean sweep of the past, and lo! instead of the new heaven and the

new earth, we find that we have merely been playing tricks with the hands of the clock, whose internal machinery has thereby become hopelessly damaged.

'The Pillars of Society' is another of these studies in social delusions. Consul Bernick is everything that is most respectable, he has, as it were, 'boxed the compass' of civic respect in a Norwegian coast town. There is nothing which his fellow-citizens would not do for him, no honour that they are not prepared to lay at his feet. But he is a humbug, notwithstanding, a whited sepulchre of Pharisaic propriety, who does not hesitate to send to sea one of his merchant vessels, knowing it to be rotten. We need not go through the steps of his moral conversion, but it is interesting to observe that the conclusion of the drama suggests another moral to that which is enforced in the final scene of 'An Enemy of Society.' Dr. Stockmann, it will be remembered, thinks himself alone, when he has in reality staunch allies in his family circle. The course of events brings home to Consul Bernick a different lesson. "I have learned this," he says, "in these days: it is you women who are the pillars of Society." His sister-in-law, Lona, at once corrects him. "Then you have learned a poor wisdom, brother-in-law. No, no; the spirits of Truth and Freedom, these are the pillars of Society." Let us be just to the dramatist, even if his admirers are a little too inclined to fix him down to a single set of tenets. It is exactly in the equipoise of the individual and the social ideas that our salvation rests. On the one hand there must be in the individual

all the elements of personal integrity and strength: on the other hand, no life can be lived without dependence on the social framework and the social atmosphere. A man is surrounded by an inevitable network of relations towards those amongst whom he lives: yet if he does not keep within himself the salt of individual initiative and honesty, society itself becomes rotten. Dr. Stockmann exaggerated the personal element. Consul Bernick trusted too much to the social framework. Both were right and both were wrong: and the morals of the two pieces must be read side by side, if we wish to see Ibsen's philosophy.

There is, we found, a considerable influence of the latest scientific ideas in the Ibsenite drama. Of this the best, because the most violent, example is to be found in 'Ghosts.' Nothing much need be said of the play, although it has formed the subject of several discussions and one recent representation. It is too frankly horrible, too barbarously crude. Nor must we be surprised at coming across this kind of dramatic enormity in the work of a man who is not only a dramatist, but a surgeon: a surgeon must not be too squeamish about human ills. 'Hedda Gabler' is perhaps another of these curious enormities, where we catch ourselves wondering at a naturalism that has become brutal. Perhaps the explanation is not really far to seek. The Norwegian literature is like all the work of the youthful and the immature. It is the spontaneous outburst of forces which have not yet learnt to know themselves, or submit to the teaching of common-

place experience. We find in the work of a young man a piquancy, a force, a facility, which sometimes disappear when modesty and middle age supervene: but we find that it is also capable of eccentricities, of frank *bêtises*, of which the older and the more humdrum are not often guilty. 'Ghosts' is a *bêtise* of this kind—a horrible drama where the results of heredity are pictured in their most repulsive aspect. Mrs. Alving has for years kept up the reputation of a dead husband, whom she knew to have been a libertine. She has sent her son away that he may not be contaminated, and after her husband's death she desires to build an orphanage to his memory in order to preserve his social reputation. The son comes back and is found to have inherited not only his father's vices, but also that pitiable weakness of physical organization which is Nature's condemnation of such excesses. All her elaborate constructions to disguise the truth come tumbling about her ears: the orphanage is burnt to the ground; the ghosts of her past life begin to walk again in the peccadilloes of the dearly-loved Oswald; and, last scene of all in this deplorable history, the son becomes a weak, pitiable lunatic, crying for the sun.

We come now to the third class into which Ibsen's social dramas have been divided, those which deal with the position of woman in modern society, and which are supposed to enforce the views of the dramatist as to the sacred rights of the individual. As has been before remarked, the didactic elements in Ibsen's work are by no means the most successful, and it is far better to

regard the plays which are included in this division from the standpoint of dramatic art than from any assumed moral platform which this representative of the modern spirit is declared to have adopted. Probably it is this group which has caused most attention to be paid to the Norwegian writer's work; at all events it is better known in England, especially within the last year. 'Rosmersholm,' for instance, has recently been performed; 'A Doll's House' has been put before an English public on two or three occasions; and 'Hedda Gabler' has been admirably represented by two English actresses. There are two other plays which ought to be included, 'The Lady of the Sea,' and 'The Wild Duck'; but the last may be dismissed without comment, because of its curiously pessimistic tone, and because its meaning and significance are so obscure as to baffle even the acuteness of the most sympathetic admirers.

The position of woman in modern society suggests questions which have obviously proved very interesting to Ibsen. The discovery that she has a soul to lose or gain is the problem especially of 'A Doll's House.' The preservation of a proper individuality, owing to the philosophic wisdom of a duly enlightened husband, is the burden of 'The Lady of the Sea.' The ruin which the emancipated woman can produce in an old-fashioned race is the subject of 'Rosmersholm'; while the analytic study of this new and more terrible Amazon—the woman who is *fin-de-siècle*, and instilled with every modern theory and hypothesis, however false and arbitrary—is apparently the

theme of the latest of Ibsen's creations, 'Hedda Gabler.' If the plays are viewed from this standpoint we are not forced to admit the theories which have been engrafted on Ibsen by his school, but we leave room for the recognition that in all studies of human life and circumstances the poet, especially if he be a dramatic poet, is not and never can be the mouthpiece of any one of his personages, but according to the very conditions of his craft is speaking with many voices,—alternately the special pleader and the *advocatus diaboli*. In 'A Doll's House' we have the result of a sudden illumination in the case of a wife who has been both by father and husband considered as nothing more than a doll. Doll-like and babyish in all her instincts, it would be absurd to require from such a character even the elements of morality. Nor does Nora Helmer exhibit any of the characteristics of a disciplined mind. She forges her father's name in order to secure the money for her husband's foreign tour, without any thought of possible consequences, and with the usual apology of ignorance that the end justifies the means. In this way she gets into the power of a designing bank clerk, a clever character called Krogstad, and when the crash comes she makes the discovery not only that she does not understand the laws of civilized society, but that her husband in his attempt to be both her heart and her conscience cares more for external respectability than internal rectitude. In the first shock of the surprise Nora Helmer decides to leave her home. She has, she repeats to herself, everything to learn, and there is not much

chance of her acquiring valuable lessons so long as she is under the tutelage of her husband. She may be right, she may be wrong. The dramatist, however, is not concerned with the moral; he merely regards the situation as the natural and inevitable one, if we are to assume such a husband as Torvald and such a wife as Nora. If a man regards the partner of his life as a plaything, the wife, when she gains the first glimmering of education and freedom, will be apt to make use of her immature knowledge in a somewhat startling and decisive fashion. It is here, however, that 'The Lady of the Sea' affords an admirable contrast to the final scene of 'The Doll's House.' 'The Lady of the Sea,' who is irresistibly called back to the wilder life of the shore, is induced to remain with her husband because he gives her free scope for the development of her personality, and because his love and tenderness suggest to him that she should have all those wider chances of knowledge and truth which respect and reverence for another person's individuality bring in their train.

'Rosmersholm' illustrates an analogous problem in a different fashion. Education, illumination, emancipation,—all these war-cries of the Feminine Crusade—have no doubt their proper value. In the early stages, however, they are apt to bring not peace but a sword. Rebecca West is at all events the agent of considerable ruin in Johannes Rosmer's household. You cannot pour new wine into old bottles, and the descendant of an ancient race, who is a dreamer and an idealist, is apt to be too

logical in the pursuit of his new-found ambitions. What is the result in this particular instance? His wife is goaded to suicide because she thinks her husband cares more for Rebecca's influence than her own; Johannes himself discovers that it is not a purely Platonic affection which he entertains for Rebecca; and these poor struggling souls, who have invoked spirits too strong for their feeble frames and limited circumstances, find no other issue but death in the same millstream which had engulfed the abandoned wife. It is difficult to see how Ibsen is preaching any particular moral in these more or less gloomy studies. He is, if we understand him aright, exercising his indubitable privilege to regard from a neutral standpoint the social complications which are incidental to a modern age. Every new movement, every stage of development, whether in man or other animals, has its victims. Nature, as we know, struggles to her goal of evolved perfection through ceaseless bloodshed, and though the tragedies, through which human beings pass in their pursuit of what seems to them their ideal, may not be so sanguinary, they are in no sense less terrible and overwhelming. And so we come to the last picture which the Norwegian dramatist has drawn for us, Hedda Gabler, a representative or perhaps rather a caricature of *fin-de-siècle* womanhood. Here is realism exhibited in its most extravagant and possibly its most shameless form. The heroine of this extraordinary tragedy, though she apparently does not care for any of the doubtless effete maxims of morality which have hitherto

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guided the human race, has at least the survival of some æsthetic instincts, and if death must come, she would prefer that it came in a graceful form. Even suicide must be conducted with due regard for what is comely and becoming, and a bullet through the head is the sole species of *felo de se* which is to be recognized in the æsthetic code of duties. The only persons who have a right to object to this ruthless and uncompromising analysis are the very women who have hitherto taken Ibsen under their wing. They may weep tears of joy over Nora Helmer as the one righteous soul that repents out of ninety-nine unilluminated sinners, but it may prove a hard task for them to take to their bosom so monstrous a specimen of unfettered womanhood as Ibsen has chosen to paint in Hedda Gabler.

ROGER BACON.

(A FORGOTTEN SON OF OXFORD.)

"OXFORD," says Dr. Folliott, in Peacock's tale of 'Crotchet Castle,' "was a seat of learning in the days of Friar Bacon. But the Friar is gone, and his learning with him. Nothing of him is left but the immortal nose, which, when his brazen head had tumbled to pieces, crying 'Time's Past,' was the only palpable fragment among its minutely pulverized atoms, and which is still resplendent over the portals of its cognominal college. That nose, sir, is the only thing to which I shall take off my hat in all this Babylon of buried literature." Few, probably, of the athletic youths who pass through the gate of Brasenose imitate the example of Dr. Folliott, or have any idea of the historical incidents to which the reverend doctor is here making allusion. If they keep the brazen emblem of which they are so justly proud on the bows of their racing craft on the river, or suspended on the walls of their rooms, they do not connect it with that strange and wonderful head of brass which Roger Bacon constructed, with the aid of Friar Bungay, to speak to him in mystic

and oracular tones of things past and present and to come. Friar Bacon's study, which was only demolished a century ago, was situated on the old Folly Bridge; and an engraving of it can be found in Skelton's 'Oxonia Antiqua.' In the civil wars it seems to have been used as a post of observation, but originally it had been the scene, according to popular report, of those arts of necromancy and magic with which Bacon amused himself in the thirteenth century. The story went that the brazen head was once consulted by Bungay and Bacon as to the best means of rendering England impregnable. For a long time the head was silent, and when at last the answer came, the monks, busy with some other devilry, did not hear the oracle. Wood, in his 'Antiquities of Oxford,' discusses with quaint gravity whether Bacon did or did not receive diabolical assistance in his manufactures. "Some imagined," he says, "that Bacon was in alliance with the Evil One, and that by the aid of spiritual agency he made a brazen head, and imparted to it the gift of speech; and these magical operations, as Bale states by mistake, were wrought by him whilst he was a student at Brazen Nose Hall. Whether he did this by the powers of natural magic is for the present a question. Certainly John Ernest Burgravius, in a work on these subjects, contends that Bacon was indebted to celestial influences and to the power of sympathy, for these operations. To this he refers the talking statues (*statuæ Mercuriales*). . . However it was, I am certainly of opinion that the Devil had nothing to do with them. They were produced by Bacon's

great skill in mechanics, and his knowledge of the power of electricity, and not, as the ignorant and even the better-informed surmised, molten and forged in an infernal furnace." But it was no wonder that Bacon was subjected to such damaging suppositions, for such was the ignorance of the convents and hostelries that the monks and friars "knew no more of a circle than its property of keeping away evil spirits, and they dreaded lest religion itself should be wounded by the angles of a triangle."

It is strange that Oxford and England should for five centuries have been so far incurious about one of her greatest sons that it was only in 1733 that the first edition of the 'Opus Majus' was published by Dr. Samuel Jebb. The facts even of Bacon's life are wrapped in obscurity. He seems to have been born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, about 1214, and to have been educated at Brasenose College in Oxford, although Merton College has also laid claim to the honour of his youthful learning. It was the custom of promising students of the University of Oxford to proceed to Paris, and Bacon's progress in theology and mathematics secured him the degree of doctor in divinity, besides the honour of being held by the Parisians as the ornament of their University. Either on his return to England, or at an earlier date, he entered the convent of the Franciscan order, perhaps at the persuasion of the celebrated Grostête, Bishop of Lincoln. It was the time when Henry III. was waging doubtful war with De Montfort and his barons, and Bacon and his family had been stout partisans of the King. Nevertheless, Robert

Bacon (probably uncle of the philosopher) had not hesitated to tell Henry that peace between himself and the barons was impossible unless Pierre Desroches, Bishop of Winchester, was banished from his councils; and the young Roger Bacon added (according to the chronicle of Matthew Paris) that the King had to beware of the self-same dangers which sailors incur on the sea, viz. 'pierres' and 'roches,' thus alluding by a bold witticism to the hated Bishop of Winchester. In the year 1263 or 1264 an intervention on the part of Pope Urban IV. indirectly led to the composition of Bacon's chief works. Guy de Foulques, Urban's ambassador on this occasion, was informed by a clerk, named Raymond of Laon, of the friar's learning and his discoveries; and when he himself afterwards became Pope, under the name of Clement IV., wrote a letter requesting that some detailed account should be sent him of these philosophical achievements. "In order that we may better know your intentions," the prelate wrote, "we will and we ordain, in the name of our apostolical authority, that, despite all contrary injunction of any prelate whatsoever, or any constitution of your order, you should send us with all possible speed a fair copy (*scriptum de bona litera*) of that work which we begged you to communicate to our dear son Raymond of Laon, when we were legate." It was in answer to this appeal that Bacon wrote, in the midst of every kind of difficulty and discouragement, the 'Opus Majus,' the 'Opus Minus,' and the 'Opus Tertium,' in the almost incredibly short space of fifteen or eighteen months (1267).

How great the difficulty, how overwhelming the discouragement, we can learn from what Bacon himself tells us in the early portion of the 'Opus Tertium.' The Pope was wrong in supposing that writings had already been composed by Bacon on science. Such was not the case, for his superiors, so far from encouraging him, had strictly prohibited him from writing, "under penalty of forfeiture of the book, and many days' fasting on bread and water, if any book written by me or belonging to my house should be communicated to strangers. Nor could I get a fair copy made except by employing transcribers unconnected with our order; and then they would have copied my works to serve themselves or others, without any regard to my wishes, as authors' works are often pirated by the knavery of transcribers at Paris." Further, it was in vain to plead the cause of science amongst men who were either indifferent or openly contemptuous and hostile. The worst thing of all was the want of money. "For I had to expend over this business more than sixty French livres, a true account of which I will hereafter set forth. I am not surprised that you did not think of these expenses, because seated on a pinnacle of the world you have so many things to think about that no one can properly gauge the anxieties of your mind. But the messengers who carried the letter were wrong not to make some mention of my needs, and they themselves would not spend a single penny, although I told them that I would write to you a full account of their loans, and that every one should get back what he lent to me. I have no money, as you know, nor can I

have, nor in consequence can I borrow, because I have got no surety to offer. I sent, therefore, to my brother, but he, because of his loyalty to the King's cause, has been so pauperized, by constantly having to ransom himself out of the hands of his enemies, that he could give me no assistance, nor indeed have I ever had any answer from him up to this day." Bacon then turned to many men in high station, some of whom, as he bitterly adds, the Pope knew by their faces, but whose minds he did not know. "But how often was I looked upon as a shameless beggar! (*improbus*). How often was I repulsed! How often I was put off, and what confusion I felt within myself! Distressed above all that can be imagined, I compelled my friends, even those who were in necessitous circumstances, to contribute what they had, to sell much of their property, to pawn the rest, to raise money at interest. And yet by reason of their poverty frequently did I abandon the work, frequently did I give it up in despair and forbear to proceed, so that had I known that you had not taken thought of all these expenses, for the whole world I would not have proceeded with it; sooner would I have given myself up to prison." To prison Bacon was actually sent, and perhaps more than once by those who were either jealous or afraid of him. Hieronymus de Asculo, who was made General of the Order in 1274, is said to have committed him to prison because his doctrines contained *aliquas novitates suspectas*. Wood says that he appealed to Nicholas IV., but Pope Nicholas IV. was no other than Hieronymus himself, who succeeded Johannes Caietanus,

Nicholas III., and the result of such an appeal could not be doubtful. He appears, however, to have been subsequently released by Raymond Galfred, and to have survived Nicholas by some months. He died when nearly eighty years old, on the feast of St. Barnabas, and was buried at the Grey Friars' Church in Oxford.

Not only was his body committed to the dust, but his writings also, for it seems that means were taken to prevent any of his works from becoming known and read. Long enough was the period of their burial. From the thirteenth century we have to pass to the eighteenth to find the first edition of Bacon's capital work. It was in 1733 that Dr. Samuel Jebb published and dedicated to Dr. Mead the '*Opus Majus*,' the editor himself being the father of that Sir Richard Jebb, the physician, who figures in the pages of Boswell's Johnson. Then another century had to elapse before any further notice was taken of Bacon. In 1848, M. Victor Cousin discovered in the library at Douai a manuscript which turned out to be Bacon's '*Opus Tertium*,' and published an account of it in the '*Journal des Savants*,' though he was not at the time aware that there was also a copy at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The only copy of the '*Opus Minus*,' or at least a portion of it, is also in the Bodleian, and was edited for the Rolls Series by Professor Brewer in 1859, who included in his volume the treatise which he calls '*Compendium Philosophiæ*,' taken from a MS. in the British Museum. Of more recent commentaries on Bacon, we are only able to mention two, one by Professor J. K.

Ingram at Dublin, the other by a Bordeaux *savant*, M. Emile Charles.* While his namesake, Francis Bacon, has received perhaps more than his meed of attention in England, the earlier and the more original thinker still remains in much of the obscurity to which he was condemned by contemporary fanaticism.

There is, indeed, a striking parallelism between the two English reformers, not only in their general attitude "towards mediæval thought, but also even in the details of literary expression. Perhaps no phrase of Francis Bacon is better known than the apophthegmatic utterance, "*Antiquitas seculi juvenus mundi*," which appears in the '*De Augmentis Scientiarum*.' But his namesake had forestalled him. "We are told," says Roger Bacon, "that we ought to respect the ancients; and no doubt the ancients are worthy of all respect and gratitude for having opened out the proper path for us. But after all the ancients were only men, and they have often been mistaken; indeed, they have committed all the more errors just because they are ancients, for in matters of learning *the youngest are in reality the oldest*: modern generations ought to surpass their predecessors, because they inherit their labours." An equally well-known doctrine of Lord Verulam is that in which he recounts in the '*Novum Organum*' the '*idola*,' or false presuppositions which hinder the path of knowledge. But the Franciscan monk had already detailed certain '*offendicula*,' or stumbling-blocks to truth, some

* M. Emile Saisset has also written a chapter on Bacon in his '*Descartes : ses précurseurs et ses disciples*.'

of which can be compared with those mentioned by the later writer. Both the Bacons were agreed in their admiration of Seneca: both thought that the removal of obstacles out of the way of science was a task worthy of kings. None but a pope or an emperor, or some magnificent king like Louis IX., is sufficient for these things, is the observation of Roger Bacon; and the writer of the 'Advancement' remarks that the removal of obstacles is an 'Opus Basilicum.' Here, too, is a remarkable instance. "Utilitas enim illarum (*i. e.* scientiarum) non traditur in eis sed exterius expectatur," says the author of the 'Opus Tertium'; and Francis Bacon almost translates the words in his Fiftieth Essay:—"For they (studies or sciences) teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation." The following sentences, taken from the 'Opus Tertium' of Roger Bacon, might well have come from the writings of the Lord Chancellor:—"I call experimental science that which neglects arguments, for the strongest arguments prove nothing so long as the conclusions are not verified by experience." "Experimental science is the queen of the sciences and the goal of all speculation." Just as the 'Novum Organum' distinguishes between two kinds of experience—the unmethodical, which is 'mera palpatio,' and that which is based on system and method—so, too, does Roger Bacon. "There is," he says, "a natural and imperfect experience which has no knowledge of its own power, which does not take account of its own proceedings, and which is after the fashion of artisans and

not of the learned. Above it, and above all the speculative sciences and all the arts, there is the art of making experiences which are neither powerless nor incomplete.* But the monk saw clearly what the Chancellor did not always recognize, that this methodical experience depended essentially on the knowledge and use of mathematical formulæ. "Physicists ought to know that their science is powerless unless they apply to it the power of mathematics, without which observation languishes and is incapable of certitude," is the emphatic declaration of the '*Opus Majus*.' The value of method, and of a method which was formed after a mathematical model, is as patent to Roger Bacon as it was long afterwards to Descartes. Here, for instance, in the first chapter of the '*Compendium Philosophiæ*' are sentences which are full of the spirit of the '*Discours de la Méthode*':—"Universal knowledge requires the most perfect method. This method consists in such a careful arrangement of the different elements of a problem that the antecedent should come before the consequent, the more easy before the more difficult, the general before the particular, the less before the greater. The shortness of life further requires that we should choose for our study the most useful objects; and we ought, in fine, to exhibit knowledge with all clearness and certitude, without taint of doubt and obscurity. Now all this is impossible without experience. For we have, as means of knowledge, authority, reasoning, and experience. But authority is valueless unless its warranty be shown: it does not explain, it only

* '*Opus Tertium*,' cap. 13.

forces us to believe. And so far as reasoning is concerned, we cannot distinguish between sophism and proof unless we verify the conclusion by experience and practice." Francis Bacon could not have penned more vigorous utterances than these.

It is true that the later thinker is more wroth with Aristotle; but Roger Bacon also exhibits his impatience of the scholastic yoke. "It is only half a century ago," he cries, "that Aristotle was suspected of impiety and banished from the schools. To-day he is raised to the rank of a sovereign. But what is his title? Learned he undoubtedly is, but he does not know everything. He did what was possible for his times, but he has not reached the limits of wisdom." But what especially vexed his scholarly mind was that the very Aristotle to whom appeal was so constantly made as arbiter of all disputes was not known in his original tongue, but only through miserably defective and misleading translations. Reformer as he was at heart, Roger Bacon thought that a real comparative grammar was one of the most pressing needs. He has much magisterial scorn for the scholars of his day. Both in the '*Compendium Philosophiæ*' (c. 8) and in the '*Opus Tertium*' (c. 10), he delivers his mind with great plainness of speech on this subject:—"We have numerous translations by Gerard of Cremona, Michael Scot, Alfred the Englishman, Herman the German, and William Fleming, but there is such an utter falsity in all their writings that none can sufficiently wonder at it. For a translation to be true, it is necessary that a translator should know

the language from which he is translating, the language into which he translates, and the science he wishes to translate. But who is he? and I will praise him, for he has done marvellous things. Certainly none of the above-named had any true knowledge of the tongues or the sciences, as is clear, not from their translations only, but their condition of life. All were alive in my time; some in their youth contemporaries with Gerard of Cremona, who was somewhat more advanced in years among them. Herman the German, who was very intimate with Gerard, is still alive and a bishop. When I questioned him about certain books of logic, which he had to translate from the Arabic, he roundly told me that he knew nothing of logic, and therefore did not dare to translate them; and certainly, if he was unacquainted with logic, he could know nothing of other sciences as he ought. Nor did he understand Arabic, as he confessed, because he was rather an assistant in the translations than the real translator. For he kept Saracens about him in Spain, who had a principal hand in his translations. And so of the rest, especially the notorious William Fleming, who is now in such reputation. Whereas it is well known to all the literati in Paris that he is ignorant of the sciences in the original Greek to which he makes such pretensions; and therefore he translates falsely and corrupts the philosophy of the Latins." Elsewhere Bacon declares that there are not five men in Latin Christendom who are acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic grammars. He knew them well, he adds, for he had made diligent

inquiry on both sides of the sea, and had himself laboured much in these things. How, under such circumstances, could there be any real knowledge of Aristotle? Only a few of his many works remained, and they were mutilated. The 'Organon' had considerable lacunæ. The 'History of Animals' had originally fifty books; in the Latin versions there are only nineteen. Only ten books of the 'Metaphysics' had been preserved, and in the commonly-used translation a crowd of chapters and an infinity of lines were missing. But even of these fragments is there any knowledge? Men read them, but only in the Latin translations, which are miserably executed and full of errors. "I am certain," says Bacon, "that it would have been better for the Latin world if Aristotle had not been translated at all than that it should have such an obscure and corrupt version of him." Therefore Robert Grosstête was right, he thinks, to neglect Aristotle altogether and write on his own account, making use of his own experience; and he especially refers to the Bishop's treatises on comets and the rainbow. Hence Bacon attempts with minute accuracy to prosecute philological studies, and in the 'Compendium Philosophiæ' is to be found a specimen of Greek palæography, "the earliest in all probability extant in Western Christendom."* In his treatise on comparative grammar, the MS. of which exists in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he wrote a short Greek accidence with a paradigm of the verb *τύπτω*.

Neither in logic nor in metaphysics is Bacon's work so

* Brewer, 'R. Bacon : Opera Inedita' ; Introduction, p. lxiii.

valuable as in mathematics and science. He seems, indeed, not to have been a philosopher in the sense in which the term might be applicable to Bruno or perhaps Campanella, but he had a true insight into many scientific problems and a rare genius for invention, in which he is far superior to his more modern namesake. In logic he seems to have been a Nominalist, though hardly in so pronounced a manner as William of Ockham, while he is on the side of modern philosophy in his dislike of scholastic subtleties and abstractions and his disbelief in the so-called sensible and intelligible species. But though it may be doubtful whether he did or did not invent gunpowder, it seems clear that he either actually discovered or very much improved the telescope and the microscope; and like Descartes, he made a study of refractions of light, and produced a theory of the rainbow. Moreover, his knowledge of the delicate mechanism of the eye, and the precision with which he described and analysed its various component parts, form a remarkable evidence of his scientific ingenuity.

But perhaps his chief title to fame is the reform of the calendar, which he proposed to Pope Clement IV., and which was never carried out till 1582 under Gregory XIII. "Since the time of Julius Cæsar," he says, "errors in the calendar have been steadily increasing, despite the attempted corrections of the Nicæan Council and of Eusebius, Victorinus, Cyrillus, and Bede. These errors arise from a faulty evaluation of the year, which Cæsar estimates to consist of $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, so that a whole day is intercalated every four years. But the length of the solar

year is really less than this by about eleven minutes ; so that at the end of 130 years a day too much has been counted, and this day should be cut off at the end of such a period. Nor are the moon's quarters rightly estimated by the Church. At the end of 356 years we shall be wrong by a whole day, and at the end of 4,266 years the moon will be full in the heavens while it will be marked new on the calendar." "A reform is necessary," Bacon tells the Pope ; "every one who is instructed in calculation and astronomy knows it very well, and laughs at the ignorance of priests, who keep things as they are. Arabians, Hebrews, and Greeks are horrified at the stupidity which is shown by Christians in their chronology, and in the celebration of their solemn days. And yet Christians have enough astronomical knowledge to arrive at a fixed basis for calculation. Only let your Reverence give orders, and you will find men to remedy these faults, not only those of which I have spoken, but others besides. If this glorious work were to be accomplished in the time of your Holiness, one of the greatest, best, and most perfect enterprises would be accomplished which have been attempted in the Church of God."

The last sentence in the quotation just given strikes a note which is never absent in Roger Bacon and which rings in consonance with his age. Sometimes Bacon is spoken of as a sceptic and a revolutionary, as a man who antedated Luther or was in full revolt like Vanini or Bruno. Nothing is further from the truth. He had a keen eye for the workings of nature, and in many respects

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possessed a real instinct for science; but he was also a monk, not only because he could not help himself, but also because such a life was in accordance with his nature, and satisfied some of his personal instincts. Hence no scepticism is allowed to touch the revealed truths of religion, and his inquiries only have their scope within the range of secondary and mechanical causes. He believes that philosophy can do nothing against the truth but only for the truth. He is not a hardy metaphysician, who will let his thoughts carry him without reserve to the secret fountains of being; but in the spirit of the scholastic, he regards the Active Intelligence of Aristotle as equivalent to the Word of God, who is the Second Person of the Trinity. Nor does he fail to reproduce some of the characteristic superstitions of the Middle Ages. He has a faith in alchemy, he accepts the influence of the stars, he even anticipates the modern magic of mesmerism.* He, too, will try to find the philosopher's stone and the secret of a life which exceeds the normal measure of man. What he had done in science seems but an earnest of what science can do; and there is at once scientific faith and childish credulity in his anticipations of the future. Listen to the Franciscan of the thirteenth century as he forecasts in his cell the possibilities of a coming age:—"There shall be rowing without oars and sailing without sails; carriages which shall roll along with unimagined speed with no cattle to drag them; instruments to fly with, with which a man shall by a spring move artificial wings beating the

* 'Opus Majus,' Douai edition, p. 251. 'Opus Tertium,' cap. 27.

air like the wings of birds; a little mechanism three fingers long, which shall raise or lower enormous weights; a machine to enable a man to walk on the bottom of the sea and over the surface of waves without danger, and bridges over rivers which shall rest neither on piles nor columns." So Bacon dreams in his treatise, 'De Mirabili,' but it was a dream which was full of the instinctive prophecy of genius.

THE MASK OF DESCARTES.

"*LARVATUS prodeo*," said Descartes in the private note-book which he wrote at the age of twenty-three, "as actors put on a mask, lest they be shamefaced, so I, on entering the stage of the world, in which hitherto I have been a spectator, come before the audience masked." It is a noteworthy confession, and one to which, perhaps, it would be possible to give too wide an application. Was Descartes, then, nothing but a philosophical mummer, a conscious actor, who wrote indeed for the public, but kept back the real secrets of his mind? Can it be possible that the 'Discourse' and the 'Metaphysical Meditations,' on the strength of which Descartes has been held to be the father of modern philosophy, are the conscious imposture of one who knew how perilous it was in his age to be truthful? There are some of his historians and critics who seem to suggest that this might have been the case. Many who read the 'Discourse' for the first time were inclined to lay down the book with some depreciatory remark as to its slightness and superficiality. Others at once surmised that Descartes had kept a good deal of his system and his opinions in reserve.

Especially some of his intimate friends, like Mersenne, who knew how obstinately Descartes had refused to publish his treatise on 'The World,' had a right to suspect that the philosopher was one of the last men to wear his heart upon his sleeve. But it was only when Le Comte Foucher de Careil discovered the note-book in which the words "*Larvatus prodeo*" form part of the very first sentence, that men began to talk of the "irony of Descartes" as a discovery in philosophical psychology.

"Irony of Descartes" is doubtless a useful but a somewhat vague phrase. Many great thinkers and writers have been held to have indulged in irony, and many different meanings have been assigned to the term. There is the irony of Socrates, which means an affectation of ignorance for an educational purpose, a pretence of unwisdom in order to detect and expose the pretence of professional wisdom. There is the irony of Sophocles, by which is understood the subtle skill with which the tragic writer put into the mouths of his heroes sentences of which the fatal import was known to the audience, but unknown to the speakers. Recently, we understand, a theologian has spoken of the irony of St. John, which apparently conveys some suggestion of the interval which separates the mind of a highly mystical writer from the more or less commonplace character of those who were to read his writings. And there is the irony of Shakespeare, the man who is everywhere displayed in his works, and yet can nowhere be found, the infinite variety of the dramatist which baffles the human standards by which

we seek to measure him. "Others abide our question: thou art free!" Indeed, Shakespeare, too, writes down, in his own personal note-book of the Sonnets, something which is comparable with the confession of Descartes:—

"Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view."

"A motley to the view" seems at first sight to be equivalent to the Cartesian "*Larvatus prodeo*," but in the one case the reserve of power, in the other the shameless self-display, is the prominent thought in the mind of the writer.

The fate of Descartes' commonplace-book forms a curious chapter in the history of documents. Descartes died in Sweden at the court of Queen Christina, in 1650, and the papers which he left were sent by Chanut, the French ambassador in Sweden, to his brother-in-law, Clerselier, who lived in Paris. After arriving safely at Rouen they were transferred to a boat to be carried down the Seine to Paris, and suffered shipwreck close to their destination at the Pont de l'Ecole. For some unexplained reason, the box which contained them was allowed to remain at the bottom of the river for three days. It is needless to say that Clerselier found considerable difficulty in re-arranging the papers, when at last they were safely brought to shore. Some were published in a posthumous edition of Cartesian writings at Amsterdam, in 1701. But what had become of others which were known to have been included in the catalogue of documents made in Sweden after the philosopher's death? What was the

fate of the French comedy of mingled prose and verse which had been composed to suit the humour of Queen Christina? or of the treatise on 'Fencing,' or of the 'Thaumantis Regia,' or the 'Studium Bonæ Mentis'? What, above all, had become of the parchment-bound register and journal, containing various experiments, studies, and thoughts belonging to Descartes' earlier years, which his biographer, Baillet, had so clearly referred to? * Some of these were lost beyond recall; others were known to have been inspected in Paris in the year 1676, and, in part, copied by Leibnitz, who at one time thought of publishing some unedited remains of his great philosophical predecessor. Acting on the hints conveyed by Baillet, and on a letter of Leibnitz to Bernouilli, Foucher de Careil searched the library at Hanover and was at length rewarded by discovering, among some mathematical writings of Leibnitz, the manuscript of Descartes' 'Pensées,' covered with the dust of years, which he published in 1859. Two hundred years after the philosopher's death appeared at length the curious avowal which forms the first sentence of the 'Pensées,' written in Descartes' twenty-third year, "Larvatus prodeo." If the world has been long in finding the words, it will perhaps not very readily explain them. It is possible, as we have said, to exaggerate their importance. Yet, as all such avowals have a fascination for psychologists, and as the words seem to throw some light, not only on Descartes himself, but on the character of original thinkers, and on the

* 'Baillet,' i. 50.

circumstances of the age in which they were written, it is not unimportant to seek, if not an interpretation, at least an illustration of the meaning.

A simple though prosaic explanation is that Descartes disliked the publication of his writings under his own name, and that he preferred them to appear either anonymously or under some fictitious designation. And, as a matter of fact, the title has been discovered of a work on mathematics which was to have appeared with the name of Polybius the Cosmopolite, 'Polybii Cosmopolitani thesaurus mathematicus,' dedicated to the Rosicrucians of Germany. It is not certain whether Descartes was himself a Rosicrucian, or whether a Rosicrucian Brotherhood ever really existed: at all events, when challenged by his friends as to his participation in the mystic ranks, no better defence could be found for the philosopher than that he could not discover any Rosicrucians to belong to. But at least the avowed motto of the problematical sect was a profession of secrecy; and Descartes, too, was ready to say "*Bene vixit qui bene latuit*" with as much apparent sincerity as the Epicurean. In reality, however, it is the philosophical temperament itself which underlies the desire for concealment. For no man who has attempted to think out the problems which nature and life suggest to him can help feeling that his studies have taken him far from the ordinary conceptions of mankind, and that his own deepest thoughts are at once too sacred and too fugitive to be brought out into the common light of day. They

are too sacred because they are the experiences of an inner self which it is almost impiety to divulge; they are too fugitive, because only in some rare moment of illumination have they made their presence felt, and "the spirit bloweth where it listeth." Doubtless Descartes had the scruples and the reticences of all original minds; and when the *rôle* of the spectator of existence, which, he tells us, he first assumed, was over, and it was time for the actor to appear, then the desire to hide himself under some concealing mask, to lurk behind some commonplace and conventional dress, taught him the same device of studied simplicity that Socrates had assumed in the Athenian agora. The example of Socrates suggests other comparisons. Like Socrates, Descartes was for ever turning to the unlettered men of broad and practical understanding, and raising his protest against the professional expounders of wisdom. As Socrates could take Meno's slave and, by a skilful interrogation, elicit from him some rudimentary knowledge of geometry, so Descartes believed that in all men there were certain 'seeds of truth,' which would grow if only the weeds of learning falsely so called were eradicated. In one of the less known of his writings, a dialogue on "the search for truth by the light of nature," he introduces himself under the name of Eudoxus arguing with Epistemon, a professional savant, and proving that Poliander, an ordinary man of the world, had more real knowledge, because unsophisticated by all the jargon of the schools. "Your spirit," says Eudoxus to Poliander—

"is free from prejudices, and it will be much more easy for me to bring you to the better mind than Epistemon, whom we shall often find in the ranks of the opposition. Whoever, like Epistemon, is full of opinions and prejudices, finds it very difficult to trust to the sole light of nature : long ago he has accustomed himself to yield to authority rather than to lend an ear to the voice of his own reason ; he prefers to interrogate others and weigh the writings of the ancients rather than to consult himself on the judgment he ought to have. And just as from infancy he has taken from Reason that which only rests on the authority of his teachers, so he now presents his own authority as Reason and he desires to have repaid to him the same tribute which he has formerly had to pay."

This appeal from the schools to the world is the usual procedure of all revolutionary thinkers, for as they began their life discipline by discarding the learning of the past, so they naturally look for their disciples, not amongst those who are full of that wisdom which they have determined to relinquish, but among those who have that open mind with which they desire that all problems should be approached. All new philosophies begin with scepticism, and a preliminary doubt is the indispensable condition of knowledge which is to be really a man's own. The earlier part of Descartes' celebrated discourse on 'Method' explains on what a *tabula rasa* the structure of a philosophical system was to be reared. To determine to doubt all things is itself to wear a mask, for the scepticism is but a screen behind which to rear a new dogmatism. To this must be added, in Descartes' case, some of the proud intolerance of the solitary thinker. The goddess of wisdom has revealed her beauty to him alone : shall she bare her charms to others also ? In his own note-book he

expresses this feeling of proprietorship in wisdom: "Scientia est velut mulier quæ si pudica apud virum maneat, colitur: si communis fiat, vilescit." "Wisdom is like a woman, who, if she keep chaste with her husband, is honoured, but if she become common property, she is misprised."

If we turn to the work of his fortieth year, the 'Discourse,' it is impossible to believe that it is a sincere outpouring of the heart in at all the same sense as Augustine's 'Confessions.' Descartes is thoroughly master of himself, and his own description of the work is, that it is a 'Conversation étudiée.' He is quite aware that he has to manage his materials so as to suit a probably unfriendly audience. For them, at all events, he will not take off his mask. At one time he speaks of himself as a simple, unlettered man, as a man who does not read, though his note-book refers to a 'librorum copia,' without which a treatise cannot be written. At another time he alludes deferentially to the sciences, though his real opinion, that in the scientific world he was come not to bring peace, but a sword, comes out in a sentence of his private thoughts, where he says that the sciences all wear false visages. So too, again, there is a tone of depreciation and humility in the way in which he introduces his own method as one which any other man could have invented; but there is an eager memorandum in his notes where he gives the exact date of what he terms his 'inventum mirabile,' his marvellous discovery. Above all there is reticence in his theological references; he

seems aware on what delicate ground he is treading. "I revered our theology," he says, "and aspired as much as any one else to gain heaven; but having learnt for certain that the road is not less open to the most ignorant than to the most learned, and that the revealed truths which lead thither are above our intelligence, I never dared to submit them to the feebleness of my reasonings, and I thought that to undertake to examine them, and to succeed in the task, it was necessary to have some extraordinary assistance from heaven, and to be somewhat more than a man."* There is much literary caution in this passage, and perhaps more than a suspicion of irony. Nor will Descartes forbear to add that one of his provisional rules, while engaged in research, is to adhere to the religion of his country, "to retain with constancy the religion in which God has given me the grace to have been instructed from my infancy." Such apologetic diplomacy is never very successful in the case of a reformer, and Voet did not hesitate to call him an Atheist.

The fact is, that Descartes was not remarkable for his courage. Doubtless it was not a time in which there was a free field for unusual opinions, and the Inquisition was not an enemy to be trifled with. But the history of Descartes' suppressed treatise on 'The World' is not one which can be recounted without some loss of credit to the author. In 1633 'Le Monde,' on which an infinity of pains had been spent, was on the point of being published to

* 'Discours,' Cousin, i. 129.

the world. "I had arrived so far," he writes to his friend Mersenne—

"when I received your letter of the 11th of this month [November, 1633], and I was going to imitate a debtor who beseeches his creditor to grant him some delay when he feels that the time for payment is at hand. As a matter of fact, I had determined to send you my 'World' as a New Year's present; and it is only fifteen days ago that I was quite resolved to send you at least a part, if the whole could not have been transcribed in time. But I have to tell you that I enquired a few days ago at Leyde and Amsterdam whether Galileo's 'System of the World' had arrived, because I thought I had heard that it had been printed in Italy last year; and I was informed that it was as I thought, but that all the copies had been burnt at Rome at the same time, and the author had been punished. These news have so astonished me that I am resolved to burn all my papers, or, at all events, to prevent their being seen by any eye but my own."

The event to which Descartes is referring is, of course, well known. Galileo Galilei, professor in the Universities of Pisa and Padua, and mathematician and philosopher at the Court of Tuscany, was, to a much greater extent than Bacon, the founder of the school of inductive logic and experimental research. He had invented the compass, the thermoscope, and the telescope, and, like Descartes himself, had applied mathematical formulæ and mathematical analysis to the spheres of heaven and earth. Unfortunately for himself, he had also established on a clear basis the impious notion that the earth moved round the sun, and was in consequence arrested by the Inquisition, forced publicly to recant, and kept under strict surveillance for the rest of his life. This was the intelligence which so alarmed Descartes, who was almost morbidly sensitive to the views taken of his physical

researches by his old teachers, the Jesuits, and who afterwards, with such worldly wisdom, dedicated his 'Metaphysical Meditations' to the Doctors of the Sorbonne. He continued his letter to Mersenne as follows:—

"I cannot imagine that Galileo, who is an Italian, and on good terms with the Pope, as I understand, can have been made a public criminal, except on the ground of his desire to prove the movement of the earth. Now, I confess that if that movement is false, all the foundations of my philosophy are false also, for it is obviously proved by them, and the doctrine is so closely intertwined with all the parts of my treatise that I should not know how to detach it without making all the rest defective. But as I would not for anything in the world publish a discourse in which was found the least word which was disapproved by the Church, I prefer to suppress it altogether rather than allow it to appear maimed. I have never been much enamoured of book-writing, and if I had not been bound by a promise to you and some other of my friends so that the desire of keeping my word obliged me to go on with my studies, I should never have come to the end of them. There are already so many philosophical opinions which are plausible and disputable, that if mine have no more certainty than these and cannot be approved without controversy, I never wish to publish them."*

There are other instances in Descartes of this sensitive shrinking from publicity, which may be explained either on the ground of his alarm at ecclesiastical censure or his fundamentally religious disposition. He says, for instance, in a letter to Dinet:—

"I am not conceited, and I do not think that I see more clearly than other men. Perhaps this has been my greatest safeguard, because, not trusting too much to my own genius, I have but followed the most simple and easiest paths, instead of taking, as others of more spirit have done, difficult and impenetrable roads. My principles are very common and very ancient, for they are those which

* 'Cousin,' vol. vi., 238 *et foll.*

have been admitted by all philosophers, and are by nature herself printed and engraved in our minds. Theology has nothing to fear from me. As one truth cannot ever be contrary to another truth, it would be a kind of impiety to fear that the truths discovered in philosophy were contrary to those of Faith."

Perhaps here it may be surmised that Descartes "doth protest too much," but even if it be granted that his was a sincerely religious mind, yet this can hardly excuse him for the way in which he played fast and loose with the doctrine of terrestrial movement. We have seen how clearly he himself declares that the doctrine flows from his own philosophical principles. What, then, can we say of him when he actually tries to find reasons for denying that movement, and when he tries to prove to an ecclesiastic that the movement need not be real? What apology can be made for a philosopher, who knows that the doctrine is closely intertwined with all the parts of his physics, and yet when he is writing at a later period the 'Principles of Physics,' struggles by unworthy subterfuges to avoid or disguise the truth in which he cannot help believing? Nor yet is this all. While many scientific men, including Gassendi, were doing all they could to reverse the decision which the Inquisition had passed on the old man who had covered Italian philosophy with glory, Descartes never allows a single word of sympathy to escape from him. He even dares to speak slightly of his scientific attainments. "I find," he says, in a letter to Mersenne, "that he philosophizes well enough about the movement of the earth, but I cannot say that I approve very much of what he says on the

subject." Compare with such an attitude what he afterwards says,* in a letter to an unknown correspondent:—"We are men before we are Christians; and it is incredible that when men have become Christians, they should seriously and in good faith embrace opinions which they believe to be contrary to the reason which makes them men in order to attach themselves to the Faith." Here is a weighty utterance, which asserts the absolute authority of reason and its independence of all external authority. Reason, Descartes seems to say, is the gift of God, and it would be an impiety to abase it before any authority whatsoever, even when that authority is established by God; for God cannot contradict Himself, nor teach anything which is contrary to reason. But if reason taught Descartes that the earth moved round the sun, why should he attempt to throw dust in people's eyes and in his own "in order to attach himself to the Faith"? This is not a pleasant side of Descartes' character, and it is right to remind ourselves of the contrast afforded by his vigorous replies to the criticisms on his 'Meditations,' and his undaunted bearing when he was menaced by the pedantic bigotry of Voet. His 'Epistola ad virum celeberrimum Gisbertum Voetium' is not deficient in energy or courage:—

"In truth I cannot help laughing at your ridiculous vanity! Because I have written two or three pages about you to show your injustice, I am the enemy of theologians! So far as I am concerned, I revere as the servants of God all theologians, even those of a

* 'Cousin,' x. 87.

different religion, because we all worship the same God. But if a traitor who poses as the guardian of a Prince, a theologian who hides himself under the mantle of Religion, is capable of lying and calumny, the name of a theologian does not bind me to silence—no, not even if this theologian is supported by another like himself, and both together believe that the Holy Spirit is in the midst of them.”

But a philosopher is not necessarily either a consistent or a courageous man. Voet was a Protestant, and Descartes might have felt that he was fighting the battles of the Catholics when he was attacking him. For the rest, Descartes has all the changes of mood, all the lights and shadows which belong to great as well as little men. When a thinker digs somewhat deeper than others in the soil of knowledge, he is often chary of his riches, is apt to practise a severe economy of his published thoughts, and not rarely has an unconsciously arrogant reticence. He is really isolated; and because he feels himself so, he puts on a mask when he comes abroad. In Descartes' own case he, no doubt, had the feeling that he had raised a monument *ære perennius*. In sober truth, he is the founder of all modern philosophy. But when he contrasted what he knew of himself with what he felt might be the opinion of his contemporaries, the acute impression that no man is without honour save in his own country and in his own father's house led him, as it has led many a deep and illustrious thinker, to wear an external armour, a defence, if not of cynicism, at least of disguise, to appear before the incurious and phlegmatic audience of the world 'larvatus,' with a mask.

JOHN LOCKE.

(THE English mind reverts naturally to Locke as its parent in philosophy. Whatever may be the changes which have taken place during the course of the last two hundred years in fashions and modes of thought, they have been due very largely to Locke, either in the way of natural or consecutive development, or in equally natural reaction and antithesis. If Berkeley asserted in his 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' and in his 'Essay on Vision,' the inconceivability of abstract unperceivable matter, and the sole reality of 'spirit,' he had his somewhat materialistic predecessor in view; and if Hume resolved all the principles of systematic thought into associations welded by the force of habit and custom, and proposed his sceptical solution of the doubts which assailed him in his study, he believed himself to be carrying out the positions of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' to their logically inevitable issue. When Reid challenged the conclusions of Hume, he appealed to the common sense of which Locke always professed himself an ardent advocate; and when John Stuart Mill, wrote the remarkable chapters in his 'Examination of

Sir William Hamilton's System,' in which he dealt with our beliefs in the reality of matter and spirit, he was discussing problems to which the author of the 'New Way of Ideas' had given characteristic shape and colouring. Even the 'Synthetic Philosophy' of Mr. Herbert Spencer, largely indebted as it is to that scientific conception of evolution which we associate with the name of Charles Darwin, adopts the general standpoint of empiricism of which Locke was so notable a champion. Nor are there wanting special reasons why the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' should have made so deep and permanent an impression on the English intelligence. The chief of these is the practical character of the philosophy which is therein set forth. The object of the treatise is not to excite or satisfy merely intellectual curiosity. Locke would hardly endorse Hume's half-humorous defence of philosophizing, that "it is one of the few safe and harmless pleasures bestowed on the human race." The aim is rather, in Baconian language, to extend the *regnum hominis*, to enable men to live better and deal more honestly with one another in a tolerant spirit, seeing the narrow limits within which accurate knowledge is possible, and the large range of mere probability. And in the solution of the questions which are successively raised, Locke's method of procedure is exactly that which appeals, and apparently will always appeal, to the average English mind as the only trustworthy method. To him, as well as to his compatriots, there is nothing equal to common sense—"large roundabout common sense," as he

admirably expresses it. Where there is mystery and mysticism there is large room for chicanery and self-deception; but where everything is simple and straightforward and explicit there is good ground for the supposition that we have reached all the truth we need be concerned with. Locke is above all the 'common-sense philosopher,' and all his strength, and no small portion of his weakness, arise from his reliance on that eminently convenient, but somewhat ambiguous, guide. In the same practical spirit he is anxious to "send a man back to his senses," to study knowledge, by watching, as it were, over its cradle, and observing its gradual growth and development under the guiding hand of experience. It is to Locke above all that we owe that distinguishing mark of English philosophy—its empirical character; and though, as it is not unusual in history, his disciples have often exaggerated, and sometimes even parodied, their master, they are indebted to him for the leading clue of experience. Perhaps, too, we may venture to add to these reasons for the perennial importance and influence of Locke, his tendency, sometimes latent, sometimes explicit, to explain the things of spirit by the use of physical categories—all that blind, unavowed, but still constant, leaning towards materialism, which, in spite of Berkeley, Coleridge, Hamilton, and Carlyle, is even now the mainspring of a large portion of English thought. Locke was not, it is true, a materialist in the obvious sense of the term; but it is a significant fact that he should have led up to a materialistic line of thinkers.

The latest tribute to Locke's philosophic importance is Professor Fraser's sketch of his life and thought in Blackwood's 'Philosophical Series.' In the collection of philosophic classics of which it is one of the most recent publications, it will deserve a high reputation for its lucidity and its comprehensiveness. It would, indeed, be in one sense a curiously unjust penalty for Locke to undergo if his commentators failed in exactly that characteristic which makes his writings so readable. In another sense, however, Locke lends himself to many interpretations, and there are certain parts of his doctrines—for instance, the meaning and scope of what he termed 'Reflection,' and the oftentimes rewritten and still most obscure chapter on 'Power'—which have been debated and fought over both by his friends and his foes. Professor Campbell Fraser, however, has done his work well. No one, who has not attempted to write a little book on a great man, knows what a serious task it is to compress what is important and to omit what is interesting, and how much easier it is to write out one's notes at full than submit to the irritating pressure of a necessarily circumscribed space.

In the book before us Locke as a political reformer and as an educationalist is inevitably sacrificed to Locke as the author of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' but in the purely philosophical department there is little enough to find fault with, directly we recognize the aims and objects which the author has set before himself. For some time, we believe, Professor Fraser has been collecting materials for a complete edition of Locke's

works, and though this design is, we understand, set aside, the result of his assiduity is seen in the singularly complete little book which is explanatory of Locke's position in the intellectual world. The balances are here held with an impartial hand; there is no disposition to magnify the shortcomings any more than there is to exaggerate the merits. Indeed, though Professor Fraser's own philosophical position can hardly lead him to sympathize with the empirical tendencies of the 'Essay,' he is always ready to give due notice of and show just appreciation for those *arrière-pensées* which rescue Locke from a sensationalism like that of Condillac. In some respects the philosopher is shown to be greater and more catholic than some of his critics have supposed, while at the same time the defects of his standpoint and his method are hinted at with no uncertain emphasis.

If any fault is to be found with Professor Fraser's treatment, it may, perhaps, be discovered in the occasional tendency to rewrite Locke's doctrines in the language of a later idealism. The immanent and essential rationality of the kosmos of things is no doubt a necessary complement to Locke's one-sided analysis of our processes of knowing, but it is not an avowed postulate of his system; nor, indeed, could Locke ever have grasped such an idea. Yet in Professor Fraser's account, for instance, of Locke's 'Cause' (see especially pp. 154-56) a hasty reader, who was not acquainted with the history of philosophy, might feel some doubt as to how much belonged to the author and how much to the critic.

And Locke would hardly have assented to Professor Fraser's phrase 'to bring our thoughts into harmony with the divine ideas, of which things are the manifestation' (p. 48), as representing his desire to attain to a clear knowledge.

The history of Locke's life has more than the usual interest which attaches to the record of the existence of a philosopher. Unlike other members of the speculative order of humanity, he not only had some acquaintance with public affairs, but seems to have exercised no small influence on the course of events. It is, in fact, this importance of Locke as a practical statesman—quite apart from the indubitable mark which he left on the thought of his own and of succeeding ages—which is, perhaps, the significant characteristic of his career. That the son of humble parents—Locke's father was a country attorney and his grandfather was a clothier—should have been the chosen friend and confidant of that most remarkable statesman of Charles II.'s reign, Lord Shaftesbury, says a great deal for the strength and sincerity of his private character; but that he should have been, as it were, the chosen mouthpiece of the revolution which dethroned James II., so that, in the language of Locke, that monarch was said to have broken "the original contract between king and people," proves not only his private influence but his public importance. There was, it is clear, in the case of Locke, an accurate correspondence between the man and what M. Taine was fond of describing as '*le milieu*'—a happy conjunction between the individual

thoughts of a reformer and the character of a revolution which had been slowly preparing through the dark and troubled years of the reign of the second Charles.

The boyhood of Locke was contemporaneous with an earlier upheaval. In 1642, when he was ten years old, the Civil War broke out between Charles I. and his Parliament; and the humble Somersetshire house at Beluton was much exercised in the progress of a strife in which Locke's father bore his share on the side of the Puritans. Then in 1646 the scene changes to Westminster School, during his residence at which Professor Fraser conjectures that the youthful Puritan might have been taken to see that last fatal act in Charles's career which was consummated in front of the banquet-room at Whitehall. From Westminster, at the age of twenty (Whitsuntide, 1652), Locke is transferred with a junior studentship at Christ Church to Oxford, which becomes, with some interruptions, his home for the next thirty years. What benefits he derived from the Alma Mater on the Isis remains a doubtful question. There can be no doubt that he himself rated the advantages of an University career at an extremely low figure. "I have often heard him say," Lady Masham records, "that he had so small satisfaction from his Oxford studies—as finding very little light brought thereby to his understanding—that he became discontented with his manner of life, and wished that his father had rather designed him for anything else than what he was there destined

to.”* And, indeed, he must have been to some extent a thorn in the side of his tutors, if what a contemporary records of him may be trusted. Anthony à Wood, who was himself a fellow-student with “John Locke of Christ Church, now a noted writer,” declares that he was “a man of turbulent spirit, clamorous and discontented: while the rest of our club took notes deferentially from the mouth of the master, the said Locke scorned to do so, but was ever prating and troublesome.” One or two things, however, are noticeable in Locke’s academic career. In the first place it seems to have been Oxford that first weaned him from the narrowness of that Puritanism which, no doubt, he had imbibed in his father’s home; for his friendships were as much among Royalists and Churchmen as among Republicans, and no one was more respected by him than Edward Pococke, professor of Hebrew and Arabic, “the most prominent and outspoken Royalist,” as Professor Fraser says, “in the University.” In the second place, it was there that he imbibed that doctrine of religious toleration to which he consecrated his first literary labours—perhaps owing to the influence of Dr. John Owen, Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. And, finally, it is clear that his chief academical studies were not made in the peripatetic philosophy, of which he expressed the greatest abhorrence, but in experimental medicine, which earned for him not only the title of Doctor Locke but also the friendship of Lord Ashley, afterwards first Lord Shaftesbury, and that

* Fraser’s ‘Locke,’ p. 9.

of the great London physician Sydenham. Of the two important circumstances in Locke's life—the introduction to the London political world and the devotion to intellectual work in the direction of philosophical analysis—it is curious to note that both were more or less accidental and fortuitous in their character. The first was due, as we have said, to a friendship with Lord Ashley, which was caused by the accidental absence of the physician (Dr. Thomas) under whom the statesman had proposed to drink certain medicinal waters at Oxford. As Dr. Thomas had been obliged to leave his home, it fell to the task of the Christ Church student to make the necessary preparations for Lord Ashley's visit. The result was the formation of an intercourse which bore important fruits. Lady Masham tells us that each found equal pleasure in the presence of his companion.

"If my lord was pleased with the company of Mr. Locke, Mr. Locke was yet more pleased with that of Lord Ashley. My lord, when Mr. Locke took leave of him after supper, engaged him to dine with him the next day, which he willingly promised; and the waters having been provided against the day following, and Mr. Locke having before had thoughts of drinking them himself, my lord would have him drink them with him, so that he might have the more of his company. . . . Soon after my lord, returning to London, desired Mr. Locke that from that time he would look upon his house as his home, and that he would let him see him there in London as soon as he could."*

Hence we find Locke in the following year exchanging his home at Christ Church for one at Exeter House, in

* Fraser's 'Locke,' p. 27.

the Strand, and becoming the confidential adviser of Lord Shaftesbury, as well as tutor to his son.

In 1672, when Locke was forty years of age, he became secretary to his patron, who was now Lord Chancellor, for the presentation of benefices; and in the next year he obtained the secretaryship of the Board of Trade, with an income of £500. From that time he followed the varying fortunes of his chief, retiring to France in 1675, when the Lord Chancellor lost his office, returning in 1679 to Thanet House, Aldersgate, with the return of Shaftesbury to favour, and finally going into exile in Holland, in 1683, when the failure of the scheme for putting the Duke of Monmouth on the throne led to the downfall of Shaftesbury. Although Locke suffered, by the loss of his studentship, for his friendship with the eccentric and ill-starred politician, there is no reason for supposing that he in any way sympathized with the Monmouth scheme.

In Oxford, which he visited somewhere about 1683, he was reported to be "a master of taciturnity and passion," and to be "living a very cunning and unintelligible life"—which probably only means that, with characteristic prudence and self-control, he refrained from any dangerous criticisms on the course of public events. In Holland, however, he remained till 1689, when he came back to London, borne on the tide which placed William of Orange on the English throne—at once the philosophical defender and the intellectual representative of that beneficent revolution.

The second so-called 'accident,' which converted the student of medicine and the friend of Sydenham into the author of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' took place in the winter of 1670-1. Locke had become a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1668, and though he took but little part in its formal proceedings, he was fond of "occasional reunions of a few intimate friends," which his official position no doubt often put in his way. At one of these meetings the idea of a systematic analysis of knowledge was first broached, warmly taken up by Locke, and only eventually carried into execution twenty years afterwards. The 'Epistle to the Reader,' which precedes the 'Essay,' gives Locke's own account of this interesting incident.

"Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends, meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that arose on every side. After we had awhile puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were or were not fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed that this should be our first inquiry. Some hasty undigested thoughts, on a subject which I had never before considered, which I set down against our next meeting, gave the first entrance into this discourse; which, having been begun by chance, was continued by entreaty, written by incoherent parcels, and, after long intervals of neglect, returned to again as my humour or occasions permitted; and at last, in a retirement where an attendance on my health gave me leisure, it was brought into that order thou now seest it."

Most of the 'incoherent parcels' referred to in the above extract seem to have been written in France between 1675 and 1679, during the temporary obscuration of Shaftesbury's fortunes. At Montpellier Locke made the acquaintance of Thomas Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke; and it is noticeable that both Locke's 'Essay' and Berkeley's 'Principles' enjoyed the patronage of that philosophic nobleman. But Locke did not go out of his way to make any friendships during his foreign residence; and though this was the time when Malebranche's '*Recherche de la Vérité*' was published, when Nicole was issuing his '*Essais de Morale*,' and when Leibnitz was visiting Arnauld and Spinoza, and the immortal '*Ethica, ordine Geometrico demonstrata*' were being given to the world, there is no reason for thinking that Locke met any of these celebrated men. It was one of his peculiarities that he did not consider himself indebted to any thinker (though the influence of Descartes is obvious in many of his pages), and the absence of references to other works of philosophy in the 'Essay' contrasts in a remarkable manner with Bacon's copious list of authorities. Some of the occasional notes in his commonplace book are instructive as to the aims which he set before himself, and the manner in which he desired to compass them. His work was to be to a large extent remedial: it was to cure the human understanding of two fatal errors—a dependence on authority and an empty verbalism. To this he returns again and again, meaningless words and dogmatic assumptions being the two

tempters that bewilder men and lead them out of the true path. Here is a trenchant passage which Professor Fraser has quoted from a fragment 'De Arte Medica,' dated 1668—*

"They that are studiously busy in the cultivating and adorning such dry, barren notions are vigorously employed to little purpose, and might with as much reason have retrimmed, now they are men, the babies they made when they were children, as exchanged them for those empty, impracticable notions that are but the puppets of men's fancies and imaginations, which, however dressed up, are, after forty years' dandling, but puppets still, void of strength, use, or activity."

Another thought which is constantly present to him is the 'disproportion' which exists between the human mind and the universe of things, 'the limits' of the understanding being as much the subject of his meditation as its 'nature.' In the spirit of Bacon he strenuously believes that the "*subtilitas naturæ multis partibus exsuperat subtilitatem mentis humanæ.*" "Our minds are not made as large as truth," he cries, "nor suited to the whole extent of things. It will become us better to consider well our own weakness and exigencies—what we are made for and what we are capable of." In point of fact, Locke believed that the only end of knowledge was wise action, and that knowledge for knowledge's sake is rather amusement than serious business, and therefore to be reckoned among our idle recreations. The following passage, though characteristic enough of one side of

* Fraser's 'Locke,' p. 38.

Locke's nature, gives an almost disagreeable impression of the narrowness and circumscription of his aims:—

"The extent of things knowable is so vast, our duration here is so short, and the entrance by which the knowledge of things gets into our understanding is so narrow, that the whole time of our life is not enough to acquaint us even with what we are capable of knowing, and which it would be not only convenient, but very advantageous for us to know. . . . We have no reason to complain that we do not know the nature of the sun or stars, and a thousand other speculations in nature, since if we knew them they would be of no solid advantage to us, nor help to make our lives the happier, they being but the useless employment of idle or over-curious brains. . . . All our business lies at home. Why should we think ourselves hardly dealt with that we are not furnished with compass and plummet to sail and fathom that restless, unnavigable ocean of the universal matter, motion, and space? There are no commodities to be brought from thence serviceable to our use, nor that will better our condition. We need not be displeased that we have not knowledge enough to discover whether we have any neighbours or no in those large bulbs of matter that we see floating in the abyss, or of what kind they are, since we can never have any communication with them that might turn to our advantage. Man's mind and faculties were given him to procure him the happiness which the world is capable of."*

Although, as Professor Fraser remarks, Locke did not always remain at the level of "this secularist conception of life," the passage only repeats some of the language which Bacon employed in his desire to extend the *regnum hominis*, and is not obviously out of harmony with the general tone and temper in which the 'Essay' was composed. That a philosophy framed in this spirit was to guide for a hundred and fifty years the thought of England could not fail to be a misfortune, and the narrowness of

* Quoted by Professor Fraser, 'Locke,' p. 50.

ground-plan contrasts somewhat painfully with the more generous schemes of Descartes and Spinoza, whose sanctuary in Holland was invaded by Locke, as we have already said, in 1683. While in that country Locke formed two lasting friendships—one with Philip von Limborch, “the leader of Liberal Theology in Holland and the friend of Cudworth, Whichcote, and More;” the other with Le Clerc, who was the editor of the well-known ‘*Bibliothèque Universelle*,’ and who received some contributions from the refugee philosopher, including an epitome in French of the forthcoming ‘*Essay*.’

The return of Locke to England in the train of William of Orange is the era of the publication of his chief works. The first to appear was the ‘*Epistola de Tolerantia*’ (March, 1689), which was written in Latin and addressed to Limborch. This was followed by the ‘*Two Treatises on Government*’ (February, 1690), in which Locke gives his version of the ‘*Social Contract*’ theory, and makes the duration of a monarch’s sway depend on his preservation of the “original contract between king and people.” The long-expected ‘*Essay on the Human Understanding*’ appeared in March, 1690, with a second edition in 1694, a third in 1695, and a fourth in 1700. Other publications of this period were a second and third letter for ‘*Toleration*,’ an essay on the ‘*Reasonableness of Christianity as delivered in the Scriptures*’ (June, 1695), and letters to Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, who had called in question some passages in Locke’s philosophical treatise. It is interesting to discover that Locke was paid £30 for

the copyright of the 'Essay,' about the same sum which Kant received ninety-one years afterwards for his 'Kritik of Pure Reason.'

The final years of Locke's life, from 1691 to 1704, need not occupy us long. A new home was opened for the philosopher, who transferred himself from London to the country seat of Sir Francis Masham at Oates, in Essex, the second Lady Masham being Damaris Cudworth, the daughter of Ralph Cudworth, the celebrated theologian and moralist of the seventeenth century. It was a peaceful scene amid which the years of John Locke were now brought to a close. Close by was the rectory of High Laver, where he gained the friendship of Samuel Lowe, and in the churchyard belonging to that parish he lies buried. Externally these years have no other interest than the appointment to a Commissionership of Trade, an office which was undertaken in 1696 and abandoned by resignation in 1700. But Locke's private life was sweetened by many intimacies—with Molyneux, with King, with Anthony Collins, and above all with Esther Masham, a daughter of Sir Francis by his first wife, who has left two unpublished volumes of letters relating mostly to the years during which Locke lived at Oates. In his letters to her the philosopher unbends somewhat of the gravity and prosaic studiousness that were natural to him, and her dear 'Johannes' is surrounded by his fair correspondent with some gleams of fancy, if not of romance. "Had you been at our church yesterday," he writes to Esther Masham—

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"there was one that would have put you to it to have kept pace and time with him. He sang the poor clerk out of his beloved 'Behold, and have regard.' and made him lose both voice and tune. Would you had been here to have stood up for the credit of our parish, which gave up to a stranger! We have had nothing but winter weather since you went, and I write this by the fireside, whither the blustering, wind-like December has driven me, though it is still August. I hope for a new spring when you come back, and desire to be then as merry as the birds then are when they have their mates: only I desire to be excused from singing; that part shall be yours."*

It was not often, probably, that Locke assumed so sprightly a strain. For the most part he was occupied either with the duties of his commissionership or with correspondence arising out of his 'Essay,' which had to be either explained or defended. His thoughts also took more of a religious bent, for it was during this period that he wrote his 'Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity,' and composed some notes on the Pauline Epistles. He was sustained in his philosophical position by the enthusiastic sympathy of Molyneux, the Dublin philosopher; and when the authorities at Oxford fulminated an anathema against the 'Essay' he took what had been done there, he declared, 'rather as a recommendation of the book.' Isaac Newton came to visit him from Cambridge, and presented him, apparently, with a copy of the 'Principia.' Lord Shaftesbury of the 'Characteristics'—Locke's former pupil—and Lord and Lady Peterborough were also among the guests at Oates. The last scene on October 28, 1704, is thus pictured in a letter from Esther Masham:—

* Quoted by Professor Fraser, 'Locke,' p. 225.

"You have heard, no doubt, of the death of good Mr. Locke. . . . Though we could not expect his life a great while, it did nevertheless surprise us. His legs were very much swollen, and the day before he died, finding it very troublesome to rise, because of his great weakness that he was hardly able to do anything for himself, he resolved to lie abed, which made the swelling in his legs get up into his body, and immediately took away his stomach and his sleep, for he slept not a wink all that night. The next morning he resolved to rise, and was carried into his study, and in his chair got a little sleep, was very sensible, but soon called to be moved, and was no sooner set elsewhere than he died, closing his eyes with his own hands. He is extremely regretted by everybody. . . . I heard him say, the night before he died, that he heartily thanked God for all His goodness and mercies to him, but above all for His redemption of him by Jesus Christ."*

He was buried, as we have said, at High Laver, where "that serene and pensive face, pale and tinged with sadness, which Kneller has made familiar to us all," had often been seen. According to tradition, the first visitor to the tomb of John Locke was Sir Isaac Newton.

If Locke was one of those who waited until middle age before producing his capital work on philosophy (he was nearly fifty-eight when the 'Essay' made its first appearance), he has at least this advantage, that his position is more settled, and his opinions are more mature. Whether he is writing on the subject of tolerance, or education, or the reasonableness of Christianity, at the background of all his views stand the philosophical principles of his 'Essay.' There is in him no such divergence or difference of standpoint as exists between the 'Siris' of Bishop Berkeley and the earlier 'Essay on Vision' and 'Prin-

* Quoted by Professor Fraser, 'Locke,' pp. 270-1.

ciples,' nor even so much as critics have discovered between the immature 'Treatise' of Hume, which the author himself says "fell dead-born from the press," and his concise and lucid 'Enquiry.' Hence, though in Locke we may find fault with the postulates and presuppositions of the system, and point out certain difficulties which appear in comparing the later portion of the work with the earlier, we can yet feel tolerably sure of the main position, and accept the groundwork of the treatise as that which the philosopher had, after prolonged consideration, deliberately laid down.

The guiding principles of Locke are few in number and very easily set forth. All knowledge is due to experience—either that which comes from the operations of the external senses, or that which we owe to the inner sense or consciousness which Locke calls 'reflection.' Perhaps the philosopher was never quite explicit as to the extent and range of the power which he termed 'reflection'; but we can hardly be wrong, if we bear in mind the general outlines of his system, in supposing it to be nothing more than what other thinkers have called the inner sense, the immediate consciousness of those internal states of mind which, as Kant puts it, are subject to the form of time. We are aware of certain states of consciousness which succeed each other, and which form our inner experience, such as the various feelings of anger, or expectation, or sorrow, or love, or pity, which pass across our daily life. This is a kind of experience from which knowledge results, but it waits the touch of the outer

world before it can wake into activity. In fact, if there were no external world there would be no knowledge; only through the intercourse which our senses hold with that which is without them, and which, as it were, impinges on their susceptibility and stirs them into exercise, can experience build up the fabric of our mental life. Apart from experience the mind is a *tabula rasa*, a blank piece of paper, an empty cabinet: sensible contact with the world outside us writes characters on the tablet and fills the cabinet with ideas.

"Let us suppose," says Locke,* "the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? Whence comes it by that vast store which the busy and boundless fancy of man has painted on it with an almost endless variety? Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience: in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring."

Hence it is easy enough to find the extent and range of what we mean by knowledge. Its elements are 'ideas,' either simple or complex. Knowledge is, as it were, the proposition or sentence, of which simple and complex ideas are respectively the letters and the words. Simple notions or ideas are derived from sensation or reflection, or both together; complex notions are derived from simple ones; and in its last resort the long chain of experience has its

* 'Essay,' Bk. II. c. i. sec. 2.

last link in those primary sensations, such as those of heat, hardness, colour, sound, figure, rest, motion, or else in those immediate reports of our consciousness by which we are aware that we are thinking, or feeling angry, being pleased or suffering pain. In all this resolution of the complex into the simple, and this determined impulse to send a man 'back to his senses,' Locke's main motive is clear. He desired to free mankind from bondage either to meaningless words or fanciful and baseless conceptions such as he found in abundance in the philosophy which had come down from the Middle Ages, by suggesting a ready test of validity and truth. Let us trace our abstract conceptions or our abstract terms back to those simple ideas which we gather from our intercourse with the external world. Are they found to be devoid of any such parentage? Then, too, they are devoid of reality, for it is only that genesis in sensation which can substantiate their claims. Throughout Locke's tendency is to deny to the mind any originative capacities of its own; if the mind invents any ideas for itself, they are without real validity, so far as knowledge is concerned. The mind, he will suppose, is a *tabula rasa*, a blank piece of paper—a hypothesis which is demonstrably false,—for the mind has its own laws,—and which could only have been framed in an age which knew little or nothing of biological science. Locke, however, is throughout under the dominion of his metaphor, which, indeed, he derived from Bacon's language about the 'intellectus abrasus,' and the necessity of entering the kingdom of nature 'sub personâ infantis.' The hypo-

thesis, moreover, is one which naturally fits in with his main presupposition that knowledge is due to sensible experience, for it is only by successive impacts on the characterless tablet that a man becomes possessed of knowledge.

The theory, no doubt, recommends itself by its simplicity, its practicalness, and perhaps by its accordance with the dictates of common sense; but it is, nevertheless, at the bottom of most of the defects in Locke's system. 'The new way of ideas' should not have been handicapped at the very outset by being tied to the supposition of a mind which, in the acquisition of knowledge, was featureless and inactive.

The first book of the 'Essay' is an exemplification of Locke's principles, and, at the same time, affords a clear illustration of the circumscribed limits within which those principles enabled him to work. A mind which, antecedently to experience, could be described as a blank tablet or empty cabinet, must obviously be devoid of innate concepts or ideas. To admit the possibility of any such innateness would be to defeat the thesis that all our knowledge is due to experience, and to experience alone. Hence we find Locke commencing his work by a destructive analysis intended to prove that there are neither speculative nor practical principles which can be said to be part of the mind's original constitution. His arguments are, for the most part, similar to those which J. S. Mill long afterwards brought forward to disprove the intuitive belief in the uniformity of Nature, and may be

very briefly summarized. There are no innate speculative or theoretical principles; for let us take, by way of example, the so-called principle of Identity ('whatever is, is'), or the principle of Contradiction ('it is impossible that the same thing should be and not be'). Now, in the first place, it is clear that children, idiots, and uneducated persons know nothing and care less about such assumed innate principles. It may, however, be urged that they are in the mind, but that originally the mind is unconscious of them. Locke will not admit any such subterfuge. To him—and it is a notable assertion—'to be in the mind' must be the same thing as 'to be known,' or, in other words, there can be no such thing as latent or unconscious knowledge, and, inasmuch as we do not know these principles from our earliest childhood, they cannot be innate. Nor yet can it be said that we become conscious of them as soon as we make use of our reason; for, as a matter of fact, they come late and not early in our intellectual life. That the bitter is not sweet, and that a rod and a cherry are different things, we know a long while before we realize any such abstractions as the principles of Identity and Contradiction. The case stands much the same with regard to practical or moral principles. These cannot be innate, for one reason, because all moral rules require to be proved, even the celebrated maxim, "Do as you would be done by." Or take another moral principle, that "All men should keep their contracts." For this too we have to assign a reason—either the will of God, the will of society, or the dignity of man. Another argument is to

idw.

be found in the varying moral codes prevalent among the different nations of the world. How could there be so wide a diversity if practical principles were innate? Even the idea of God himself (the chief of the Cartesian ideas) is not intuitive in the human mind. Rather is it deduced from the signs and evidences of the natural world—a view which is corroborated by the fact, which Locke takes some pains to illustrate, that the idea is not found in all nations. The conclusion of the polemic is the assertion that the primary data of knowledge are not ideas, notions, principles at all, but single, particular instances and impressions. “Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu.”

It is noticeable that the ‘ideas’ of the first book of the ‘Essay’ are not the ‘ideas’ of the second. Where their innateness is denied they are conceptions, or, as he sometimes calls them, ‘native inscriptions;’ but the ‘new way of ideas’ must define them as impressions or sensations. Both uses of the word are exemplified in the following passage:—

“The senses at first let in particular *ideas* (i.e. impressions), and furnish the yet empty cabinet; and the mind by degrees growing familiar with some of them, they are lodged in the memory, and names go to them. Afterwards the mind, proceeding further, abstracts them and by degrees learns the use of general names. In this manner the mind comes to be furnished with *ideas* (i.e. conceptions) and language, the materials about which to exercise its discursive faculty; and the use of reason becomes daily more visible as these materials, that give it employment, increase. But though the having of general *ideas*, and the use of general words and reason generally grow together, yet I see not how this any way proves them innate.”*

* ‘Essay,’ Bk. I. c. ii. sec. 15.

The ambiguity, or at all events the double sense of the term, proves that one of Locke's difficulties was the necessity of making his own terminology as he went along (for Hume has the two words 'impressions' and 'ideas'); and a similarly vague use occurs with regard to the words 'perception,' 'judgment,' and 'reflection.' In the case before us, however, it leads us to the discovery that what Locke was arguing against was a view which probably no philosopher has ever seriously entertained. It is difficult to imagine any thinker proclaiming that there are 'native inscriptions' on the mind, which, in all their legibility and distinctness, are to be found there before the arrival of experience. Even in the case of the belief in the uniformity of Nature, against the intuitive character of which Mill brought all his engines of assault, it is more than doubtful whether any one would be concerned to repeat 'I believe in the uniformity of Nature' as an absolutely first sentence in a formal 'credo' of intellectual possessions. Yet clearly Locke imagined that he was disproving everything which was innate and intuitive when he was arguing the absurdity of the innateness of detailed propositions or definitely constituted and adequate ideas. Nor even will he allow the innateness of capacities or potential faculties of knowing, on the ground, as he says, that to be in the mind must be the same as to be known, and that knowledge which is latent or unconscious is no knowledge at all. In answer to so absurd a position it is open to us to appeal either to biological science or to later philosophical systems. Biology will tell us of inherited aptitudes, of

definite modes according to which the mind reacts upon the impressions conveyed by sense, of nerve-currents predisposed to run in particular channels; or else, as with Spencer, it will bring forward theories of heredity and explain that the individual starts with various modes of thought, crystallized in the experience of humanity, and born with him as part of the heritage of the race of which he is a member. Kant and other metaphysicians will repeat the same story, though from a subjective rather than an objective standpoint. They will talk either of forms or moulds, which condition experience; or else of the mind's own laws, according to which it interprets for itself and renders intelligible the dumb message of the senses. Whether from this side or that, Locke's *tabula rasa* is shown to be an impossible hypothesis: the mind is not passive, but active; it is not blank reciprocity, but the creative soil which transforms the dead seeds into living plants by means of its native forces and productive power. We can never do without the *ipse intellectus* in giving an account of the birth and growth of knowledge; what is really innate is not some definite proposition or set of *a priori* maxims, but the intellect itself with its own laws. The capacities and potentialities of the mind can, indeed, only be discovered in that experience which they condition and render possible; but, in a true sense of the word, they are latent, and a deeper analysis of intelligence has, in taking account of them, to acknowledge that, despite the verdict of Locke, to be in the mind is by no means the same thing as to be known. As Professor Fraser says, Locke

"was biassed by his unwarranted assumption that nothing can be in the mind of which the mind is not conscious—that mental activity is identical with consciousness of it—and so he overlooked the now acknowledged fact that a man's individual consciousness may include only a small part of what he potentially knows. Locke's habit of physical experiment led him to look at knowledge, and also at the universe, on the natural rather than on the metaphysical or supernatural side, as a succession of caused causes, rather than in their constant originating cause—from the point of view of natural science, in short, rather than from that of the philosopher. He failed to show that the supernatural or metaphysical is continuously immanent in nature and in natural law." *

We shall see hereafter in relation to other doctrines of Locke the nature of that kind of 'innateness' for which we are contending, and also the main 'forms' or 'capacities' of the mind which we would include under the expression 'innate laws of the human understanding.' For the present we have been concerned with examining Locke's system as an admirable illustration of a philosophy of common sense, a philosophy of that 'roundabout' empirical character which makes it especially dear to English 'practicalness.' Roughly speaking, it is no doubt true that knowledge arises from experience, from a sensible contact with the world outside us; but it is clear that if we are to allow ourselves to be guided by Locke's picture of a blank piece of paper being gradually filled with characters, or even if we fall back on Aristotle's old simile of the impression of a seal on wax, we must, in neither the one case nor the other, be the victim of our own metaphor. No purely physical categories can explain spiritual

* Fraser's 'Locke,' pp. 120, 121.

and mental processes. The piece of paper must be allowed to be anything but 'blank'; it has a strange power of altering the characters which are inscribed on it: the wax is not passively receptive of the impression of the seal, but can transform and reproduce some version of its own. Whatever, therefore, Locke may be supposed to gain in lucidity by the use of such common-sense illustrations he assuredly loses in adequacy and truth. Indeed, his own premises cannot always explain his conclusions, as we shall see in his celebrated distinction of Primary and Secondary Qualities of Matter.

Hence emerges a significant characteristic of Locke's philosophy, which is more patent to ourselves than it was to his contemporaries. To us, looking back upon the thought of the seventeenth from the vantage-ground of the nineteenth century, and knowing what different courses philosophy has taken since the publication of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' it often appears as if Locke attempted to combine two different points of view, and thus might be convicted of an obvious inconsistency. Inconsistent he undoubtedly is, but only in the sense that he held in solution views which were afterwards sharply discriminated by controversy. It was after Locke that the two streams of thought which are usually termed 'idealistic' and 'realistic' commenced to diverge from one another: the one, dimly prefigured in Berkeley, was brought into the clear light of day by Kant; the other, prefaced by Hume's scepticism, has since taken a broader course in J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer. Hence, when

we examine Locke's doctrines with some knowledge of their subsequent history, they appear to contain both empirical and idealistic elements; sometimes the author seems to be quite frankly a sensationalist; at other times he appears to be by no means averse to theories which belong to an opposite school. Now it is part of a common-sense scheme of thinking to take 'sensation' and 'perception' for granted, as though such mysterious processes, by which the external becomes internal, and outer motion of particles results in inner states of consciousness, could not be satisfactorily accounted for by any analysis which did not explain *obscurum per obscurius*. Locke, at all events, is quite prepared to let sensation be its own witness, as something which contained no mysteries for the plain, unvarnished, common-sense intelligence.

Unfortunately, however, Locke's silence on the subject leaves us in some embarrassment when we examine his theory of Primary and Secondary Qualities of Matter.* There are, he tells us, certain primary qualities, such as solidity, extension, figure, motion, or rest and number, which "are really in objects, whether any one's senses perceive them or no," and in the case of which we can argue directly from the 'idea' in us to the 'quality' in the external object. We can be quite sure that when a body, like a marble, appears to us to be solid, it is solid in itself, and so far our sensations may be described as presentative, actually giving us the real nature of the thing which we are observing. But there are other

* 'Essay,' Bk. II. c. viii.

qualities, called secondary, concerning which we can by no means have the same assurance. They are colours, sounds, smells, and taste—qualities, so called, “which in truth are nothing in the objects themselves but powers to produce;” “the ideas of them have no resemblance to the powers themselves.” We may speak of a rose as red, and a violet as blue, but these are not qualities in either the rose or the violet, but only the impressions made on our sensitive organization. And, inasmuch as these secondary qualities are declared to be effects on our organism of the primary—effects which are unlike their causes—we may in this case call Sensation representative rather than presentative, because it does not faithfully copy, but gives its own version of the data presented to it. How it comes to pass that a mind which is a *tabula rasa* can give its own version, instead of faithfully preserving the characters inscribed on it, Locke does not tell us.

Indeed, the doctrine of Secondary qualities is an unconscious refutation of his premises. ‘Qualities’ of course they are not in any real sense, for the phrase at once involves an external reference (as though the rose were really and in itself red, and the violet similarly blue), whereas they are explained by Locke to exist only for consciousness. But the very possibility of such purely subjective impressions as those in which we declare an object to taste sour, to smell sweet, to look red, at once leads to a different view of mind and its nature from that which Locke, at the beginning of his second book,

seemed to espouse. For in the perception of these qualities the mind distinguishes them, and refers them to a thing ("here is a sensation 'red,' different from other sensations, which I did not make for myself, and which I refer to a rose"), and further ascribes them to the external object, as the 'effect' of which the thing is 'the cause' ("the redness is produced by the essential qualities of the rose, working on my organs of apprehension"). In other words, in the case of these secondary qualities the mind is making affirmations and passing judgments, referring qualities to substances and explaining effects by means of causes—in short, is acting in accordance with those innate laws which the idealist has always recognized as her inalienable birthright, but which the followers of Locke, if not Locke himself, have been foremost to impugn. If we desired, therefore, to vindicate the existence of innate laws of the understanding, it would be sufficient to point out that Locke's theory of secondary qualities involves the existence, at least, of these two laws, viz., "that every attribute is the attribute of a substance," and that "every event has a cause." Subsequent analysis, both on biological and metaphysical lines, has added other functions which can properly be described as innate. Each sense has its own innate form, its own peculiar way of reacting on the stimuli which reach it; and sensibility generally, Kant would add, has its two specific innate forms, Space and Time. We cannot help seeing in space, and feeling in time. So much richer is the native structure of intelligence than

Locke's premisses allow, that nearly all his subsequent doctrines require for their acceptance a view of mental activity and spontaneousness which effectually disprove the hypothesis of a *tabula rasa*. We have seen this to some extent in Locke's account of Secondary Qualities; we shall see it still more clearly in what he has to tell us about 'Substance' and 'Cause.'

Locke's account of 'Substance' is an admirable example of the honesty of his analysis, even when carried out in the teeth of his own presuppositions. If we resolve all the affirmations which we make with regard to the external world and its composition into their simplest expression, we shall see that for us 'Substance' means nothing but the qualities of substance. Abstract from substance all the attributes of hardness and softness, sweetness and sourness, brightness and darkness, with which we encircle it on the strength of our own sensitive organization, and it is clear that nothing remains to describe substance as it is in itself apart from our perceiving senses. If that be so, it should seem to follow that substance is only an idea of the mind, or rather, if we are to avoid the use of an ambiguous term like 'idea,' a subjective form, a category, by means of which we hold together, construe to ourselves, or render intelligible the various single and particular impressions of our senses. Obviously then, in any account of knowledge, notice should be taken of this power or faculty of construction which apparently belongs to the mind, and due allowance should be made for it in our ground-plan of the human intelligence. It

cannot be a passively receptive mind which thus prescribes to experience the form which it should assume, and which arranges under a definite category sensations derived from eye and hand. In other words, it must be recognized to be a law of the understanding that "every attribute is the attribute of a substance," or, as Kant put it in his technical fashion, "Substantiality is one of the categories of the understanding." If we now turn to Locke's account of this question, we shall see that he is virtually in agreement with what we have said.

"If any one," he says,* "will examine himself concerning his notion of pure substance in general, he will find he has no other idea of it at all, but only a supposition of he knows not what support of such qualities which are capable of producing simple ideas in us, which qualities are commonly called 'accidents.' If any one should be asked, 'What is the subject wherein colour or weight adheres?' he would have nothing to say but, 'The solid extended parts.' And if he were demanded, 'What is it that solidity and extension inhere in?' he would not be in a much better case than the Indian before mentioned, who, saying that the world was supported by a great elephant, was asked what the elephant rested on? To which his answer was, 'A great tortoise:' but being again pressed to know what gave support to the broad-backed tortoise, replied—something, he knew not what. . . . The idea, then, we have, to which we give the general name 'substance,' being nothing but the supposed, but unknown, support of those qualities we find existing, which we imagine cannot subsist *sine re substante*, 'without something to support them,' we call that support *substantia*, which, according to the true import of the word, is, in plain English, 'standing under' or 'upholding.'"

Nothing could be clearer so far. Substance is a mental idea (which may or may not have an external archetype.

* 'Essay,' Bk. II. c. xxiii. sec. 2.

Locke says it has, but this obviously cannot be proved, except in accordance with Dr. Johnson's test of common-sense 'striking with a stick') which *we prescribe* to experience, and which, apparently, we do not derive from experience. But from Locke's point of view there are several difficulties. The first of these connects itself with the account already given of 'primary qualities.' For these (solidity and the rest) have been declared to be actually in the thing, and are therefore real attributes, and not to be wholly resolved into our sensations. If, therefore, we can say, with perfect truth, 'The thing is solid' (not, 'The thing appears to me to be solid'), how comes it that the thing is 'unknown'? If the primary qualities are not phenomenal, but real, how can the idea of substance be fictitious? It was natural enough from this point of view that the next step in philosophical analysis, which was made by Berkeley, should be the affirmation that both Locke's primary and secondary qualities are equally phenomenal and equally rest on a subjective basis. But further, assuming that the idea of substance is a useful fiction of the mind, how comes it on Locke's presuppositions that the mind can thus contribute an idea to help out its experience? If all we know comes through sensitive experience, and the mind by itself is best to be understood as a *tabula rasa*—a sensitive plate—where is the explanation of this strange inventive power which the mind possesses, by means of which 'a support' is given to separate and piecemeal attributes? Can a sensitive

plate not only reproduce impressions, but group them according to standards and ideas of its own? Can a *tabula rasa* not only reflect the world, but also imagine the elephant and the broad-backed tortoise, which are to serve as its Atlas? Or is it not rather clear that the mind must be an actively discriminating and grouping force, a power of re-integration and re-arrangement, whereby what Kant called the 'chaos' and 'plurality' of impressions are reduced to order and intelligibility? So much, however, Locke was not prepared to allow: to him it probably seemed too much like that "letting loose of thought in the vast ocean of being" which was the fault of metaphysics and dogmatism; and hence he is left in the awkward predicament of acknowledging that 'substance' is a mental idea, and yet denying that the mind can, apart from experience, form such ideas; of saying we do not know what matter is, and yet allowing that matter is 'solid' and 'extended,' which are real attributes of a therefore real matter. To him, in all probability, matter, according to the vague notions of common sense, was a something without us which caused our sensations. We could not, however, say exactly what this something was, and indeed, in the fourth book of his 'Essay,' he points out that all general affirmations about nature were 'unreal,' could only be 'probable,' and might be trifling. And hence the way was open for Berkeley's denial of matter, and for Hume's subsequent scepticism, which impartially denied the reality of both 'matter' and 'spirit.'

In Locke's treatment of 'Cause' we have an illustration of the ambiguity arising from inconsistent views, which we have already noticed as a not unusual characteristic (from a more modern standpoint) of his philosophic doctrines. Modern controversy has narrowly discriminated between two opposite versions of what we mean by 'cause,' one which attempts to substantiate its empirical character, and the other which frankly asserts it to be a mental relation employed to render our experience intelligible. Mill's doctrine on the subject would fall under the first head, Kant's under the second. But Locke, who propounded his philosophic scheme at a time before controversy had hardened the contrast between the empiricist and the idealist, contains—in solution as it were—each of the two views in rudimentary forms. If we take the chapters xxv. and xxvi. of the second book of the 'Essay,' it would appear that the causal relation is to be classed among those complex ideas which are gradually formed out of the simple ideas. These relations are declared * to be not "contained in the real existence of things, but something extraneous and superinduced," from which it would follow that Kant was right when he termed 'Causality' a category of the understanding. Yet this cannot be the doctrine of Locke, for 'cause and effect' are said to be derived from observing "the constant vicissitude of things."† Moreover, in an earlier chapter of this book,‡ Cause is

* Bk. II. c. xxv. sec. 8.

† Bk. II. c. xxvi. sec. 1.

‡ Bk. II. c. viii. sec. 23.

apparently classed among the attributes of things (under the name of 'Powers'), whereby they act upon our modes of apprehension. "The qualities," says Locke, "that are in bodies, rightly considered, are of three sorts . . . thirdly, the power that is in any body, by reason of the particular constitution of its primary qualities to make such a change in the bulk, figure, texture, and motion of another body as to make it operate on our senses differently from what it did before. Thus the sun has a power to make wax white and fire to made lead fluid." And this must naturally be the real view of Locke, for if secondary qualities stand to primary in the relation of effect to cause, clearly 'cause' must be not only derived from the vicissitude of things, but come very early in the acquisitions of experience, inasmuch as without it even the experiencing of simple sensations becomes unintelligible. We understand what a sensation is by referring it to some external thing; and thus, for instance, the 'redness' we see is referred to as the effect on our visual sense of which the 'rose' is in some way the cause. But, if all this be so, why does this relation stand among those complex ideas which are formed out of the simple ideas? And we ask in some confusion whether it is a mental relation, superinduced on experience, or a relation to the reality of which experience testifies? It is impossible to say exactly what Locke means, amongst other reasons because the chapter on 'Power' was felt to be ambiguous, and rewritten by the author, though without removing its ambiguity.

All we can say is that Locke, so far as he is a representative of the 'common-sense' way of philosophizing, believes that cause means "power to produce changes," and that things outside us have this power, and we can know they have by experience; while, so far as he is at once the intellectual father of both Hume and Kant, he is inclined to suggest that 'cause' is a mental idea—not, indeed, a wholly fictitious one, as Hume thought, but still an idea not contained in experience but superinduced on it. And in this way we are able to understand Locke's position historically, and yet to recognize how far his meagre analysis of the processes of knowledge requires to be supplemented by Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason.'

It is impossible within the limits of the present essay to attempt to unravel Locke's view of the liberty of human volition, which is one of the subjects discussed in his baffling chapter on 'Power.'* Nor yet have we room to consider what kind of security for physical science Locke allows in the fourth book of his 'Essay,' when he asserts that while general proportions in morals and mathematics may be real and instructive, general propositions about nature are either unreal or trifling.†

We may, however, fitly conclude what we have to say about the most characteristically English philosopher by some reference to his views on such ultimate questions as the nature of the human personality and of God; for here too we shall find plenty of ambiguities, if not

* Bk. II. c. xxi.

† 'Essay,' Bk. IV. c. viii.

actual inconsistencies, while at the same time there are some fruitful hints, which served as starting-points for the further developments of his successors.

It is easy for a philosophy which is avowedly sceptical to refuse to give any account of human personality. It may frankly admit that, inasmuch as all human knowledge is limited to the immediate presentations of the moment, we may talk, it is true, of sensations, and, perhaps more doubtfully, talk of ideas, but that we are everlastingly debarred from talking of a Self, to which the sensations come and which has the ideas. And essentially in this spirit we find Hume declaring that there is no identity in the human mind at different times, just as there is no simplicity at one time, because "men are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions that succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity, and are in perpetual flux and movement."* And this conclusion is no doubt logical enough if we grant the premisses on which it ultimately depends. But the point which interests us in this reference is that these premisses, from which Hume drew conclusions so paradoxical and so antagonistic to the views of common sense, are the very premisses which he inherited from Locke, and are therefore the direct heritage of a so-called philosophy of common sense. For Locke too believed that our knowledge was in ultimate resort limited to the immediate presentations of sense, this being the very ground for his doctrine as to "general

* Hume's 'Treatise,' Bk. I. c. iv. sec. 6.

propositions about nature." Why are general propositions about nature either unreal or trifling? The reason why they are unable to give us any trustworthy information about the real constitution of objects is that real existence is limited to the single momentary sensible event (of which alone we can be sure), and has nothing to do with the co-existence of such events in a given body or object. Hence general propositions about nature can only concern the analysis of a name—for instance, the name of gold,* not the real constitution of gold itself, as the common meeting-ground for the various qualities which we assign to it. Such, at all events, is the doctrine of the fourth book of the 'Essay,' however little it may accord with some of the teaching of the earlier. But if real existence be limited to the single momentary sensible event, the same thing must hold true of the Self, and we have to conclude that though we know states of mind as they make themselves vivid in consciousness, we have no knowledge to correspond to what we mean by a Self whose states they are. And we are thus landed in the position of Hume, and logically led to a denial of personal identity. Yet if there were one doctrine, it might be supposed, which common sense affirmed, it should be that each thinking man is aware that he exists because he knows that his various feelings belong to him and do not belong to any one else. It may be true that wisdom is justified of her children, but it is assuredly not the case in philosophy that common sense is justified of

* 'Essay,' Bk. IV. c. 8, secs. 5 and 6.



hers, or else Locke, the common-sense philosopher, would not be the intellectual father of Hume, the sceptic.

That Locke disguised from himself the issue to which his own speculations must lead is evident from one or two passages in his chapter on 'Identity and Diversity' (II. c. xxvii.).

"Self," says Locke, "is that conscious thinking thing (whatever substance made up of, whether spiritual or material, simple or compounded, it matters not) which is sensible or conscious of pleasure and pain, capable of happiness or misery, and so is concerned for itself, as far as that consciousness extends." "Though the same immaterial substance or soul does not alone, wherever it be and in whatsoever state, make the same man, yet it is plain that consciousness, so far as ever it can be extended, should it be to ages past, unites existences and actions, very remote in time, into the same person, as well as it does the existence and actions of the immediately preceding moment; so that whatever has the consciousness of present and past actions is the same person, to whom they both belong." *

Brave words these, and, if only we might accept them as Locke's unalterable opinion, we have here the foundation for a theory of reasoned spiritualism, and even for a philosophical vindication of immortality. Unfortunately, however, we shall not always find Locke writing in this strain. In earlier chapters the mind is apparently only the ideas which come and go, a perishing series of feelings—not a self, which is a consciousness always at one with itself. "For if we look immediately into ourselves, and reflect on what is observable there, we shall find our ideas always, whilst we are awake or have any thought passing in train, one going and another

* 'Essay,' Bk. II. c. xxvii. secs. 16 and 17.

coming without intermission."* And certainly no one by simple inspection as it were, or by the intimations of the so-called inner sense, could ever interpret self otherwise than as 'passing states.' What then becomes of personal identity, or the series of states, which in J. S. Mill's language "are aware of themselves as a series"? How are we to know what a self, or Ego, is, which is over and above the states and to whom the states belong?

Speaking roughly and inadequately, Locke no doubt in his uncritical moments conceived the mind to be a kind of inner tablet on which external things come and impress themselves through the various avenues of sense. But how to describe it he knew not. As Professor Green remarks, Locke's self is perpetually receding and shrinking from view. Now it is the brain (II. ix. 3); then it is the understanding (II. i. 23); then it is the mind (II. xxi. 25, 26); then it is the thinking substance (II. i. 10, 12); finally, it is the man who carries about this thinking substance within him—"all the whole journey between Oxford and London" (II. xxiii. 20). And this thinking substance Locke is sometimes inclined to think material, "a parcel of matter," remaining after sensible qualities have been abstracted, as the basis of them (III. vi. 4; also IV. iii. 6, "a thinking immaterial substance"). In this mood he is as much the father of the materialists as in another mood he is of the sceptics.

If the notion of self is thus imperfectly conceived and mistily described, what shall we say of that which should

* Bk. II. c. vii. sec. 9; cf. also II. c. xiv. sec. 32.

be the supreme and culminating point of Locke's system, the reality of God? Perhaps if the reader has followed us thus far he will not expect to find that the method and limitations which Locke prescribed to himself can admit of adequate ideas on the subject of the Divinity. There is, of course, no doubt that Locke himself was a fervent Deist, and that he not only believed in the existence of God, but thought that such a creed was the chief uniting element in any civilized society. Professor Fraser tells us that among Locke's duties in 1669 was that of secretary to the founders of the North American colony of Carolina, of whom Lord Ashley was the most active. A scheme for the government of that colony exists in Locke's handwriting, and among its provisions is to be read the following: "No man shall be permitted to be a freeman of Carolina, or to have any estate or habitation within it, that doth not acknowledge a God, and that God is publicly to be worshipped."* To believe in God, however, as a presupposition of faith, or as an ordinance of civil society, is one thing; it is quite another thing to give a philosophical justification of that belief, and to explain it on the grounds of reason and in accordance with the laws of the human understanding. Even Kant was incapable of such an effort, and contented himself with showing that the idea of God was a postulate in the realm of morals, however little validity such a conception possessed in the realm of knowledge.

To begin with, Locke in the first book of his 'Essay'

* Fraser's 'Locke,' p. 29.

labours to prove that we have no innate idea of God, as Descartes supposed, and that consequently our belief in Him is not a matter of instinct or intuition, but due to a chain of reasoning and inference, deduced from the signs and evidences of the natural world.* In other words, we have a teleological proof of God, as the presumed Author of what is contrived and designed with surpassing skill. Unfortunately, according to the doctrines of the fourth book, general propositions concerning nature are either unreal or trifling. Later on another kind of proof is intimated. In the chapter on 'Infinity'† Locke maintains that the idea of God's existence is gained by adding 'infinity' to those attributes of which we can conceive with regard to ourselves. If we understand what power, wisdom, and goodness mean in reference to men, we have to add 'infinity' to them to conceive what they mean in reference to God. What, then, is 'infinity,' and how do we come by it? Locke answers—

"Every one that has any idea of any stated lengths of space, as a foot, finds that he can repeat that idea; and joining it to the former, make the idea of two feet, and by addition of a third, three feet, and so on, without ever coming to an end of his additions, whether of the same idea of a foot, or, if he pleases, of doubling it, or any other idea he has of any length, as a mile, or diameter of the earth, or of the *orbis magnus* . . . the power of enlarging his idea of space by further additions remaining still the same, he hence takes the idea of infinite space."‡

'Infinity,' then, with Locke is everlasting addibility (if the expression may be allowed), a 'perpetuus pro-

* Bk. I. c. iv. sec. 8.

† II. c. xvii. sec. 1.

‡ II. c. xvii. sec. 3.

gressus ad indefinitum.' No such process of adding, however, will give us such a conception of 'infinity' as shall be a whole and not a succession of parts. God, as infinite, is not, for instance, conceived under conditions of time, but, if we may say it with all reverence, is '*totus, teres atque rotundus*,' an eternal, self-subsistent, and all-comprehensive unity. Yet all the attributes, understood as Locke understands them, will, however added to, still remain subject to time, still be conceived of as a succession of such a kind that no one part can co-exist with (but only succeed) any other. And this is a characteristic which is inconsistent with Divine perfection. A God conceived as a thousand or million times more good than we are is still not a perfect God, but only a magnified and non-natural man.

Nor can other suggestions of the 'Essay' on this subject be considered satisfactory. The tenth chapter in the fourth book is devoted to considerations of which the two following are the principal ones. In the first place it is suggested that God's existence is proved mediately from the existence of self. Man knows that he himself is, and therefore argues that God is the Author of his being. This is more or less of a Cartesian argument, and is quite appropriate in the mouth of a man whose cardinal principle was, '*Cogito, ergo sum*.' But how is it appropriate to Locke? Is then self an intuition and immediately known? We have already seen the difficulty in which Locke was placed to describe the self, and the shifting versions which he gave of human personality

and identity. Further, the proof is from something which exists now to something which has existed from eternity. "There is no truth more evident than that something must be from eternity," says Locke.* If, however, we start, as Locke would have us do, from events happening now, and retrace the path by which event after event has developed, passing from effects to causes which are themselves the effects of other causes, and so on in endless retrogression, there is a twofold alternative before us. Either we discover that the chain is really endless and leads us nowhither, or else we are landed in that contradiction in terms a 'first event,' a contingency which is not contingent, but absolute. Start from the phenomenal order of 'events,' testified to by experience, and we shall never by any 'salto mortale' get into an order of reality beyond the bounds of experience. No, the only course is to reverse the process, and explain the events by the unchanging reality behind them, instead of trying to use the events to explain the unchanging reality. Or, in simpler language, if an eternal order of nature exist and a God to serve as an 'omnitudo realitatis,' then we can understand the phenomena as the changing appearances of such a real being. But if we are only to assume the phenomena we can never get these phenomena at some given point to give up being phenomenal and bring us suddenly into the presence of what Locke calls 'a real being.' Either Locke's God is, like Spencer's, the Unknowable, or else it was construed

* 'Essay,' IV. c. x. sec. 8.

by him, in some unconscious way, as a pantheistic conception.

We have now concluded our long task, the aim of which has been to indicate rather than exhaustively determine some of the points in which Locke's philosophy, as expounded in his 'Essay,' is either deficient or unsatisfactory. It aims to give an account of human knowledge, to mark out as in a map its different provinces; but its author is handicapped at the very outset by certain presuppositions which are none the less obstructive because Locke thought that he was constructing a philosophy without presuppositions. It is as though a man proceeding to draw a chart were voluntarily to deny himself the use of pencil, ruler, and compasses; for to assume that in the acquisition of knowledge the mind is purely receptive and absolutely dependent on what comes from the outside, is to imagine that a map can be drawn in entire independence of the laws which regulate the muscular activities of the hand. Or it is to believe that the eye can see a landscape without any of that chromatic aberration which is one of the very conditions of eyesight. That action and reaction are equal is one of the best-ascertained laws of physics: are we to suppose that the mind or the self has no answering rebound to the afferent nerves—no laws which condition its activity? But if we acknowledge that in any analysis of knowledge we have to recognize the laws, forms, and conditions of mental activity, we see at once the necessity of supplementing Locke's 'Essay'

by Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason'; and from this point of view we can accept Professor Fraser's interpretation of Locke as in some sense the prophet of a higher illumination. But we must be careful not to antedate the course of philosophic development. Locke was by no means an imperfect Kantian, born out of due time, and a Leibnitz was necessary before the Königsberg thinker became possible. The analysis which we find in Locke is sometimes acute, often true, and always suggestive; but, so far as more modern metaphysics are concerned, it is analysis at its earliest, crudest, most 'common-sense' stage. Locke has the unique merit of starting problems for a series of subsequent metaphysicians. In himself, however, he is a mass of inconsistencies, holding in solution views which subsequent thought has discriminated and contrasted. Let us not attempt to gather from the forerunner and prototype more than we can historically expect: it is false criticism to make this thoroughly English thinker dream of the later developments which we owe principally to Germany. At the same time, when we are reconstructing our view of what we owe to Locke, let us not forget that we have in him not only a philosopher, but a political thinker of the first importance, the man who, above all others, was the intellectual representative of the great revolution of 1689.

PERSONALITY.

THE common language and the formal literature of all nations are full of such terms as 'mind,' 'soul,' 'spirit,' the peculiar possession and the peculiar privilege of man as standing at the head of the animal world. What is this mind? Where is it? Is it a reality, in and by itself, as we ordinarily assume? If so what is its precise relation to the physical organism which is undoubtedly common to other animals besides men? Is man right in thinking and calling himself a 'living soul,' or is this the self-deception and the conceit of one who is himself the prophet and interpreter of the world in which he is placed, and who therefore naturally gives himself the pride of place? Is man, as an animal has so often been declared to be, an automaton, a superior sort of machine, wound up, set a-going and kept in order in a fashion, which of course to the machine itself is inexplicable? These are large questions which can only be partially answered: the solutions of such problems involve long chains of argument, the conclusions of which in the present essay can only be dogmatically assumed.

Of the two questions—*where is the mind?* *what is the mind?* the first *can* be answered, and the second *cannot*

be answered in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.* If it be assumed that there is such a thing as mind, science will only allow us to put it in one locality, viz., the brain. More precisely, we can say that the real seat and home of mind is in the cerebral cortex, the rind of gray nervous matter which surrounds and envelops the white matter of the brain. But it must be remembered that such language as that the brain is the 'seat' or 'home' of mind, or, as we sometimes hear, the 'organ' of mind, is merely poetical and metaphorical language. No one would pretend that this was a precise and scientific language; it is in reality quite as metaphorical and poetic as the assertion that the body is the 'prison' or 'tenement' or 'tabernacle' of the soul, which Plato thought gave a true account of the relation between the two. But that in some real sense the mind is in the brain, of this there can be no doubt, because we have no recorded instance of thought taking place *without* a brain. We talk indeed sometimes of feeling and emotion—which are conscious states of mind—as belonging elsewhere, to the heart, for example. A 'man of heart' signifies a man who is sensitive and affectionate and emotional, and falling in love is in the language of poetry and common life supposed to be some feverish condition of the heart. We even distinguish between 'feeling' and 'intellect' by ascribing the first to the heart, and the second to the head, as when we

* I need scarcely remind the reader that the two questions move in a different plane of thought. The question of locality can only be answered in terms of time and space: the second question has, according to the views of this essay, nothing to do with such terms.

say that "morality is rather a matter of the heart than of the head." But except in the language of poets, except to Aristotle and Hobbes, both of whom thought that the heart was the central organ of intelligence, such statements are absurd. The heart is a pump with chambers and valves—a pump and nothing more. The real 'seat' of *conscious* mental states—sensations, perceptions, feelings, volitions, ideas—is the brain. Mr. Lewes ('Physical Basis of Mind'), it is true, thinks it proper to say that a certain 'soul' belongs also to the spinal cord, because it is by itself capable of reflex activity: but at all events it is not the seat of *conscious* activity, and it is with conscious states that we have to do. The mind is in the brain.

Our other question, however, what is the mind? cannot be thus summarily answered, nor indeed can it ever be answered, except in part. We cannot define by thought that which is thought, any more than a man can say exactly what his own personality means. What is the mind? therefore, is an absurd question, if we want a direct, immediate answer. But we can get some sort of answer if we ask the question in an indirect way, if we ask, for instance, whether there is evidence to prove that there is a real, substantial, unphysical thing called mind, and if so, what is the relation in which it stands to the substantial and physical thing called brain. By discovering what the mind is not, we can indirectly get at what it is: for the rest, we can only fall back on the verdict of immediate consciousness. *Γνωθι σεαυτὸν* is the only ultimate method of a true psychology.

“Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears ;
Man gets no other light
Search he a thousand years.

Sink in thyself ! there ask what ails thee at that shrine !”

The exact problem before us, together with an attempted solution, is so well illustrated by Descartes that it is worth while to refer to his historic dogma on the subject. Is mind real? Nay, is it not the only reality? Such is practically the outcome of Descartes' celebrated ‘Discours de la Méthode.’ Descartes had determined amid a changing sea of doubts to find some solid rock or even some floating spar to which to cling. What is the one reality, the one unchanging fact in all that a man knows and thinks? It is that he is conscious, and that therefore he exists. All thought testifies at least to this fact, even the sceptical doubt itself, for it too is a conscious attitude or phase which also argues existence. *Cogito ergo sum, je pense donc je suis*—here is at least a fixed point of certainty which no scepticism can shake. Whatever else a man may doubt, however much he may mistrust the evidence of his senses in telling him of the world in which he lives, however much there may be in him “the blank misgivings of a creature, moving about in worlds unrealized,” still on one point there can be no shadow of a cloud—that his existence is proved by his thinking. Is this but a meagre result? But see how much is involved for Descartes in this dogma. I think, therefore I am. There must, therefore, be a self, this self is real, and the real essence of this real self is think-

ing. It follows that man is a living, thinking soul, which is immaterial and imperishable. Such conclusions can no longer be called meagre, for there is in them the foundation of a psychology and even of a religion. Nor did Descartes hesitate to localize the soul thus proved; it exists in the brain, in that small lobe or gland which is called the pineal gland or the conarion.

But if the mind, with all its characteristic modes of activity, be thus of a nature absolutely distinct from the body or material brain, the one being spiritual and immaterial, while the other is corporeal and mortal, how are the relations of mind to body to be satisfactorily explained? There are obvious interactions between the two elements; the body affects the mind, when we suffer for instance from a headache, and the mind affects the body, as for instance when we will to move an arm or a leg. If the two elements are absolutely antithetical, how can they thus influence one another? It was left to the acuteness of a woman to put this difficulty to Descartes; the objection is found in one of the letters which that royal blue-stockings, Elizabeth, the Princess Palatine, wrote to the philosopher. But no answer is forthcoming, until the followers of Descartes, Geulincx and Malebranche, brought forward their singular theory of Occasionalism. The solution propounded is this:—It is God who unites the two dissimilar things, body and soul. On the occasion of a physical stimulus, God suggests to the mind the appropriate sensation, and on the occasion of a volition, God suggests or brings about the appropriate muscular

movement. Thus the Divine Being is held to be always interfering, as it were, to keep human life and activity going. All action is his action, just as all mental states are his states. It is a desperate theory, but unless one is frankly disposed to accept a dualism of ultimate principles, it is in some shape or other not an unusual one. Leibnitz proposes a variation of the theory in his celebrated 'consentement préétabli' or pre-established harmony. In order to get rid of the necessity of constant and repeated interference, Leibnitz proposes to regard body and soul as two clocks which are wound up so as always to keep time with each other. The immediate action of God is thus that of the clockmaker who originally winds up and sets the two timepieces. Then for the rest of their respective lives they exactly correspond, and the possibility of interaction between body and soul is resolved into an exact equivalence and correspondence of respective functions.

In a modern world, as might be expected, men of science and philosophers have grown impatient of explanations like these. They either tell us not to ask impossible questions and to be content with noting down and tabulating the various relations which experience gives us as existing between mind and body (such is the position of what is generally called Positivism), or else they frankly cut out one member of the antithesis and bid us regard mental activities and the whole sphere of consciousness as in some sense *produced* by, or the *result* of, material movements, or finally as the *shadow* of those material

movements in consciousness. Thus sensation becomes the effect of which molecular agitation in the nerves is the cause. This is usually called Materialism. But it is in reality useless to tell us not to ask questions which science stigmatizes as impossible and absurd. Impossible questions will nevertheless be asked, and science and philosophy will appear to have failed, unless some sort of answer is forthcoming. If then we turn to the more definite answer of Materialism, we have to try to imagine how mental states can be the products of movement in material molecules, just as a carpet is the product of the loom. Is Thought a secretion of the brain, just as perspiration is the secretion of sudatory glands, and tears the secretion of the tear-ducts? But the secretory product of the brain is the fluid found in certain of its cavities, and this fluid is no more like the mental process than the deficiency in gastric juice is like a feeling of indigestion. And if we put the theory in a more refined form and say that nerve-commotion is the product of the molecular activity of the brain, still a neural shock or nerve-commotion is not what we are conscious of in sensation. If it were, how comes it that when, in popular language, we feel most deeply, the same series of violent shocks which under ordinary circumstances assert themselves as painful, may be entirely absent from our consciousness? The language of the Materialists appears thus almost meaningless, as an explanation of all those mental processes of which we are intuitively aware. And so some of these scientific psychologists, as, *e. g.*, Mr. G. H.

Lewes and Mr. Bain, seek to amend their theory somewhat, and speak of *equivalence* and *identity*, rather than of causation and production. The mind and brain stand to one another, they tell us, as convex and concave sides of the same arc. The two aspects are of one identical thing. Viewed from one position the arc is concave, from another it is convex: and so viewed from different stand-points the same phenomenon is now a material motion, and now a conscious process of the mind. We ought to speak of a 'double-faced unity' showing itself both as mental and corporeal, having one aspect which is spiritual and another which is material. This is plausible at all events; nor is there any way of either proving or disproving the theory, unless we have grounds for saying that the mind has a reality of its own apart from the material embodiment, and that we have evidence to show it to be within its own sphere distinct and supreme. Can we bring any arguments to bear upon this reality of mind, separate and separable from the nervous mechanism? Possibly we can, and these arguments shall be drawn from different sources, and illustrate different aspects of the question.

I. In the first place, let us refer to a doctrine which is generally considered to support the materialistic thesis. It is that of the development of mind, which may perhaps be held to be the great 'discovery' of the modern psychologists. It is clear that just as there is a development of the physical frame and the nervous activities, from the ascidian up to man, so too is there a develop-

ment of intelligence. In man's case, too, as he grows in body, so does he grow in mental power, and as he decays in body so, too, does his mental vigour decay. But this is only true when stated generally, and if we look a little more closely, the facts hardly seem to warrant the conclusion which the Materialist urges—that the development of the mind is the development of the nervous system. At certain epochs of life the evolution of the brain seems to stand far in advance of the mind; at others, the mind appears to have overtaken and passed by the stage reached by its physical substratum. During a long period of life the growth of mental powers is constant and solid, while the growth of the physical basis has nearly ceased. Take the case of a child. When it is born it has a far more complete and advanced nervous organism than the most fully-equipped of other young animals. But, judged by its sensations and its perceptions, it is much more stupid and insensate than the puppy or the kitten. The human infant has apparently a mental condition something like a dreamless sleep varied by unmeaning sensations, and yet it possesses a nervous mechanism complex and active enough to do anything. In a few years the mind has suddenly blossomed forth in a marvellous way, but there has been but little change in the so-called physical basis. No new organs have been formed within the cranium; there is an increase of the brain substance, but it is a gradually diminishing increase which by no means corresponds with the enormous mental growth. Take again the case of maturity, the 'middle life' of man.

During this time the nervous matter undergoes scarcely any discernible development. Nothing that the microscope or electrometer can detect distinguishes the brain of the man of twenty-five from that of the man of fifty. A few grammes of weight have perhaps been added to it during the whole period. But is there not usually a considerable development of mind during this time? Has not the judgment widened and the mental powers expanded? Or again, old age presents us, it is true, with a steady decline of the physical vigour, but it is doubtful whether the decay of the mental powers in any sense keeps pace with it. On the contrary, while the old man is getting physically feebler day by day, while he can daily do with less sleep and less exercise, less food and less excitement, as might be expected in one in whom the forces which make for life are already spent or fast waning, is it not the fact that his mental vigour remains comparatively unimpaired and that his judgment and his kindliness and his toleration are such that the younger gladly seek counsel from his maturer mind? It is then absurd to say that the evolution of the mind is the evolution of the nervous system, if it be meant that each mental phase, whether of increase or decrease, keeps time and pace with nervous growth or decay: for it is clear that the stages of the development of mind do not fully correspond with those of the development of the nervous mechanism, any more than its gradual failure corresponds exactly with the failure of nervous energy. And thus the concave and convex theory, the subjective and

objective aspect of one identical phenomenon or double-faced unity, does not appear to be exactly true to the facts.

II. There is, however, much greater and more significant evidence to prove that the mind has laws of its own, which are not those of the physical mechanism. It appears that there are certain elements which necessarily enter into what we mean by an intelligent consciousness which have nothing like them in the nervous material mechanism. According to Kant, knowledge can only arise if two elements are contributed to its growth: on the one side there is a material factor, on the other side there is a formal or mental factor. The mind has laws of its own, in accordance with which it works, and these laws are *not* the laws of that material element which it assimilates and on which it feeds. So in the same way we can assert that consciousness involves powers, faculties and elements which depend upon itself, and these cannot be accounted for by any enumeration of material mechanical processes. There are, for instance, certain mental products for which it would be difficult to find correspondent nervous processes. What nervous process could be held to correspond to the feeling of moral obligation or duty, or the sentiment of justice, or the love of truth, or the higher æsthetic feelings, or deliberate choice and acts of will in the higher sense? But there are humbler and more ordinary phenomena than these, which are exemplified in all our daily life, to which it is worth while to pay attention.

1. We will begin with a very elementary element in the acquisition of knowledge, viz., Attention. It is, of

course, plain, that unless we pay attention to the phenomena that come before us, they will come and go without leaving any trace, or communicating any data to our stock of mental acquisitions. But elementary though Attention may be, it is, notwithstanding, very difficult to explain its functions and its character. Psychologically, Attention seems due to a more or less conscious effort of mind which is directed to the more striking characteristics of the sensations which come before it. But again, there is nothing so capricious as Attention. Sometimes we by no means attend to the merely striking characteristics, but to any chance quality which for some reason or other engages us, to the exclusion of other qualities. Sometimes, again, Attention is apparently habitual or only semi-conscious; at other times, it appears impossible without a serious volitional effort. But, though we may labour to explain Attention psychologically, it is a far harder task for the physiologist. If all mental conditions were the material result or effect of molecular agitation within the nerves, it is very difficult to say why some forms of nervous agitation should produce Attention, while other forms exactly similar, so far as their material character goes, should fail to get themselves registered within the brain. We are looking upon some scene or landscape, or, to talk a scientific language, various nerve messages are proceeding from the end-organs of sense, which have been excited by external stimuli: we attend to some features in this landscape; we notice a particular tree, or figure, or colour, not always because it is striking.

but for some capricious fancy of ours. How can this be, if there be not a mind within us, with laws of its own, which has indeed a nervous mechanism, but is not the slave of the mechanism? Otherwise, one would think that all nerve-messages ought either to have equal values or to stimulate attention in equal proportion to their vividness—neither of which is the case. The only law, itself somewhat doubtful, is *Weber's Law*, which may be expressed as follows:—Some ratio, although quantitatively different, is believed to exist for every sense. That is to say, it is true of every sense that not every change in objective stimulus occasions a change in subjective sensation, but that every change in stimulus must bear a certain definite ratio (varying in the different senses) to the already existing stimulus, before the intensity of the sensation, as a conscious state, changes. Differently stated, not absolute stimuli are felt, but only relative.

It is all very well to tell us that the seat of attention and concentration lies in the motor centres in the brain, but this does not explain its activity. And if the answer of the physiologist be that there are certain associations set up between particular nerve-currents, and that when these run together they rouse all sorts of subsidiary commotions—just as in a telephone wire one might hear not only the voice of the speaker but the church bells of the spire near which it passes—then it must be said that nerve-associations, however 'dynamical' they may be declared to be, are yet not trains of thought. How absurd, in point of fact, is much of this quasi-scientific

language when applied to the mind ! We might, perhaps, understand how material nervous tracts are 'associated' or 'agglutinated,' or subject to an 'organic nexus': but what on earth is the meaning of the 'organic nexus' which binds one phase of consciousness to another ? Is thought something which can be tied on to another thought so that the two can now hang together ? Or is it not rather a complex idea, an unity of fused or transformed elements, which can only be due to the activity of a real and independent and immaterial mind ?

2. We pass to another mental faculty, with which long habit has made us familiar, but the exact operation of which is hardly short of a mystery—I mean the faculty of memory. It is memory, of course, which renders possible any accumulation of knowledge. It is equally memory which renders possible any large exercise of constructive and imaginative skill. In its two forms it lies at the foundation of what we understand by consciousness, its passive form being that which is called retentive or organic memory, and its active form, reproductive. It is by means of memory that those laws of mental association become possible which have been made of such use in explaining the train of our ideas and our processes of thought. Association works either through similarity of impressions or contiguity, whether in time or space. That is to say, we either associate together ideas or impressions which resemble one another, or which have come into our consciousness near each other, in neighbouring parts of space or suc-

cessive moments of time. But only on the presupposition of memory can either form of association be realized.

Now can there be any physical explanation of memory? At first sight the answer seems certainly, Yes. We are able to revive past impressions because of the existence of those nervous tracts or channels through which the ordinary impressions reached us. That there is a physical basis for memory seems extremely probable. But that we can thus explain the whole operation of memory is a very different question. We must here distinguish the two forms of memory mentioned above, the passive or retentive function and the active or reproductive. With regard to the first of these the physical basis is obvious. For it is probable that every action of a stimulus or an end-organ of sense, and every transmission of energy through nervous fibres and cells, considerably, and perhaps permanently, affect the general nervous mechanism, just as in photography a plate of dry collodion, after a brief exposure to the sun's rays, retains for weeks in the darkness the effects of those delicate changes which it has undergone. We can get at this result by several commonplace experiments. We are jolted all day in a train, and for the next day and sometimes for succeeding days the same jolting motion continues in our consciousness, as a sort of abiding companion of all our other mental states. In the case of vision, there is an after-image impressed, as it were, on the retina which we can call up into consciousness for some time whenever we will. Or again, it is difficult

to explain how certain actions become habitual without supposing some permanent alteration in our nervous energies. Thus knitting, or playing on the piano, which at first involve a series of acts of will, finally proceed with such regularity that we become unconscious of the accompanying nervous processes. There can be no doubt that there is every kind of interaction between the cells and fibres of our sensory and muscular system. Every activity leaves its mark or trace in an altered capacity or acquired tendency. And the many freaks of memory of which we have daily experience seem themselves to argue a physical and material explanation in the relative position of certain neural processes. That all this proves a physical basis for memory, so far as it is a retentive function, seems certain. Still it must be remarked that while such explanations show why we remember one thing rather than another, *granted that we can remember at all*, they hardly render clear and precise the possibility of memory itself. For the retentive function, so far as it is unconscious, is not what we mean by memory. Conscious memory doubtless presupposes all the range and sphere of retentive capacity. Still, unless it is conscious, it forms no more a part of what we include in our mental life than that vague phantasmagoria of dreams which we leave behind us when we rise from our beds.

What can we say, however, of active, reproductive memory? Can we give any physical explanation of this? The problem and mystery of memory is that that mental state which we recall is both present and absent at

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one and the same moment. It is present because we remember it and because it enters into our immediate consciousness; yet it is absent, because it is some past state which we experienced yesterday or a week ago. How can we say that some after-image resembles some original impression when that impression *itself* has gone and can never be recovered? By what proximity of nerve tracts can we explain this wonderful power? For its essence seems to lie in the capacity to annul the conditions of time. The past is not the past for us, when we remember, but the present. On the other hand, all those intimations which we derive through our senses are subject to the conditions of time; they have their before and after, and their natural sequences. Yet the active memory defies the conditions of its own data. It defies time itself, and seems to be above it. How can such a phenomenon be explained? Is not the obvious explanation also the necessary one, that the mind has laws of its own apart from those laws which enter into that physical organism of which it makes so much use?

3. I will refer to only one more fact of our mental life, which is the largest and most comprehensive of all. We know now many of the conditions on which consciousness seems to depend, albeit that consciousness itself, being the condition of all our internal experience, is necessarily incapable of any definition. We can speak of the organ of consciousness, just as we can point out its physical pre-requisites. Consciousness is clearly dependent on the character and amount of blood supply; for to stop

the supply is to put an end to consciousness, and to corrupt it is to depress and disturb consciousness. Moreover the character of the circulation of the blood seems to affect profoundly the phenomena of consciousness, quickened circulation meaning more acute perception, and slower circulation involving tardier mental processes. We have learnt, too, to fix on the brain, in the case of man, as pre-eminently the organ of consciousness; only meaning, however, by such an assertion that the activity of the nervous matter within the cerebrum is intimately connected with all mental phenomena, and that outside things can only affect consciousness if they get themselves as it were imprinted upon or represented by cerebral processes. But if from consciousness, in the general sense of the term, we pass to *self-consciousness*, the problem is altered. For the marvellous thing about *self-consciousness* is, that in it the mind recognizes itself as the subject of its own states, and recognizes these states as its own. The mind, as it were, appears to itself and links every mental state together by the bond that they all belong to its one self. What does any man mean by speaking of his own personality, except that he is conscious of himself as being the one identical being who has had every kind of experience and undergone various mental phases, and knows them all as his own? How can there be any material substratum analogous or correspondent to self-consciousness? The question is almost absurd. How can any physiological process represent this faculty of self-consciousness, when we can conceive of no relation

between them which could bring them into any intelligible correspondence—when one remains a process, while the other is a flash of self-identifying power? We hardly know what it is which we are going to set about to attempt to describe. Self-consciousness is the unique property of a mind which is so real that it can appear to itself.

We must not shrink from the conclusion to which these and many other considerations which might be mentioned seem to tend. If we were to say that there was by the side of the physical and nervous organism a real mind with conditions of its own, and developing according to laws of its own, we should seem to be relapsing into the old dualism of Descartes, and be exposed to the difficulties of understanding how two alien natures could act on each other. That may be so: and perhaps we have not even yet got much further than the assertion that the spiritual is not the physical and the physical not the spiritual. But one dogma we can hold fast: that if there be a real being in the universe, it is not the physical but the mental which alone throws light on the physical and enables us to understand it. The real is the mind, over and above all other realities. Further questions as to mind and matter and their mutual relations, and whether we can find some ultimate point or power which comprehends them both, and in which they become fused—whether that point or that power be called Absolute Spirit or God—would lead us into some of the most abstruse problems of Metaphysics and make us far overpass the bounds of our present subject.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE.¹

SOMETHING perverse and irritating has generally been found in modern French novels, both in the writers' choice of subjects and in their manner of treating them. The perversity is all the more apparent because the novelists have other qualities which have been recognized as of high and rare value. An artistic instinct has probably never been so widely diffused throughout a literary class as it has been through the ranks of the modern writers of fiction in France: never has the average novelist attained so high a level of pictorial power and linguistic skill. Higher qualities than these have indeed been ascribed by some critics to the chiefs of French romance, but others than Englishmen have doubted whether the French have as yet produced any writer to be matched with Walter Scott, Thackeray, or Dickens. Balzac is never quite such an artist as

¹ I have purposely confined myself in this paper to M. Anatole France's earlier work. His later novels do not appear to me so interesting. 'Thais,' for instance, is a curious and by no means attractive study of the Thebaid,—a long way after Flaubert's 'La Tentation de St. Antoine.'

Thackeray: Dumas is a Walter Scott—with a difference; and Hugo, though he may be in his own way incomparable, is a divinity with feet of unconcealed clay. But we are not now speaking of the highest names. It is when we come to the second flight, the 'general choir' of fiction, that the merit of the French writers manifests itself so clearly. A certain choiceness of expression, an air of distinction, a controlled art, a literary finish belong not only to Daudet and Sandeau, Cherbuliez and Flaubert, Feuillet and Mürger, together with many others of the same literary class, but extend downwards through a host of writers, who have yet, perhaps, to make their mark but who appear to conceive by some admirable instinct the just conditions and limits of literary workmanship.

But there is another side to this agreeable picture. On the literature as a whole there is imprinted an indelible stamp of coarseness and indelicacy, a blemish in art and not only in morals. It is as though the genius of the French nation had never shaken its wings free of some of the slime of the Revolution and the Commune, so that the higher slopes of Parnassus with their purer air and translucent atmosphere remained for ever inaccessible. For art, too, has its own peculiar Nemesis, like life itself: the same divine figure can reveal itself at once as frail phantom of flesh and as goddess confessed. Just as it rests with the man who thinks and acts to find in life either an Ebal or a Gerizim, so it rests with the worshipper to find in art either an Astarte or the virgin Artemis. It seems sometimes as if French writers

had taken for granted, as a literary canon, that art varies inversely as morals. If a book has about it a wholesome and sweet air it is tantamount to a confession of mawkishness and prudery, while, on the contrary, artistic independence and strength can apparently only be secured by the sacrifice of health and chastity. It may be disguised under high-sounding formulas, such as art for art's sake, but such a view, whether tacitly acknowledged or openly expressed, in reality indicates an incomplete culture. Indeed there are many signs that the French culture, however brilliant and picturesque, gains these superficial qualities just because it lacks depth and thoroughness. Their painting and their music seem to exhibit precisely similar characteristics, and the real French philosophy is that of Cousin and Jouffroy—a philosophy of eclecticism, clear and comprehensive and synthetic just because it is wanting in psychological and metaphysical analysis.

M. Anatole France is a welcome exception to the general run of his literary brethren. It is impossible to claim for him the highest honours, which probably he would be himself the first to disavow. Yet, though he be not an artist of the first rank, he has the true artistic temperament and a good many other qualities besides. A scholar, a student of Greek literature, with a strange fancy for the *bizarre* and the unfamiliar in life and character, a man of the world, a philosopher of an amiable type, whose gentle cynicism is never otherwise than charming, a lover of books, a lover of children, full of the milk of human

kindness, which sometimes he likes to imagine as turning sour, and above all possessed of a quality which is rare in a French writer, a native vein of rich and quiet humour—such is M. Anatole France. Nor must the characteristic be forgotten which makes him veritably phenomenal, for most of his books can without hesitation be read aloud *virginibus puerisque*.

M. France is emphatically a man of culture. It is only in 'Le Livre de Mon Ami' and 'Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard' that he has attained the full mastery of his powers; but his earlier books show the diverse studies and varied interests of his more youthful years. In 'Les Noces Corinthiennes,' for instance, we find a story of the family conflicts which doubtless so often arose in the early years of Christianity between the new and the Pagan creed. Daphne, the daughter of Hernas the Corinthian, is engaged to be married to Hippias, but though she and her mother, Kallista, have embraced the new faith, her father and her lover still worship the older gods of their country. To complicate matters still further, a vow has been made by Kallista to dedicate her daughter to perpetual virginity, as a thank-offering for an escape from illness. Daphne and Hippias meet, and the old love proves stronger than the new creed. Though driven away by the curses of the mother, Hippias is rejoined by Daphne at nightfall; but the young Christian girl, unable to bear the strain of the conflict between her religion and her affections, has taken poison, and dies in her lover's arms.

A curious story called 'Le Chat Maigre' transplants us to a different scene. Here we live in the atmosphere of Bohemianism, with all the queer figures that haunt the outskirts of the literary and artistic world—men of some fixed though visionary idea, or men of no idea at all, who oscillate between madness and sense—eccentric, ingenious, versatile creatures, who are as little troubled with conscience as with cash. M. France does not conceal his fondness for these capricious personages. They meet us again and again in his pages with all their odd ways and unmethodical behaviour: not only the queer characters of 'Le Chat Maigre,' such as M. Godet Laterrasse, and the Negro general Télémaque, the philosopher Branchut, and the sculptor Labanne, but also M. Fellaire de Sisac and M. Haviland in 'Jocaste,' and uncle Victor and M. Coccoz in 'La Bûche.' René Longuemare is a character of a different stamp. He is the young scientist, the medical student, who has discovered the illusions of life and meets them with a sort of fierce resignation, and who, when he knows that there is an end of all his hopes of marrying the girl he loves, notes with savage joy each sign of decay in his own physical frame, as bringing him nearer to Lethe. Rarely does the author allow himself the bitterness which he has given to René Longuemare: his own is rather the placid mood which appears in Sylvestre Bonnard, *Membre de l'Institut*. Of all the tales, 'Jocaste,' in which this disappointed physician appears, is the one which seems, both in style and treatment, to fall farthest below the usual work of M. France.

It is a crude story of a girl who is too weakly nervous to bear the troubles in which she finds herself, and who commits suicide in so unromantic a locality as a bath on the Seine. Yet even here M. France's training in Greek literature, which appears so happily in his later work, finds a curious expression. To H  l  ne, who can find no issue to the tangles of life, the suggestion is conveyed of a death by hanging through a schoolboy construing out of a play of Sophocles the fate of her Greek prototype, Jocasta, the wife of La  us. The passage is so characteristic in its union of tragedy and humour that it is worth transcribing.

"About ten o'clock Jocaste heard a slamming of doors. It was her nephew Georges who returned as usual from school. He threw his books down on the table sulkily and by chance looked at his aunt : 'What big eyes you have got to-day,' he said. He opened his books, and complained, with the wry face of a stupid schoolboy, that he had to do a Greek lesson. Then seating himself on his foot, at the very edge of his chair, he began to turn over lazily the pages of his dictionary. Notwithstanding his grimaces, he translated very fairly, effacing with his tongue the ink-blots which he made in writing. She listened in a sort of stupor, and started at the kicks which the boy bestowed on his chair-rail. He was imitating the grave voice and bombastic tone of his master : 'Remark, gentlemen, the harmony of Sophocles' lines. We do not know how the words were pronounced, we probably pronounce them all wrong, but what harmony ! Monsieur Labruni  re, you will conjugate ten times the verb *did  mi*. What harmony ! ' *Kara theion*, the divine head, *Iokast  s*, of Jocasta, *tethn  ken* is dead . . . What rot this is ! She went *pros ta lech   numphica*, towards the nuptial couch, that is to say to her bedroom—remark, gentlemen, what a happy expression ! and what harmony ! . . . *Sposa kom  n*, tearing her hair, *kalei* she calls, *La  on*, La  us, *nekron*, dead. You see, aunt, that in French, a la  us is a sermon, but in Greek it is a fellow that Jocasta had married, and the

marriage had not turned out well. 'Tearing her hair she calls on Laius dead.' In the midst of all this confused babble of Greek and French, Helen disentangled the grand old story of a desperate woman. The boy hurried on to the end of his task. '*Eseidomén tén gunaika kremastén*, we saw the woman hung.' He made a dash with his pen which tore the paper, put out his tongue all stained with ink, and then began to sing, 'Hung! hung! I have finished!' Helen rose and went up to her room so calm, so resolute, so certain, that she seemed like a statue of Necessity."

She then goes down to the baths on the Seine and commits suicide by hanging herself in her bath-room. The catastrophe is so startling that it becomes almost ludicrous; but it affords no bad example of the way in which M. France reads modern tragedy in the light of ancient drama. A more graceful evidence of scholarship is furnished by the dialogue which M. France publishes at the end of '*Le Livre de Mon Ami*,' in which he applies the conclusion of comparative mythology to nursery tales like Little Red Riding Hood and the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

But the early studies and the more youthful interests give place to the philosophical serenity which is the most gracious gift of maturity. Classicalism, Neo-Hellenism, Bohemianism pass away or merge themselves in the wise tenderness of M. Sylvestre Bonnard. A more fascinating study of middle age can hardly be found in modern literature than that which M. Anatole France has embodied in his psychological study of the gentle *savant* and philologist who is so proud to be a member of the Institute. The years which bring the philosophic mind have given him so much of cynicism that he recognizes

that all life is made up of shadows, and that our passions and hopes and fears play over the surface of reality like the reflections of waving trees on some rippling stream. Here is a charming scene between Bonnard and a pedlar who offers him a variety of worthless books, which illustrates as well as any other the humours of M. France's sage. M. Coccoz advances into M. Bonnard's room with a number of little bows and smiles.

"Good heavens, what novelties the mannikin Coccoz offered me ! The first volume which he put into my hand was the 'History of the Tower of Nesle with the Loves of Margaret of Burgundy and the Captain Buridan.' 'It is a historical book,' he said to me, smiling, 'a book of veritable history.' 'In that case,' I answered, 'it is very tedious, for historical books which do not tell lies are all very wearisome. I myself write some fine histories, and if for your misfortune you were to offer one of these from door to door, you would run the risk of keeping it all your life in your green bag without finding even a kitchen-maid foolish enough to buy it.' 'Certainly, sir,' answered the little man out of pure complaisance. And with many smiles he offered me 'The Loves of Héloïse and Abelard,' but I made him understand that at my age I had nothing to do with a love tale. Still smiling, he proposed to sell me the Rules of Social Games, including piquet, bezique, écarté, whist, &c. 'Alas !' I said, 'if you wish to remind me of the rules of bezique, restore to me my old friend Bignan, with whom I used to play at cards every evening before five academies had solemnly conducted him to the cemetery : or debase the grave intelligence of my cat Hamilcar to the frivolity of human games ; you see her sleeping on this cushion, the sole companion of my evenings.' The smile of the little man became vague and bewildered. 'See,' said he, 'here is a new collection of society-amusements, *facetie* and magician's tricks, with the method of transforming a red rose into a white one.' I told him that I had long ago quarrelled with roses, and so far as *facetie* were concerned, I was quite content with those which I involuntarily made in the course of my scientific studies. The mannikin offered me his last book with his last smile. 'Here,' said

he, 'is the "Key to Dreams," with an explanation of all the dreams one can have, the dream of gold, the dream of a thief, the dream of death, the dream that one tumbles off a tower—all complete.' I had seized the tongs, and I waved them energetically in the air as I answered my commercial visitor. 'Yes, my friend,' said I, 'but these dreams and a thousand others besides, joyous and tragic, are all included in a single one, the dream of life. Will your little yellow book give me the key to that?' 'Yes, sir,' answered the little man, 'the book is complete, and not dear, one franc twenty-five centimes, sir.'"

It is thus that M. Sylvestre Bonnard amuses himself with his visitors, not unkindly. Malice indeed is as far removed from him as bitterness. He has seen too much to care a great deal about anything. Like Cephalus in Plato's 'Republic,' he can look back upon his past life and thank God that he is freed from the tyranny of love and desire. He has indeed loved and loves still; but what he loves is merely a memory, and that is too unsubstantial a thing to evoke passion. All men and women seem to him puppets, worked with strings held by unknown fingers. And so he has a sort of Epicurean pity for them all, and gently wonders why they should disturb themselves so much over trifles. Nor will he spare himself in his complacent laughter. He knows of himself that he is a pedant, to whose philological instincts all things are words. He is quite aware that he is a bit of a gourmand, and that he has a keenly expressive nose, which has often played him false, and revealed the feelings which he himself had desired to conceal. He is honestly afraid of his housekeeper, Thérèse, who is an admirable but tyrannical character,

who requires managing before she can be made to yield to any of her master's whims.

"'I acknowledge,' he says, 'that I hesitated a long time in announcing to her my intended departure. I feared her remonstrances, her raillery, her objurgations, her tears. She is a good woman, I said to myself, and attached to me. She will want to keep me back, and heaven knows that when she wants anything, words, gestures, and cries cost her little. In such circumstances she will summon the hall-porter to her aid, and the charwoman, and the bed-maker, and the seven sons of the green-grocer; they will all fall at my feet in a circle and cry in unison, and they will look so ugly that I shall have to give way in order to get them out of my sight.'"

He has one old friend, his cat Hamilcar, whom he is fond of apostrophizing: indeed, like most men who have passed their middle age, apostrophes and meditative moralizings are the natural expression of his feelings. This is how he addresses his cat—

"'Hamilcar,' said I, stretching out my legs, 'Hamilcar, somnolent prince of the city of books, nocturnal guardian of my library! Like the divine cat who fought with the unholy in Heliopolis during the night of mighty conflict, you defend against all vile nibblers the books which the old savant has acquired at the price of a modest income and an indefatigable zeal. In this library, protected by your military virtues, Hamilcar, sleep with the luxury of a sultana. For you unite in your person the formidable appearance of a Tartar warrior with the drooping grace of an Eastern beauty. Heroic and voluptuous Hamilcar, sleep and wait for the hour when the mice will dance in the moonlight before the *Acta Sanctorum* of the learned Bollandists.'"

Hamilcar receives this apostrophe with mixed feelings. The commencement of the discourse appeared pleasing, for the cat accompanied it with a purring like the noise of a boiling pot. But as the philosopher raised his voice,

Hamilcar warns him by lowering its ears and wrinkling up its striped forehead that it was bad taste to declaim in this way. "This book-man," evidently thought Hamilcar, "talks nonsense, whilst our housekeeper only gives vent to words full of sense and meaning, containing either the announcement of a repast or the promise of a whipping. One can understand what she says. But this old fool puts together sounds which mean nothing."

M. Bonnard is, as has been said, fond of apostrophes, and as he remembers his early love for Clementine who refused to marry him, he breaks out into many rhapsodies. Clementine married an adventurer who became bankrupt: husband and wife both died, and it becomes the task and pleasure of Bonnard to look after the only child, Jeanne Alexandre. She has, however, first to be rescued from a dragon of a schoolmistress who persists in believing that she herself is the object of M. Bonnard's admiration; hence arise many amusing misadventures, and the final abduction of Jeanne, which constitutes the crime of the blameless *savant*. M. France's studies of women are well worthy of notice. He excels in depicting them as generous, warm-hearted children of Nature, and to the Jeanne Alexandre and Madame de Gabry of 'Le Crime' must be added the charming study of Madame Coccoz, afterwards the Princesse de Trépof in 'La Bûche.' Clementine, too, though she is but a shade, sheds a kindly influence over all M. Bonnard's thoughts; and few passages in that worthy's diary, who had promised to himself "not to end with sterile irony what he had commenced in a spirit of

faith and love," are better worth reading than the words in which he invokes her memory.

"From the sphere where you are to-day, Clementine, look upon this heart, now chilled by age, whose blood boiled erewhile for you. Say if its spirit does not revive at the thought of loving what remains of you on earth. All things pass, for you too have passed. But life is immortal; it is life which we ought to love, in its forms so ceaselessly renewed. All else is a child's game; and I with all my books am but a little boy, playing with knuckle-bones. The end of life, you, Clementine, have revealed to me."

Because M. Anatole France has himself outlived his days of storm and stress, he can paint the quiet joys of middle age, and for the same reason he can go back to the simple life and pleasures of a child. He can write stories for children, which though they have sometimes the touches which remind one of the mellow thoughtfulness of M. Sylvestre Bonnard, can be read and appreciated by children themselves. In '*Nos Enfants, Scènes de la Ville et des Champs*,' he has collected a series of little studies of children's joys and interests, full of a quiet charm of style and a purity of thought which have not been misinterpreted in the clever illustrations of M. de Monvel. These studies are all about nothing—little scenes of the morning or afternoon or evening, a child's doll, or a boy's wooden horse, or a class-room, or a little sick girl, or a dog, or dead leaves, or a simple flower. But it is not every one who can write about trifles; and sometimes the words seem to have in them that quality which brings tears to those whose childhood

is a memory. It is, however, especially in 'Le Livre de Mon Ami' that M. France's graceful sympathies with childhood are manifested. The book is written from the standpoint of a child: the author shows us this world of ours as seen through the eyes of a small boy. It is indeed our world, and yet not our world. We recognize it as our own, but it comes before us with a fresh and novel charm, and leaves us with kindlier thoughts than we felt before. No child could of course have been conscious of all the subtle thoughts which M. France insinuates so cleverly. But we accept the delusion gladly: we are the willing accomplices in the act of deception, and dream that we too are once again young.

"I had a little bed, which remained all the day in a corner, and which my mother placed every night in the middle of the room, in order to bring it near her own bed, with those immense curtains which filled me with such fear and admiration. It was quite a business to put me to bed. It required supplications, tears, and kisses. And that was not all; I used to run away in my nightgown, and I jumped like a rabbit. My mother caught me at last under a piece of furniture to put me to bed. It was great fun. But no sooner had I lain down than persons entirely strangers to my family commenced to defile around me. They had noses like storks' beaks, bristling moustaches, stomachs sticking out before them, and legs like cocks. They showed themselves in profile with a round eye in the middle of their cheeks, and made a long procession carrying brooms, spits, guitars, syringes, and some unknown instruments. Ugly as they were, they ought not to have shown themselves; but I must do them one piece of justice—they marched noiselessly along the wall, and not one of them, not even the smallest and last of them, who had a pair of bellows behind him, made a single step towards my bed. A superior force retained them visibly on the walls along which they glided without having any appreciable

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breath. That reassured me a little ; however, I remained awake. It is not in such company, as you can understand, that one closes an eye. I kept mine wide open. And yet the marvel was that I found myself all of a sudden in a room bathed in sunlight, only seeing my mother in her rose-coloured dressing-gown, and quite unable to understand how the night and its monsters had fled. 'What a sleeper you are,' said my mother laughing. I must indeed have been a famous sleeper."

And *dormeur fameux*, too, is M. Anatole France, from whose dreams one parts with regret.

"What," asks Mr. Matthew Arnold, "is really precious and inspiring, in all that we get from literature, except the sense of an immediate contact with genius itself?" It would perhaps be to inquire too curiously, if we asked whether M. Anatole France is an inspiring genius. Such terms are fortunately relative: each one gets from a good writer what he looks to receive—no more and no less. But to be brought into immediate contact with a mind which has prepared itself by culture and instruction, and which never allows itself to produce anything but what is choice and well-considered—this too is no small benefit. There are no signs of haste or disorder in the work of M. France. He does not strive nor cry: he preaches no gospel: he is neither idealist nor realist. But he thinks pleasantly, easily, gracefully; and he will allow himself no expression until his thought has attained a certain lucid reasonableness. He is, indeed, rather a thinker than a novelist; but he chooses the novelistic form, because he shrinks from what is dogmatic. All the world, its childhood and its age, is reflected in

the mirror of his thought; and the image gains in colour owing to the rich susceptibility of the reflecting medium. We know more, after we have read him, and, in his case, knowledge does not embitter. We learn from him a larger tolerance and a deeper pity.

OLD OXFORD REVELS.

ON the night of the 31st of October, 1607, a company of graduates and undergraduates were collected in the Hall of St. John's College, Oxford, to celebrate All Saints' Eve. The scene was a riotous one, because although the object of the meeting was to witness divers sports in preparation for Christmas, there appeared to be no clear arrangement what the sports should be or by whom they should be represented. The seniors were content to be onlookers; second-year men, called 'Poulderlings,' were anxious to exhibit their ability; but the freshmen, 'Punies of the first year,' were not remarkable for their patience, or their consideration for those whose superior years should have inspired respect. So great was the tumult, that no sports could on that night be held at all. The feast of All Saints on the following day brought a truce to these quarrels, owing to the happy suggestion made by the more thoughtful of the collegiate body, that they should appoint a Prince of the Revels, who should serve as a Christmas lord to superintend all the forthcoming festivities for the months of December and January. A 'Christmas Prince' was an institution which had been derived from the older

ceremony of a 'Boy-Bishop.' On the feast of St. Nicholas, or Holy Innocents' Day, it was not unusual in cathedral churches to permit some one of the boys of the choir to assume the title and state of a bishop. The childish prelate arrogated to himself all the duties of his august office with the single exception of performing the Mass; and it is well known that Edward I., on his way to Scotland in the year 1299, allowed one of these Boy-Bishops to say Vespers before him in his Chapel at Heton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The feast of the Boy-Bishop was put down by Henry VIII., revived by Queen Mary at the restoration of the Catholic religion, and finally interdicted by Queen Elizabeth. The Christmas Prince was the lay brother of the Boy-Bishop. He was elected to be a sort of master of the ceremonies in Christmas festivities of all kinds, whether in the King's palace or the homes of the nobility, in the Inns of Court or at the Universities. He was a 'Lord of Misrule,' or 'Master of Merry Disports,' taxing all his friends with a royal hand, and holding an acknowledged and undisputed sway till the Puritans came and swept all these pleasant diversions away.

When, then, the members of St. John's College in Oxford determined in 1607 to set up a Christmas Prince, they were not only following the example of Gray's Inn in 1594, but a precedent of their own in 1577. The appointment was not made without some trouble. Grave uncertainty prevailed as to whether they should choose a graduate or an undergraduate, and the only way of meeting the difficulty was to hold a formal election, in which

each member of their society should be allowed to give his vote. At the High Table were seated the Vice-President and the Dean, while at the end of the Hall some of the more junior men, as is the manner of freshmen, amused themselves by shouting out the names of those whom they thought least able to fill the post. In the sequel a certain Mr. Thomas Tucker was elected, a worthy man who in subsequent life obtained the third stall in the Cathedral Church at Bristol. One of those who took part in the proceedings is the author of a manuscript which describes the whole affair and is preserved in the Library of St. John's College;* he was a gentleman named Griffin Higgs, who appears to have distinguished himself in the exercise of proctorial duties, being a man, as an old chronicler says, "of little stature, but abundant courage."

Mr. Thomas Tucker, who was fortunate enough to obtain the dignity of a Christmas Prince, was careful to avoid the over-zealous enthusiasm of his supporters. On hearing the cries which announced his election he instantly hid himself, and, when the surging crowd had passed his lodging, managed to get secretly back to his college room. There at last the ambiguous honours were thrust upon an unwilling head, and more by violence than any will of his own he was carried down to the Hall, as the Prince elect for the forthcoming Christmas. Perhaps he was not in every sense the most suitable man for the post. Mr.

* Printed in 1816, and published by Triphook, Old Bond Street, London.

Griffin Higgs, though anxious to excuse some of the events of his reign, cannot forbear to state, that he had some weaknesses which did much to prejudice his state, "whereof the chiefest were his openness and familiarity with all sorts, being unwilling to displease any, yet not able to please all." His formal title ran as follows: "The most magnificent and renowned Thomas, by the favour of Fortune, Prince of Alba Fortunata, Lord St. John's, High Regent of Y^e Hall, Duke of St. Giles's, Marquesse of Magdalen's, Landgrave of y^e Grove, County palatine of y^e Cloisters, Chief bailiff of y^e Beaumonts, High Ruler of Rome, Master of the manor of Waltham, Governor of Gloucester Green." These titles were of course not chosen at random. 'Alba Fortunata' alludes to the name of the Founder of the College, Sir Thomas White; St. Giles's and Magdalen are the parishes which border on St. John's; the Grove and the Cloisters are part of the home domain; Beaumonts is the name of some lands belonging to the College, on which stood originally the Palace of the Beaumonts, built by King Henry I., and still surviving in the name of Beaumont Street; Rome was the name of a piece of land on the north side of Oxford, near a walk which used to be called Non Ultra. The manor of Waltham or Walton also belonged to the College, whilst Gloucester Green at that time was literally a meadow close to Gloucester Hall, from which it derived its name. The elected King's first task was to provide himself with money, and a rate was levied on all the members of the College according to their ability, the President being

taxed to the extent of forty shillings, and Mr. Laud, who was none other than the future Archbishop of Canterbury, furnishing on two separate occasions sums of ten shillings. Naturally enough the Prince and his retinue were always falling short of funds, and not only were old members taxed for his support, but also the tenants of the College were requested to furnish various subsidies for the maintenance of the Royal state. Mr. Higgs, who tells the tale, himself contributed five shillings.

The public installation of the Prince took place on the evening of St. Andrew's Day. The first play was produced with the title of 'Ara Fortunæ, or Fortune's Altar.' It was not an unmixed success. The Hall was so crowded, that it was with great difficulty that room could be cleared for the performance of the play. At the second burst of applause the canopy which overhung the Altar of Fortune suddenly collapsed, and the Prince's Fool, sitting down clumsily at his monarch's feet, had the ill-luck to break his staff in two. The next performance took place on Christmas Day, when Prince Tucker sat down at the High Table in the Vice-President's place, and was served with a magnificent banquet, including the customary Christmas Boar's Head. The royal dish was brought in, to the accompaniment of the following song:—

1. The Boare is dead !
Loe heare is his head ;
What mañ could haue doñe more
Than his head of to strike,
Meleager like,
And bring it as I doe before ?

2. He livinge spoyled
Where good men toyled,
Which made kinde Ceres sorrye ;
But now dead and drawne
Is very good brawne,
And we have brought it for y^e.
3. Then set down ye Swineyard,
The foe to y^e Vineyard ;
Lett Bacchus crowne his fall.
Lett this Boares-head and mustard
Stand for Pigg, Goose and Custard,
And so y^e are welcomē all.

Musicians, hired from Reading, "because our own town-music had given us the slip, as they use to do," played all dinner-time; and the evening ended with an interlude, consisting of 'Saturnalia' which were eminently successful, "because," says the narrator, "there were no strangers to trouble us."

Special efforts were made for the performance of a tragedy called 'Philomela.' The carpenters were, however, by no means ready with the stage, and the Prince himself, who was to play the part of 'Tereus,' had got an extremely bad cold in his head. He managed, however, to play his part; and the performance seems to have gone off on Dec. 29 without more than the usual accidents. An entertainment on the evening of New Year's Day was less successful. The attempt was made to represent a show called 'Time's Complaint.' At first the ceremony began auspiciously. The Prince and his suite passed through the

Quadrangle, honoured by three successive volleys of shot from fifty or threescore guns; but no sooner was the play begun than the tale of misfortunes commenced. The 'prologue,' who had only six lines to say, clean forgot them all, and after a long stage-wait abruptly went behind the scenes. One of the comic characters was the Goodwife Spigott. Unfortunately she came on the boards before her proper time, and had to fill in the interval by some meaningless babble, which was not well appreciated by the audience. The low comedian in acting the part of Humphrey Swallow, a drunken cobbler, used his opportunities with a gusto which was anything but pleasing to the company at large. Like many amateur comedians, he had been so successful in the rehearsals that his head was apparently turned, and when the eventful night came, so emphatically over-acted his part that he delayed the action of the scene and only produced disgust. It must be added that the assembled company had so overfilled the stage, that it was almost impossible for the play to proceed. Mr. Griffin Higgs gets very melancholy over the ill-success of the venture. "We should be ashamed," he says, "to insert 'Time's Complaint,' if we thought it would please no better in the reading than it did in the hearing. To speak the truth without boasting, we ourselves thought not so ill of it as others; neither will future times, we hope, judge it so vile as the present did. We were all so discouraged, however, that we could have found in our hearts to have gone no further." The treasury was by

this time exhausted,* and a new tax was decided upon. Nothing is more remarkable than the readiness with which every one seemed to respond to the call. The Prince himself promised to pay all sums lent him,—when the Greek Calends arrived, or at the end of the next great Platonic year,—and a lucky venture with their next performace revived somewhat the spirits of the players.

On Sunday evening, January 10, being properly the last day of the Vacation, it occurred to some merry spirits to produce a mock play, called ‘The Seven Days of the Week,’ in order to provide occupation for those whose voices and persons would not allow them to appear with

* The following are some of the items in the bill of expenses :

	£	s.	d.
Imprimis for 40 dozen of linkes	4	10	0
Item for 10 dozen of torches	4	10	0
Item for one dozen of great waxe tapers.	0	15	0
Item for a shute of tawny tafety for the prince	4	0	0
Item for a gounce for Philomela	3	0	0
Item for 80 yards of flannel for the guardes’ coates	5	6	8
Item for buckarum to make Jackets for lackeys and other necessaries to the number of 40 yardes	1	13	4
Item for two long womans heyres	1	0	0
Item for beardes and mens heades of heyre	0	13	0
Item for fethers, spangles, roses, etcæt.	1	10	0
Item for a coate for Itys	0	13	4
Item for 4 thousand of pinnes	0	3	0
Item for a sett of musitians entertayned for the 12 dayes	5	0	0
Item to the Carpenters for setting up the stage-scaffolds twise, and lending boardes, etcett.	5	0	0
Item for butter beere at severall times	1	0	0
Item for taking downe glass windoes and mending others	3	0	0
Item pay’d to labourours for removing the snow, for stuffing the hall windoes, and such like offices	0	16	0

credit in public. As it turned out, 'The Seven Days of the Week' was one of the most successful performances during the reign of the Christmas Prince; and although it was privately performed, the report came to the ears of the Vice-Chancellor and Lord Clifford, at whose desire the play was subsequently presented with greater publicity. It is perhaps the most sprightly and the most unlaboured of all the productions of the College wits. The Clerk of St. Giles's appears in the opening scene, in order to introduce his actors, who are named after the days of the week. Each day describes himself in fitting and appropriate terms, and finally Sunday brings general criticisms on all his predecessors. One or two quotations will give an idea of the whole. The Clerk of St. Giles's opening speech runs thus:—

"I am the poore, though not unlettered, Clarke,
And these yor subjects of St Gyles his parishe,
Who in this officious season would not sharke,
But thought to greet your highnesse with a morrice,
Which since my riper judgement thought not fitt,
They haue lay'd downe their wisedomes to my witt.

And that you might perceive (though seeming rude)
Wee savour somewhat of the Academie,
Wee had adventur'd on an enterlude,
But then of actors we did lack a manye ;
Therefore we clipt our play into a showe,
Yet bigg enough to speake more than wee knowe.

The subject of it was not farr to seeke,
Fine witts worke mickle matter out of nifles ;
Nam'de it I haue Ye Seaven Dayes of y^e Weeke,
Which though perchaunce graue heads may judge a trifle,
Yet if their action answear but my penninge,]
You shall heare that, that will deserve a hemminge.

To tell the argument, were to forstale
 And soure y^e licquour of our sweate conceate;
 Here are good fellowes that will tell you all,
 When wee begin once, you shall quickly ha' te;
 Which if your grace will grace with your attention,
 You shall soone sounde the depth of our invention."

He then introduces his actors, one by one, the whole play irresistibly recalling the 'Pyramus and Thisbe' which Bottom and his companions try to represent in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

The following is Monday's introductory speech—

"I Munday am, not he surnam'd the blacke,
 But any ordinarye one besyde;
 Who though I carry Sunday on my backe,
 Think not that I am to his girdle tyed,
 For though his cost as myne I had as leefe use,
 Yet Munday cannot live with Sundayes refuse.

Hither I come, directed by my paper,
 To tell my name, and that's already ended:
 Then to sitt downe (which is as little labour);
 I would that each man here were so befrended:
 This oft my part is, but a little crumme
 You shall heare more, when as more actors come.

[*Sedet cum lucerna, &c.*]

Friday apologizes for himself thus—

"I would not haue you load my backe with mocks
 Though I come lade with river and sea fishes,
 Perchaunce you had rather haue each eele an oxe,
 And so would I, but 'twill not come with wishes:
 I am leane Friday, brought up in a Colledge,
 That never made good meale vnto my knowledge."

And the Clerk adds an Epilogue in the following fashion:—

"Great Prince and mighty monarch of this place,
 The very capp of curtesy and kindnesse,
 Thinkye not we come to prayse you to your face,
 For we would say as much were you behinde us.
 If we haue moov'd offence, I say, that If,
 Let not your princely choller stand too stiff.

* * * * *

But if the lanthorne of yo^r Lordshipp's love
 Should light us home through y^e mist of reprehension,
 From y^e distaffe of o^r duety we will proove
 To draw a threed of a more fine invention :
 And when your brayne feels any payne,
 With cares of state & troubles,
 We'el come in kindnesse to put your highnesse
 Out of y^r mumble fubbles."

On Monday, the 11th of January, the Term should have begun, but the cold had been so extreme and the frost so continuous, that the President of St. John's decided that the College vacation should last for another week. The actors too had a comedy in preparation which they were anxious to produce, and the Hall was still encumbered with the stage and scaffoldings. Some of the senior members of the College thought it would be wiser to play nothing more, partly because of their utter failure in 'Time's Complaint,' partly because of the general misery caused by the severity of the weather. It gives us some idea of an old-fashioned winter to read the comment of Mr. Griffin Higgs on this subject. "The season," he says, "was so severe and tempestuous with wind and snow which had continued some days without ceasing, and the complaint was so grievous for want of wood and meat, which by this time were grown very scant and dear, that

the President and seniors urged that it was time rather to lament and weep than make sports in. Whereupon a straight inhibition was sent out from the officers, that no man should think of playing that night or any time after till the weather should break up and be more temperate. For they thought it no way fit publicly to revel at a time of such general woe and calamity." Doubtless great disappointment, was caused by this decision; but, fortunately for the actors, the weather shortly afterwards changed, a thaw set in, and on January the 15th 'Philomathes' was presented with considerable success. The Term appears to have commenced on Monday, January the 18th, after a performance on the Sunday night previous of 'The Seven Days of the Week,' at the President's lodging, in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor and many august doctors.

In the first week of Term the Prince and his fellow-actors, who had had such a chequered career at St. John's College, were themselves invited by the Canons of Christ Church to witness a rival entertainment, called 'Yule Tide.' The opportunity seems to have been taken to indulge in some witty pleasantries against the august Prince Tucker. 'Yule Tide' was a medley of Christmas sports of all kinds, in the course of which such dignitaries as Christmas Princes were much laughed at. The histrionic mind is not very patient of criticism, and so much irritation was produced that the Dean of Christ Church himself, who was then Vice-Chancellor, sent for Prince Tucker, and did his best to satisfy him that nothing

ill-natured was really meant. The revels, however, at St. John's College were by no means terminated. The Prince, who was to have laid down his dignity on Candlemas night, was not yet ready to submit to this degradation, and instead of a form of abdication, a *Vigilate* was produced at which every member of the College was required to be present. Some were contumacious enough to go to bed : on these vengeance was taken in the following summary fashion. The marshals were sent to knock at the chambers of those who were absent : if no answer was returned, they had full authority to break open the door, to seize the delinquents in their night-shirts, and to carry them down in state to the Hall. The procession was most august and formal. The marshals walked first, with lights in their hands ; two squires followed, one bearing the gown and the other the hat of their captive ; then came two other squires carrying his doublet and breeches. Next followed the prisoner himself, carried in a chair and covered with a blanket, and the procession was ended by a last squire carrying his shoes and stockings. Whether the severity of these regulations caused discontent or no, certain it is that the night did not end without at least one dangerous brawl. Towards the end of supper two gentlemen at the second table fell out, from words they came to blows, and one of them stabbed the other in the arm with his knife. The offender was promptly seized, and we are told " was put into my lord's stocks, where he lay most part of that night with shame and blame enough."

The Prince's resignation, which had been for some time

expected, was not realized until February 9th, Shrove Tuesday, when the great stage was again set up in the Hall and the scaffolds were erected for the performance of the final scene. As the reign of the Prince had been introduced by a play dedicated to Fortune, so also was its close commemorated by an exhibition entitled '*Ara seu Tumulus Fortunæ*,' to designate the final term of Fortune's dynasty. All the officers who surrounded the monarch were represented in the play, together with certain general critics, such as Momus, Cynicus, and Philosophus. At the close of the performance, which appears to have gone off most successfully despite an overwhelming crowd of spectators, the Prince, who was now but a prince in name, was conducted to his own private chamber in a solemn funeral procession. First came attendants bearing lights and torches, followed by scholars who bore on their shoulders a tomb, adorned with scutcheons and devices appertaining to the Prince's dignity. The next figure in the procession was the Prince himself alone in his scholar's gown and hood as the chief mourner, after whom walked the rest of his Council, likewise attired in gowns and in deep mourning, to accompany their quondam lord to his last resting-place. But like many other mundane things, however difficult it might have been in starting, this Christmas celebration had still greater difficulty in finishing, and one more entertainment was imperatively demanded by the scholars of St. John's College, who had by this time become accustomed to every kind of dramatic license. An English

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tragedy, notwithstanding the fact that *Lent* had commenced, was produced on February 13th, entitled '*Periander, the Tyrant of Corinth*.' Mr. Tucker himself played the part of *Periander*, as a final exhibition of his own versatility, and received a distinguished compliment from one of the audience. A certain gentlewoman, we are told, sent him the following lines at the conclusion of the tragedy—

"If that my hand or heart him life could give,
By hand and heart should *Periander* live."

Periander himself, although his own life was so much desired, came very near to depriving one of his fellow-actors of existence; for in pretending to kill his daughter *Eugenia*, he by accident drove his dagger through her clothes, but fortunately avoided any vital part. Such was the final scene in which the *Christmas Prince* took a share, after which he seems to have subsided into his former position of equality with his fellow-graduates.

That England was a merry England before the Puritan came and swept all such joys away, that even so solemn a place as Oxford felt the contagion of the general Yuletide sports—these facts are tolerably familiar to most historians; but the most surprising feature, in such a narration as that which Mr. Griffin Higgs has left for us, is the marvellous fecundity of the College wits. No less than eight Plays were written and produced in the course of some twelve weeks, all of them of native growth and hastily composed to suit the occasion. At no other time

than in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James could such a happy vein of dramatic activity have been possible or explicable. At that period all England was dramatic, and the academic intelligence felt the charm no less than the civic rabble of the towns. While Marlowe and Shakespeare strove to satisfy the greedy appetite of London, Canons of Christ Church and Proctors of the University had to make the best shift they could to appease similar aspirations within the University. But the gentleman who has left this curious picture of a past age has no such feelings of pride at the wealth of imagination and invention which he is describing. He is more concerned to leave a touching moral behind him, as a solemn warning to all those who should attempt the like in future years. "We intended," he says in his concluding pages, "in these exercises the practice and audacity of our youth, the credit and good name of our College, the love and favour of the University; but instead of all these (so easy a thing it is to be deceived in a good meaning) we met with peevishness at home, perverseness abroad, contradictions everywhere; some never thought themselves entreated enough to their own good and credit; others thought themselves able to do nothing if they could not thwart and hinder something; most stood by and gave aim, willing to see much and do nothing, nay perchance they were ready to procure most trouble, which would be sure to yield least help. And yet we may not so much grudge at faults at home as we may justly complain of hard measures abroad: for instead of the love and favour

of the University, we found ourselves (we will say justly) taxed for any the least error (though ingenious spirits would have pardoned many things, where all things were intended for their own pleasure), but most unjustly censured, and envied for that which was done (we dare say) indifferently well: so that, in a word, we paid dear for trouble, and in a manner hired and sent for men to do us wrong.

“Let others hereafter take heed how they attempt the like, unless they find better means at home, and better minds abroad. And yet we cannot complain of all; some meant well and said well, and those took goodwill for good payment, good endeavours for good performance, and such (in this kind) shall deserve a private favour, when others shall be denied a common benefit.

“*‘Seria vix recte agnoscit, qui ludicra nescit.’*”

SOCRATES, BUDDHA, AND CHRIST.

WITHIN certain limits, all the grand ethical and religious reforms of history have much the same characteristics. If this sounds like a paradox, it is only to those who are accustomed to believe in history as a continuous rectilinear progress. Unless the course of events runs in cycles, as was the belief of the Greeks, nothing seems truer than the assertion that different epochs have different problems in ascending scales of complexity, or else win successive victories over a constantly diminishing sum of difficulties. But whatever progress is, it certainly is not so much rectilinear as spiral, because humanity advances only by a series of reactions against an ever-pressing environment. If life be defined as the successive adaptation of internal states in correspondence with external changes, each spiritual reform, though with different phases, will present the same species of efforts to break through the narrowing bonds of the material,—under whatever name it may be known, whether as fate or nature, theology or science. The moral effort will be made, the advancing forces will be thrown back for a century, only to return in newer armour and under a different standard to the beleaguered town of Mansoul.

The history of all religions is much the same, and so is the history of practical ethics. Religion, which, like philosophy, begins in wonder and awe, always tends to become stereotyped in set formularies; that is to say, it gradually transforms that which excited its worship as the unknown, until by means of dogmas it becomes the known, the explored, the familiar. Ethics, which has its origin in the most ordinary experiences of life and conduct, gradually swells in volume till it becomes identified with all the rules of a transcendental religion. Then some one that does not believe in this apotheosis of ethics leads a revolt against the religious ritual with which it has become identified; he cares more to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly, than for all the gorgeous ceremonial of worship and sacrifice. By bringing back ethics to its simplest elements, he also desires to restore religion to its primitive attitude of wonder and awe; he desires to take the shoes from off his feet in religious veneration, while he mixes with his fellow-beings in the every-day garb of sympathy and affection. When religions are reformed, it is usually in pursuance of an ethical idea of the simplest and most catholic character.

For general outlines, this statement will hold true of each of the three great ethical reformers, Buddha, Socrates, and Christ, though more obviously of the first and last than of the Greek moralist. The religious problem was more present to the mind of Buddha and Christ than it was to Socrates, who had to combat the forces of sophistry, scepticism, and dogmatic materialism, as well as

the anthropomorphic conceptions of Hellenic religion. But Buddha had a purely ethical mission, besides his antagonism to Brahmanical theology; and Christ combined with his attack on Pharisaism and Hebraic ritual the advocacy of socialistic ideas and democratic championship. Absolutely different as were the local circumstances in the midst of which the three reformers appeared, it is curious to note how many parallel points there were in their lives. Gotama, the Buddha, lived about five hundred years before the Christian era; Socrates, a century later. There is all the difference in the world between Gotama's yellow-clad mendicant monks and Socrates' band of philosophical adherents, while the early Christian disciples possessed characteristics alien to both philosophers and monks. And yet they treat their founder's life and character in precisely similar fashion. While the actual Socrates is depicted in Xenophon's 'Memorabilia,' the ideal Socrates gains his apotheosis in Plato's Dialogues. Historical criticism enables us to distinguish between the Christ of the Synoptic Gospels and the central figure of the Johannine Gospel; and in similar fashion the glorified and wonderful Buddha of the 'Lalita Vistâra,' the standard Sanskrit work of the northern Buddhists, finds his real and more humble counterpart in the Gotama of the Pali Pitakas.

Socrates has his early mission conveyed to him in the answer of the oracle; Gotama learns to know his task while under the Bo-tree; Christ passes his initiatory ordeal in the desert. Christ is tempted of the devil after

a long fast; Buddha sustains a protracted conflict with Mâra, the Prince of Darkness, before the final victory is gained. Gotama promulgates his doctrine in opposition to the official ritualism of the Brahmans; Christ is the free-thinking reformer, as compared with the dead formalism of the Scribes and Pharisees; Socrates has as his foes sophists, demagogues, and those who accused him of "introducing new divinities." All these reformers refuse to incorporate in their systems any physical or metaphysical theories; all alike start with common topics of everyday life, with parables from nature and apologues of unvarnished simplicity. Socrates finds that Critias, his own pupil, consents to his death; Christ is betrayed by his own disciple; Gotama's Judas Iscariot is called Devadatta. The favourite Phædo, with whose hair Socrates is playing, reminds one of John, who leaned on Jesus' breast; and Buddha, too, had his beloved disciple in Ananda. There are points in the death-story of Gotama that remind the reader now of Socrates, now of Christ. He dismisses his disciple at Vesâlî, much as Christ sends away his disciples and faces the agony at Gethsemane alone. Not one of the female disciples is near the Master when he is dying, just as Socrates says, "O Crito, let some one lead this woman home," when Xanthippe appears in his prison. "Hearken, ye monks, I say unto you," exclaims Buddha, "all earthly things are transitory." "Strive on without ceasing, watch and pray," says Christ to the chosen three, "lest ye enter into temptation." "Not so, Ananda," says Buddha, "weep not, sorrow not." And Socrates, too,

when he has drunk the cup and hears his friends weeping, upbraids them: "What is this strange outcry? Be quiet, and have patience."

It is needless, perhaps, to add the extraordinary resemblance between the subsequent histories of Buddhism and Christianity as religious systems; a fact, of course, to which the Socratic system, not being primarily a religion, can afford no parallel. In later times, Buddha, like Christ, is born of a pure virgin, and becomes a universal monarch. In the course of fifteen hundred years, Roman Catholicism and Tibetan Lamaism, the lineal descendants of Christ and Buddha, have become sacerdotal and sacramental systems; each with its bells and rosaries and images and holy water; each with its services in dead languages, with choirs and processions and creeds and incense, in which the laity are spectators only. Each has its idols and relics and symbols, its reverence for the Virgin and Child, its shrines and pilgrimages, its monasteries and cathedrals. In the services of each, the priest reverently swallows a material thing, and believes himself to have swallowed a part of the Divine Nature. Each is ruled over by a pope with a triple tiara, the earthly representative of an eternal spirit in the heavens.*

But we are not concerned here with the subsequent developments, so much as with the main characteristics of the spiritual and ethical reform at the time when it was first inaugurated. Whatever else they may be or may

* Rhys David's 'Hibbert Lectures,' p. 193.

not be, all reforms possess one common feature: they are all animated by a pure zeal for humanity as such, divested of all those integuments, metaphysical, theological, or scientific, with which man is forever seeking to cover his assumed nakedness. When man first reasoned himself into the belief that he was naked, then was the beginning of woe, the fall from the primal Eden. For then began the slowly wrought edifices of doctrine, that taught man that he needed adventitious aids to work out his own salvation. He was an atom in a resistlessly whirling stream of fates, a plaything in the hands of jealous and omnipotent gods, a single defenceless unit, against which were ranged the forces of nature and an unseen, omnipresent, supra-mundane realm. Before his imagination were ever looming forces and agencies, unknown, terrific, soul-subduing, with whom he must make his peace by whatever means, on pain of some dim, fantastic, immeasurable punishment. And so come on him the locust army of philosophers and priests and metaphysicians, to eat up every green shoot of natural feeling and simple, unreasoned activity. When the ethical reformer appears, his first effort is to recall man to what he is in and by himself as a single spiritual unit; his second is then to attempt to adjust his relations with those around him; his third, to wage truceless war with the official teachers of the time. He cannot help the polemical attitude, for drastic measures are required; and if he does not attack the established authorities, they force on the battle, because they see that their privileges

are being threatened. But the opposition attitude is only the necessary consequence, and not the essential element, of the reform. The first step is to enable man to see for himself, and so knowledge, however understood, is the indispensable pre-requisite. Then come the simple maxims of charity and benevolence, the simple duties that are the earliest tasks of a man who knows himself, and knows what he has to do. To give sight to the blind, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of prisons to those that are bound,—these are the first words of every new gospel. The special circumstances of the case naturally determine the character of the knowledge to be imparted. When Gotama began his mission he was preaching to born pessimists. The one certain fact in the world was its endless misery. Thereon men had built refinements of torture, in the belief that accompanied the early Animism of the Aryan race, that the soul passed from body to body in a course of transmigration. It was not apparently a necessary part of the early creed, which taught that man had a soul; at all events, it seems likely that the Aryans learned the doctrine of metempsychosis after their incursion into the Indian peninsula, though we cannot point to the time when they were not Animists. But the vista of future sufferings that was thus opened before their eyes was a burden too heavy to be borne. It is bad enough for the modern pessimist, who limits suffering to the world we know; but the ancient pessimist was in a worse case, when to the present life was added

another and yet another worldly existence, in which the dreary drama of torture was to be enacted anew. Further ingenuities were due to the priests with their complicated ritual of sacrifices and bodily mortifications. From this net-work of pains and penalties, it was Gotama's desire to deliver much-enduring man. All suffering, he said, arises from ignorance: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free."

Gotama's measures to secure this freedom were drastic enough. No mortifications in the first place, no such belief in soul as the Brahmanical creed involved, and lastly only such limited credence in transmigration as would allow for the lasting effects of conduct and character. (Karma.) The story which details Gotama's antagonism to self-mortification is picturesquely placed at the very opening of his career. In the wood of Urvelâ he is said to have lived in the severest discipline, tongue pressed against palate, holding his breath, and denying himself nourishment. But no illumination came. His body is attenuated by self-inflicted pain, but he finds himself no nearer his goal. So he sees that self-mortification cannot lead to enlightenment, and he takes nourishment again freely, to regain his former strength. Now there were five ascetics living in the neighbourhood, who were astonished at his persistence in the faith of asceticism; but when they saw that he had deserted the good cause, they with one consent abandoned him as a castaway. To these, after the victorious sojourn under the Tree of Knowledge, comes Gotama, and preaches

to them the sermon at Benares, which corresponds to Christ's Sermon on the Mount. The sequel is told in the 'Mahâvagga,' I., 6—10 ff. :—

"The Exalted One came to Benares, to the deer-park Isipatara, where the five ascetics dwelt. Then the five ascetics saw the Exalted One approaching from a distance. When they saw him, they said to one another: 'Friends, yonder comes the ascetic Gotama, who lives in self-indulgence, who has given up his quest, and returned to self-indulgence. We shall show him no respect, not rise up before him, not take his alms-bowl and his cloak from him; but we shall give him a seat, and he can sit down if he likes.' But the nearer and nearer the Exalted One came to the five ascetics, the less could the five ascetics abide by their resolution. They went up to the Exalted One. One took from him his alms-bowl and cloak; another brought him a seat; a third gave him water to wash his feet, and a footstool. Then the five ascetics said to the Exalted One: 'If thou hast not been able, friend Gotama, by those mortifications of the body, to attain superhuman perfection, the full supremacy of the knowledge and contemplation of sacred things, how wilt thou now, when thou livest in self-indulgence, attain such perfection?' Then the Exalted One spake to the five ascetics, saying: 'There are two extremes, O monks, from which he who leads a religious life must abstain. One is a life of pleasure, devoted to desire and enjoyment: that is base, ignoble, unspiritual, unworthy, unreal. The other is a life of mortification: it is gloomy, unworthy, unreal. The perfect one, O monks, is removed from both these extremes, and has discovered the way that lies between them, the middle way, which enlightens the eyes, enlightens the mind, which leads to rest, to knowledge, to enlightenment, to Nirvâna.'" (Oldenberg's 'Buddha,' ff. 125—127.)

There is much in this story that runs parallel with the Gospel narratives of Christ. There is the disdain of the ascetic for the mere human being. "The Son of Man cometh eating and drinking; and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans

and sinners." There is the contrast with the ascetic John, who came neither eating nor drinking; and there is the justification that wisdom has for her children, "Be ye not of a sad countenance, as the hypocrites." But there is also the further parallel with Socrates: on the one side, Antisthenes with the Cynics; on the other, the Cyrenaic Aristippus with the doctrine of pleasure; and half-way between the extremes is Socrates, neither ascetic nor voluptuary, with his counsels of *σωφροσύνη* (sobriety) and *μετριότης* (moderation), and his life-long exemplification of the Hellenic text *μηδὲν ἄγαν* (nothing in excess). In this, as in other matters, the ethical reformer is the true humanist.

The two other doctrines of Buddha that have been mentioned may be taken together, as they both seem to have been formulated in direct antagonism to Brahman metaphysics. The older philosophy recognized Âtman in the same way that German transcendentalism envisages the self, or Ego, or the consciousness. It was the Âtman, for instance, that made the world, much as the understanding makes the world, according to Kant, or the world arises in consciousness, according even to so empirical a thinker as Mr. Lewes. With this Âtman there was an ultimate fusion of the Brahma, or Word, just as the Neo-Platonic Logos both was with God and was God, and the coalition of the two amounted to the one identical, absolute self-consciousness, as it would be phrased by Hegelianism. From all this verbose and mystical metaphysic Buddha turned away. To him there

was no Ego in the sense of an underlying unity of consciousness, no self or soul in the theological meaning of the word. Buddha takes up a position on this question that resembles that of Hume in facing the spiritualistic hypothesis of Berkeley. Experience, indeed, testifies to states of consciousness that come and go in quick succession; but where shall we find in experience any testimony to the underlying subject? A seeing, a hearing, a conceiving, above all a suffering, take place; but where is the existence that may be regarded as the seer, the hearer, the sufferer? Everything is changing, is in flux, in movement; *πάντα ῥεῖ* is a truth for Buddha, as well as for his Ephesian contemporary, Heracleitus.

The object of this disbelief in the identity of the self is very probably theological; there can be no doubt that, once granted the existence of the soul as a separate entity, there is a large room for theological dogma with regard to its being, its origin, and its destiny. Provision at once has to be made for securing its sanctity by sacrificial offerings and all the ritual of purification; it is held to be contaminated by the body, which is thenceforward regarded as the prison-house of a diviner being. Its fate in a future world affords endless exercise for ingenious combinations of torture and ecstasy, such as have pleased the theological mind in all ages. But the immediate effect of Buddha's negative doctrine is to throw doubt upon the possibility of that transmigration of souls which was so cherished a doctrine among the Brahmans. For if there be no identical Ego, or personality, how can

it be conceived to change from body to body? And if transmigration be denied, is not the morality that is fed by belief in a future life largely impaired?

The device of Buddha was to retain the lasting effects of action and character, while he dispensed with the ordinary theory of metempsychosis. This is the doctrine of Karma, or moral retribution, which is in some respects not unlike the modern doctrine of heredity. "Whatever a man reaps, that also he has sown," may be taken as the text of Buddha's teaching on this point; for actions never lose their proper effects, and if there be suffering now, it must be because, either in the present life or in a past generation, there has been sin. Nature, as we should say, never forgives; sin always entails punishment, not by any theological law, but simply by a natural law. The effects of an action go on in ever-widening circles, a long series of results dates, by the mandate of necessity, from some primal source of good or evil act. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that Buddha seems to have intended to impress upon his hearers. "Do not talk about your soul," he would seem to have said, "its history and its dangers; do not relieve yourself of all responsibility for single acts by believing in a self whose purity can be restored by sacrifice and oblation. And do not picture your soul's destiny in future ages. These are problems that do not come within the sphere of practical ethics. Realize this, however, that no single act you do is devoid of consequences that are incurable. If you are unhappy, it is the fault of certain acts in the

past. Do not prolong the dreary chain of suffering by fresh sin; learn to get rid of passion and desire; care not so much for the world's pleasures; know that no peace can be gained except by him who feels that life can offer him nothing to tempt his longing, or feed his active ambition. Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

The difference between such teaching and that of Christ is measured rather by the new religious ideas that Christ set before men, than by any large divergence in the strictly ethical view. It is true that very different motives for unworldliness are presented by the later teacher. In Christianity the stress is laid upon the necessity of a present duty to be perfect, in preparation for a better world, where there are many mansions; while in the early Buddhism there is the simultaneous recognition that the world is unreal, and that yet there is no other but only Nirvâna. In either case, however, if we confine ourselves strictly to the ethical aspects, the difference is one of degree rather than of kind. The tenets of both are more or less ascetic; the necessity for rest is equally enforced by both; while the restlessness of ambition and of desire are stigmatized in similar terms. Christ told his disciples not to allow themselves to take thought, just as he rebuked Martha for being troubled about many things, and as Paul told his converts to be careful for nothing. And no moralist has painted the workings of lust and passion, vanity and ostentation, more powerfully than is done in the 'Sermon on the Mount.' The futility of external rites, when desires are as yet

unextinguished, is exactly in the spirit of Buddha's diatribe against sacrifice and self-mortification.* In the case both of the Indian and the Christian reformer, the contention is clean against the ethics of theology, the practical outcome being to affirm the sanctity of daily acts, the ineffaceable character of sin, the necessity of pure motives and unselfish desires, rather than the entire annihilation of the present in the view of a stupendous future. Here, too, Socrates has essentially the same lesson. Life, he said, consists not in the abundance of things a man possesses; it is not a continuous grubbing and grasping, an eternal attempt to outdo your neighbour. It is man's duty to get an internal harmony of some kind, a just equipoise of his faculties, so that desire may learn to be controlled by reason. And the same figure is used. Buddha compares the only moral life to a musical instrument, whose strings must not be either too tense or too loose; and similarly the Platonic Socrates, in the first book of the 'Republic,' compares the just and virtuous man to a musician who will not try to screw his pegs up higher than a rival, but only aim at the just mean.

The problems of life and thought that Socrates had to face were as different as were the characters respectively of Greek and Indian; and yet the one common note of

* In the matter of purity, both make much the same point. "He who looks upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her in his heart," says Christ. "The monk that lowers himself to touch a woman's hand with corrupt thoughts, the order inflicts on him degradation," says Buddha.

all ethical reforms, that which we have called their essential humanism, is even clearer in his case than in those of Buddha and Christ. Whatever be the sins and sorrows of humanity, deliverance is only reached by the human being rising to the full height of his humanity, extending his view to every member of the common family, and carefully eliminating the excessive importance of the supernatural factor and the nameless terror of the unseen and unknown. Just as Christ, in a striking text, told his disciples not to say, Lo here or Lo there, for the kingdom of God was within them, so Socrates turned from the recognized agencies of the supernatural sacrifice and augury and superstitious rites to that inwardness of judgment which is the very essence of the modern view of conscience. "Like a chain of blind men," said Buddha, "is the discourse of the Brahmans; he that is in front sees nothing, he that is in the middle sees nothing, he that is behind sees nothing. What then? Is not the faith of the Brahmans vain?" This anticipates by five hundred years Christ's rebuke of the Scribes, as "blind leaders of the blind." In similar fashion, Plato represented Socrates as discrediting, with bitter irony, the mythology of his country with its crying heroes and lying warriors and adulterous gods. But Socrates is not so much concerned with theology as he is with the scientific and practical thought of the day. The early philosophy of Greece had resulted in the creation of an impersonal nature, which was everywhere dwarfing humanity by the dull iron weight of material necessity and physical law.

Especially had the Atomist philosophy of Leucippus and Democritus produced a conception of the Kosmos that reduced everything—life, death, the soul, and the material form—to combinations and dissolutions of primordial atoms. Where, in the ceaseless whirl of warring molecules, could room be found for human thought and will and duty? What, indeed, in this view of things, was morality but convention, as opposed to the drear reality of nature? Right and wrong, good and evil, what were they but the temporary enactment, for base utilitarian purposes, of those politics which, in ultimate analysis, were themselves nothing but the chance and temporary coagulation of masses of adhering atoms? And in close company with materialism came its twin sister, scepticism, expressing itself in the ingenious analysis of the sophists to show that all morality was relative to the individual, and that whatever seemed to a man to be true was true for him. And after scepticism its handmaid, that debasing cynicism which holds that there is nothing new and nothing true, and it does not much matter; and then—last scene in this eventful history—the inevitable pessimist, Hegesias, ὁ πεισιθάνατος, with his old-world plaint that life is not worth living.

It is instructive for a modern age, beset by much the same phantoms, to observe the Socratic procedure. Buddha had declared war with windy Brahmanical metaphysics. Christ would have no discussion with the Scribes on a future state, and referred men back to mundane duties. Socrates professed his entire rejection of conjectural

physics. He had read the doctrines of natural philosophers, but he would have nothing to do with them. Even Anaxagoras, who had made the world depend on intelligence, is rejected by Socrates as soon as he brings in material agencies. For him the pressing problem is man, and ethics the only study. "He would ever converse," Xenophon tells us in the 'Memorabilia,' "about human affairs, asking what was pious and what impious, what honourable and what base, what just and what unjust, what was self-control and what madness, what was courage and what cowardice, what was a city and what a politician, who was the born leader of men and what the proper way of governing them. When men knew these things, he called them free-born and honourable; and when they knew them not, he thought them rightly styled slaves." For the sophists, with their sceptical disintegration of opinions, and their cynical reference of morals to individual relativity of judgment, he had another method of argument. "Which is most characteristic of humanity," he asked, "its endless diversity of opinions, or those stable judgments that are founded on careful comparison of instances and methodical inferences? How shall we define the human being, by his views and notions and fancies, or by his reason and thought?" If opinion leads to difference among men, let thought show in all men its essential identity. In all opinions, let us find the common ground, the underlying unity, the scientific definition; and so shall we base ethics on sure foundations and make logic the instrument to universal truth.

Here, as elsewhere, the reformer is the mediator between men, the healer of discords, the advocate of unity. He will include in the range of discussion nothing but what has reference to human interests, but he will extend those interests till they include the whole of humanity. If Christ represents the spiritual side of this enthusiasm for humanity, by preaching the brotherhood of men in view of a common relation to a Divine Father, Socrates represents the intellectual side, by laying stress on the unity of all men in the common ideas of thought and the universal laws of intelligence. The difference between them is not so much a difference of method as the necessity for meeting different problems. Socrates had to cure an intellectual disease, while Christ had to remove the burden of theological intolerance.

Even in logical method, a tolerable parallel might be made out between Socrates and Buddha. Gotama, too, seems to have proceeded by the same maieutic method of dialectics that is usually associated with the name of the Athenian philosopher; and with him, as with Socrates, the interlocutor is generally reduced to simple Yes and No, overcome by the triumphant course of his questioner's argument. The metaphor of the lute has been referred to before, but the story is so Socratic that it may be transcribed in full. Buddha has a conversation with a young man named Sona ('Mahāvagga,' V., 1-15 seq.), who, after trying ascetic observances to the full, and becoming aware of their fruitlessness, is minded to fall back on a life of enjoyment. The story proceeds thus—

“How is it, Sona, were you able to play the lute before you left home?’ ‘Yes, sire.’ ‘What do you think, then, Sona, if the strings of your lute are too tightly strung; will the lute give out the proper tone and be fit to play?’ ‘It will not, sire.’ ‘And what do you think, Sona, if the strings of your lute be strung too slack; will the lute then give out the proper tone and be fit to play?’ ‘It will not, sire.’ ‘But how, Sona, if the strings of your lute be not strung too tight or too slack; if they have the proper degree of tension; will the lute then give out the proper sound and be fit to play?’ ‘Yes, sire.’ ‘In the same way, Sona, energy too much strained tends to excessive zeal, and energy too much relaxed tends to apathy. Therefore, Sona, cultivate in yourself the mean of energy, and press on to the mean in your mental powers, and place this before you as your aim.’”

The moral of the story is clearly the same as that conveyed by the well-known incident of the aged apostle found playing with a tame partridge. In fact, the method of proving spiritual truth by means of analogies drawn from daily life was common to Buddha, Socrates, and Christ. “I will show you a parable,” says Buddha. “By a parable many a wise man perceives the meaning of what is being said.” And his parables are often drawn from the same sources as those with which we are familiar in the Gospels. There is a parable of the sower, wherein the teacher declares that the seed he sows is faith, and good works are the rain that fertilizes it. There is a parable of a mustard-seed, though with a different application from Christ’s. There is a parable of the tares, which in Buddhist terminology is the *tirana*-grass, so noxious a weed in a rice-field. And there is a parable of the flood that comes down suddenly and carries away the careless sleeper. Buddha’s preaching of deliverance is

compared to the work of a physician; and an elaborate parable compares the tempter who tries to lure men to false paths, and the deliverer who leads them back to the way of salvation. The following sentences, too, have a curiously familiar sound—

“What men call treasure, when laid up in a deep pit, profits nothing, and may easily be lost; but the real treasure is that laid up by man or woman through charity and piety, temperance and self-control. The treasure thus hid is secure, and passes not away; though he leave the fleeting riches of the world, this man takes with him a treasure that no wrong of others and no thief can steal.’ ‘For never in this world does hatred cease by hatred; hatred ceases by love; this is always its nature.’ ‘Let us live happily, then, not hating those that hate us; let us live free from hatred among men that hate.’ ‘Let a man overcome anger from kindness, evil by good.’ ‘Anger, drunkenness, obstinacy, bigotry, deception, envy, self-praise, disparaging others, highmindedness, evil communications,—these constitute uncleanness; not, verily, the eating of flesh.’ ‘Neither abstinence from fish or flesh, nor going naked, nor shaving the head, nor matted hair, nor dirt, nor a rough garment, nor sacrifices to Agni (fire) will cleanse a man not free from delusions.’ ‘To abhor and cease from sin, abstinence from strong drink, not to be weary in well-doing,—these are the greatest blessing. Reverence and lowliness, contentment and gratitude, the hearing of the law at due seasons,—this is the greatest blessing. To be long-suffering and meek, to associate with the peaceful, religious talk at due seasons,—this is the greatest blessing.’”

After Buddha had gone, Sariputta (who is the St. Paul, as Ananda is the St. John, and Moggallâna the St. Peter of Buddhism) becomes the Prime Minister, and his body-guard are clad in metaphorical armour, such as St. Paul himself described in his Roman prison. The saints are to take earnest meditation as their breastplate, continual mindfulness as their shield, patience as a staff, the

Dhamma or true doctrine as a sword, and the insight of apostleship as a gem to adorn their helmet. For it was a battle they had to fight, a victory they had to win, under a leader who had himself gone on in front to show the way.

If the death of Buddha seems wanting in dignity, as compared with the tragic deaths of Socrates and Christ, it is yet not devoid of a certain simple pathos, which almost approaches nobility. Buddha, having looked his last at Vesâlî, journeys on to Kusinârâ, and on the way contracts the sickness that was to terminate his life. Ananda, the beloved disciple, is with him to attend his last hours, and to his ears are communicated the final speeches of the Master :—

“Whoever, Ananda, male disciple or female follower, lay-brother or lay-sister, lives in the truth in matters both great and small, these bring to the Perfect One the highest honour, glory, praise, and credit. Therefore, Ananda, must ye practise thinking, ‘Let us live in the truth in matters great and small.’ But Ananda went into the house and wept, saying, ‘I am not yet free from infirmities, I have not yet reached the goal, and my master, who takes pity on me, will soon enter into Nirvâna.’ Then Buddha sent one of the disciples to him, saying, ‘Go, O disciple, and say to Ananda in my name, The Master wishes to speak with thee, friend.’ Thereupon Ananda went in to the Master, bowed himself before him, and sat down beside him. But Buddha said to him, ‘Not so, Ananda, weep not, sorrow not. Have I not ere this said to thee, that from all that man loves and from all that man enjoys, from that must man part, give it up, tear himself from it? How can it be, Ananda, that that which is born, grows, is made, which is subject to decay, should not pass away? That cannot be. But thou, Ananda, hast long honoured the Perfect One, in love and kindness, with cheerfulness, loyally and unwearyingly, in thought, word, and deed. Thou hast done well, Ananda; only strive on, soon wilt thou be free from impurities.’ Buddha, shortly before his departure, said to Ananda: ‘It may be, Ananda, that ye

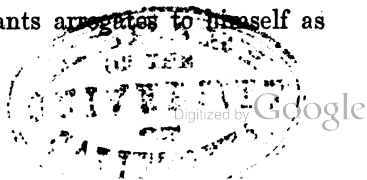
shall say, the world has lost its master. We have no master more. Ye must not think thus, Ananda. The law, Ananda, and the ordinance, which I have taught and preached unto you, these are your master, when I am gone hence.' And to his disciples he said: 'Hearken, O disciples, I charge ye; everything that cometh into being passeth away. Strive without ceasing.' These were his last words." ('Mahâparinibbâna Sutta,' from which Dr. Olbenberg quotes, p. 202.)

So died Buddha, at the age of eighty years, about four hundred and eighty years before the Christian era; and toward sunrise the nobles of Kusinârâ burned his body before the city gates, with all the honours that are shown to the relics of universal monarchs.

If all this lacks the solemn interest of Socrates discoursing on the immortality of the soul in his Athenian prison, as it certainly falls far short of the tragic grandeur of Christ dying on the cross, it yet illustrates the calmness with which humanity, to those who can understand its nature and limits, can face its own instant dissolution. The appropriate parallel to these last words of Buddha are the words of Socrates to his Athenian judges in Plato's 'Apology,' or Christ's discourse to his disciples at the conclusion of the Last Supper. To Buddha, expecting the passionless tranquillity of Nirvâna; to Socrates, wavering between the alternative that death is the seeing of the happy heroes of the olden time, or else a long sleep and the best of sleeps; to Christ, looking back to a completed life's duty with confidence that "it is finished,"—there could be no sting in death, no victory for the grave. For humanity creates its own terrors, and it is in the power of humanity to banish them or to rise above them.

DR. MARTINEAU'S THEOLOGY.

IN the history of a long antagonism the names which characterize the opposing systems tend to lose their definiteness and become merged in vague and misleading connotations. "There has been an old-standing quarrel," said Plato, "between poetry and philosophy;" but he meant by poetry the art only of playful imitation, while philosophy covered for him all that was intellectual and moral both in the world and in man. The *παλαιά τις διαφορά* between science and religion has suffered similar mutations in the meanings assigned to the words. To the modern agnostic thinker the word 'science' stands for all that is rational and true, while religion becomes the storehouse of dreams. To the theologian, on the other hand, while religion is that which corresponds to the need of his soul for some abiding unity, the word 'science' signifies whatever is phenomenal and transitory and meaningless. Some such confusion in terminology is inevitable when men approach a subject from opposite ends; for each of the disputants arrogates to himself as



much of the disputed territory as he can grasp, and leaves to his rival the smallest margin of uncultivated remainder. But perhaps the religious thinker is more blamable in this respect than the scientific. For science, in modern times at all events, has always had one method and one animating spirit: what she knows, she knows always in the same way, and 'the scientific' is that which is ascertainable on certain regular modes of procedure. But religion has had a more fluctuating meaning, and been applied to very diverse methods and presuppositions. What does religion mean? Does it mean a dogmatic creed, a theology? Ought the word to be applied strictly to that which is called supernatural religion? And if so, what is the position of that which, more often in the last century than in the present, used to be called natural religion? Is there such a thing as natural religion? Shall we call it an intellectual creed or an emotional habit of mind; or, rather, shall we describe it as the union of the two—emotion tempered by thought and reason touched with enthusiasm? If religion admits of such varying interpretations, there is reason and excuse for the confident rapacity of the scientist.

It is one of the conspicuous merits of Dr. Martineau's work, 'A Study of Religion,' that he is justly impatient of this want of precision in the leading terms of his subject. He rarely allows himself any tinge of bitterness, but even his unruffled temper is stirred by what he calls "the limp tendencies of our age." One of these flaccid habits is to allow the word 'religion' to stand for any

culture, whether literary or artistic, and to suppose that God is identical with nature. It follows from such a position that we can vapour about 'ideals,' and deem ourselves religious; that we can divorce emotion from belief, and feel affection for some fiction of our imagination; that we can therefore dispense with any object for our religion, and nurse ourselves with 'sickly talk' of admiration, though there be nothing to be admired; finally, that we can get rid of the word 'atheist' (for no one, if God be nature, can disbelieve his existence), or, if we retain the opprobrious epithet, make it the synonym for feebleness and cynicism. Dr. Martineau cannot away with any of these amiable weaknesses. To him they are in truth the product of invertebrate thought. He is quite aware how they have originated. He knows that it is one of the characteristics of our age to get rid of violence in our altercations, and to see the conspicuous virtues of an enemy. He confesses that such watering down of our conceptions is due to the laudable desire to live peaceably with all men and to agree with our adversary quickly while we are in the way with him. Hence, if the scientist is offended by the word 'God,' let us by all means give up the name or call nature God; and if the term 'religion' be a stumbling-block, it is easy to suppose that it means nothing more than the worship of beauty, the devotion of the artist to his ideal. But revolutions cannot be quelled by rose-water, and it is with a revolution that we have to do here. For revolution it assuredly is when science either in the hands of Comte confines us to

the region of phenomena, or in the language of Spencer desires us to call the object of our reverence and awe by the meaningless name of 'the unknowable.' Hence, at the outset of his work, Dr. Martineau lays down in precise and significant terms what he means by religion. "By religion," he says, "I understand the belief and worship of Supreme 'Mind and Will'; belief in an ever-living God, that is, of a Divine Mind and Will, ruling the universe, and holding moral relations with mankind." * To the innermost seat of this belief in the constitution of the human mind he desires to lead his reader, and thence to draw out all the conceptions which have their birth in so fruitful a germ. This task he essays not wholly without misgiving, for he knows that it is not in sympathy with the prevailing tendencies of the time. He is aware that modern thought brings all its batteries to bear against that which is the essence of his view, the belief in a personal God. But the masterly execution of his task in the two volumes to which we have alluded proves with what rare steadfastness of aim and consistency of thought the problem has been attacked and conquered. Nor does it give less pleasure to his reader to find that he is led through paths adorned with the flowers of a poetical and graceful fancy, and that a style of grave and sustained eloquence carries on its strong wings the burden of a severely metaphysical system.

If reason, as many philosophers have told us, demands

* 'Study of Religion,' vol. i. introd. pp. 1 and 16.

the totality of things, the necessity of framing some general conception of this universe—its origin, its meaning, and its end—becomes more pressing in proportion as the mass of embarrassing detail becomes greater. As science every day adds fresh conquered provinces to the empire of our knowledge, we desire the more ardently to know the nature of the central authority and the character of the government which it sways. The cry is perpetual for some creed, some body of dogmas which contain the essential principles of our cosmos. We are weary of the detail; we wish to find the data falling into some gradations of inferiority and superiority, so that from the lowest rungs of the ladder we may climb to the highest. The unity of science, which was the earliest aim of the scientific explorer, is an ideal which is slow to leave us and which bids fair, indeed, to tarry with us to the end. Is this perpetual straining after the primal and the real, which is the chief characteristic of our reason, also its chief delusion? So Kant thought; but the tendency cannot be stifled by stigmatizing it as an error, and its baulked aims in knowledge became for Kant its guiding principles in morals. Let us attempt to classify some of the answers which are returned to such problems, in order that among the theories of the scope and meaning of the universe, the key which Dr. Martineau has found to the riddle of this painful earth may have its proper place and its due appreciation.

If science is always showing us the interdependence of phenomena, it must lay especial stress on the links which

bind its groups of facts together. Thus phenomena are connected by the bond of cause and effect; they are held together by certain regularities which are called laws, among the more conspicuous being the laws of the conservation of energy and the correlation of forces; and nature, as a whole, is found to exhibit uniformity. Theories serve to connect different groups of facts with one another; hypotheses unite the present with the past and the future; the unknown is interpreted according to the analogies of the known. Thus the heterogeneous mass is welded together by the discoveries of affinities, and the resolution of the complex into the simple leads the inquirer to ask for "the fewest generalizations which being assumed, the framework of nature will remain what it is." Have we here an answer to our quest? But what is the nature of the universe thus known? Had it a cause? Nay, but this is to travel beyond the region of known phenomena to some unknown thing which is not phenomenal. Has it some essential substance or reality? But this is an old-world theory, which has long ago been exploded. Had it a beginning? Will it have an end? Such creation theories and annihilation theories are unprofitable and, at all events, unprovable. Has it some final end or purpose, toward which it is working? How can we tell? Being part ourselves of the cosmic order, we cannot transport ourselves out of that order to discover whereto things are tending. It is clear, then, that the creed of science is not encumbered with the answering of so-called ultimate questions. The world is the relation of

phenomena to one another; there is no cause which is not also an effect of some other cause; and if we seek to retrace the steps of causation, the search is endless. Let us be content with what we know, and refuse to trouble ourselves with a whence and a whither and a why. Such is the answer of what is termed Positivism or Phenomenalism, the creed of Comtism and of most scientific thinkers, an answer which is no answer, for it opposes to our obstinate questionings the dead blank of nescience. It leads us nowhere, because it leads us to that agnosticism which is the clear contradiction of our reasoning faculties. To the reason, which bids us know the real, it answers that the real is the unknowable.

To rest content with a world of related phenomena is impossible for any one who, in any measure, desires to see the cosmos of things *sub specie æternitatis*. It is, of course, possible for a man to be so occupied with the working out of some special hypothesis, or so engaged with the study of some special sphere of nature's operations, that he has no time or wish to regard what Bacon called 'the fabric' of things. To him it is of no concern that the data of his inquiry, being unconnected with a general metaphysical theory, are hanging, as it were, in the air; for his intense preoccupation with his subject puts out of his mind the consciousness of any such position. Probably it is impossible to be a successful scientist without a specialism of study and interest. But specialism, whether for the politician, the practical man, or the student, means limitation as well as concentration. And sometimes even

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for such men the impulse is irresistible to "lift their eyes up to the hills whence cometh their help." Darwin, with all his instincts so finely developed in the way of observation of detail, cannot sometimes help speculating on the bearing of his hypothesis on the relations between God and the world, though his modesty always led him to acknowledge that his intellectual training was not adapted to such 'abstract' questions. Even Comte, who above all was a phenomenalist, and whose chief merit it is to have insisted on the positive spirit as the proper attitude for science, had his constructive moments, when he built his worship of humanity, though on a basis of simple agnosticism. Most thinkers, it is clear, are unable to acquiesce in an attitude of mere intellectual suspense. But what is the character of their ontology? When once the step has been taken from the "relations of phenomena to one another" to something behind and above them which is their essence or real being or cause, how is this essential reality interpreted? Ontology—the recognition of a real ground for all the things which are born and appear to pass away—may be carried out either in the interests of materialism or idealism. The 'real ground' may be an irrational force or a rational self-consciousness; or, again, it may be the Father and God of us all. It is needful to distinguish with some care between the different forms which such ontological theories may assume.

The materialistic form of the theory need not detain us long. It is above all the worship of force, for directly we

seek to understand how and why the various combinations of material atoms pass through their changing developments, we leave the conception of matter as some dead thing or passive vehicle for mechanical ingenuity, and rise to the notion of an active side of matter, a universal energy which works through every wheel and joint of the machine. To this universal energy or world force Schopenhauer gave the somewhat deceptive name of 'the will.' This will must be construed not (as is the case with our wills) as conjoined with intelligence and foresight, but as a monstrous irrational force, constantly rushing into life, and exhibiting itself in ascending forms of existence. At the last, it begets the consciousness of man, which serves to mirror its own devouring activities, but can in no wise control them; for conscious man is but the latest child of will, and is swept along the current of the natural forces which he is powerless to guide. An essential part of the conception of this world force is, that it is irrational; if it were rational it would not be materialistic, and could not, therefore, stand at the head of the material world as its author and inspirer. It follows also that intelligence is not that which explains the universe except in the limited sense that it can reveal the hideous turmoil of warring waters; it does not explain the universe in the sense that it is akin to the inspiring spirit which is the essence of the world and makes it what it is. The theory, then, is a Moloch creed; it sacrifices the best things of the spirit to a nature which, because emptied of intellect, is not God, nor even a devil, but the

blank negation of all that we ourselves are. We are, therefore, orphaned in such a universe. Feeling that we are better than the secret Power of things—for do we not think and feel?—we are yet left in the hands of that merciless Power. There is no light brooding over the tempestuous waters; the universe is not rational, though instinct with tremendous energies. But such a conception is the death-blow of philosophy, which cannot proceed except on the assumption that the world is rational. If this is the God which the scientific materialist worships, let us hasten to add that he does not consciously bow his knees to such a monstrosity. Still there the conception remains, as the final term of his speculations; it is the only logical result of such ontology as he allows himself; and if he does not proceed to the legitimate conclusion it is only because he prefers to remain a Positivist, occupies himself with phenomenal relations, and resolutely abjures the ultimate problems of thought. He does not profess the Moloch creed, but only because he is without a creed at all. He has in truth a distaste for metaphysics, and does not see that metaphysics of some kind must underlie even the speculations of science. For those who are not blind to such consequences, and who feel the necessity of a metaphysic, the alternative is clear. If they are to be ontologists, they will have an ontology of a very different stamp. The 'real ground' of all phenomena cannot be material force, but a spiritual energy. And here we are approaching the position of those thinkers who in England

are sometimes called Neo-Kantians or Hegelians, a position with which Dr. Martineau has some sympathy, but from which he very widely dissents in many essential principles.

There is a spiritual principle in man, which alone explains his intellectual and his moral activity. If we start from the conditions of knowledge (which is the starting-point of one of the most characteristic of these thinkers, the late Professor Green), we discover that all knowledge implies the existence of one permanent self, which is the focus, as it were, of all the rays, the centre towards which all the lines of knowledge run. If knowledge exists, it must be knowledge for some subject; and this subject, which is implied in all feeling and thinking, is the necessary and inevitable background of every phase and activity of consciousness. Now, knowledge means the system of relations which for us holds the whole universe of things together. Without this system of relations the world would for us fall into a heterogeneous mass of isolated and disconnected particles, and, so far as we are concerned, cease to be a knowable world at all. Thus the knowable world implies a connected system, and the connected system implies a constant and abiding self or spiritual principle. And so we pass, by steps which it would be impossible to summarize without an intricate metaphysical analysis, into the conception of a universal self or absolute spiritual principle as the real secret of things—a universal self which is akin to the self within each of us, or rather which identically animates

and inspires every individual thinking self. This universal self-consciousness we may call God, or world-soul, or spirit, but the essence of the conception is that, whatever else it may be, and however it may be called, it is spiritual and not material, it is rational, not arbitrary, because it is thought itself. However majestic this conception may be, and however arduous may be the terminology in which it is expressed,* we must not be daunted by its majesty or deterred by its technical nomenclature, but we must ask of it some of the questions which are most important for us as individuals in a world larger than ourselves. What are the issues which are of most moment for ourselves? As individuals, we desire to know what relation we bear to the Divine power which upholds the universe. We wish to know whether we as persons can speak to God as a person, whether His spirit can communicate with our spirit, and whether the relations upon which we enter in this life are continued in some future existence. Is God a person? Are we immortal? These are the problems which vex us most, for if there be no kinship between us and the Divine, or if there be an interruption of such kinship at death, then for us the world is still unrationalized, it is still a lodging in which we are strangers, and not a home in which we are recognized as sons. It is when confronted with such persistent questions that the system which we are now examining exchanges its majesty for a somewhat shadowy mysticism.

* Cf. for instance, Green's 'Prolegomena to Ethics,' Bk. I.

Are we immortal? Yes and no. The essential part of us is thought, for the 'spiritual principle' within us, which gives to all our actions and our conceptions their meaning as well as their meeting-place, is defined as a self-consciousness which, if not a thinking consciousness, is nothing. Now if it be thought which for us makes a world of phenomena, on which thought is exercised, and which, in turn, wake its activity, thought is apparently the very condition of reality and life. As such it is plainly deathless, for it is the very spirit of life. But just as Plato, in the proofs of immortality which he details in the 'Phædo,' glides from the immortality of individual souls into the immortality of soul in general, so, too, the modern Hegelian cheats our personal desire for another life by laying stress on the deathless character of thought or spirit in general. We live and move and act because we are incarnated thought. Yes, but when the incarnation is over, will thought resume its universal existence, as though freed from the temporary bounds of a personal embodiment? And is this the immortality we crave, this shadowy existence in which personality ceases, and where there are no links of memory to connect the universal eternity with the individual life? If to this the reply be given that the case stands as it does with the previous ante-natal existence, of which, indeed, we are not conscious, but which is also involved in the eternal existence of spirit, such an argument can be easily rebutted. We are not dealing with what a metaphysical system may or

may not necessitate, we are only demanding an answer to a plain question. Am I, an individual self, whose essence, let it be granted, is a spiritual principle, to look forward to a life after death *as an individual*, or am I not? For if the future life be no more wedded by links of recollection to the present than the present is to a possible past, in which also the spiritual principle may have had its being, then for me, as an individual, there is no immortality. For there can be no memory to connect the new phase with the old, no golden thread run through the diverse experience to preserve the sense of personal identity.

So, too, with the other question, What is the relation in which man stands to God? or, if the proper terminology must be adhered to, What is the relation between the individual self-consciousness and the universal self-consciousness? The first is clearly a person. What is the second? Is a God, so interpreted, a person also? To this, too, the answer is equally embarrassed. For from one point of view the personality of God must clearly disappear. God is the universal, the infinite self-consciousness, and the universal and the infinite cannot be individual. But so conveniently elastic are these metaphysical conceptions, that from another point of view a kind of shadowy personality seems to emerge. The Universal Spirit is one with our spirit; he it is who inspires our spirit with such spiritual life as it possesses: so that so far as the spiritual principle within us is personal, to that extent God, too, is an apotheosed

personality. But this is not the solution we want. We do not desire to know whether the God *in us* be personal, but whether the God *without us*, the eternal omnipresent God, is personal. Can our spirits have communion with His; or are our spirits evaporated, as it were, into His? Here is the crucial question on which so many philosophies have suffered shipwreck. It is easy enough to have a philosophy of the individual, for have we not the line of English philosophers from Hobbes to John Stuart Mill? It is no difficult task to have a philosophy of the universal since Spinoza reared his stately fabric of pantheism. But a philosophy of the universal *plus* the individual, that is the hard matter. Our individualities are real enough, at all events; their personality is pressing and insistent. But a metaphysical system which shall reconcile the personality of man with the universal God, which shall interpret a cosmos in which the spiritual principle includes, and yet does not cancel individual spirits, this is the goal which the English Hegelian has, indeed, set before himself, but which he can be hardly said to have attained. And short of this consummation, the tendency in him is obviously in the direction of a pantheism. The God which he hypostatizes is a universal Weltgeist in which personality is absorbed. The Hegelian has taken the universal form of thought and converted it into a substantial reality; but such an object, even if real, is not the God with whose lineaments we would fain make acquaintance. He has, indeed, preserved the spirituality of his ontological principle; but he has done

it at the expense of all that could make it a principle of religion.*

It is here that the importance of Dr. Martineau's opening definition becomes manifest. For he begins by professing his belief in "an Everliving God, that is, of a Divine Mind and Will ruling the universe and holding moral relations with mankind." He does not, indeed, prove this first principle; he assumes it as one of his postulates. All philosophy must begin with some assumptions. "A philosophy without assumptions must be a product outside the realm of thought, and inappreciable by human reason." † He finds the belief within his own mind, and he is content to take his stand on it. In such matters he assumes the position of Reid. "This is to return to what it has become customary, in the esoteric schools, to call 'the common consciousness'; in ignorance of any other, and unable to find myself in the sublimer experiences of the closet philosopher, I cannot withdraw my natural trust from a guide that has never deceived me. . . . The first condition of a sound mind is to plant a firm trust on all beliefs and feelings involved in the very exercise of the natural faculties." ‡ But though Dr. Martineau accepts the principle on trust, he proposes to explore the conception to see what it involves and what it entails. The result is seen in the volumes of religious philosophy now before us.

* See some excellent remarks in Professor Seth's 'Hegelianism and Personality,' especially in the epilogue.

† 'Study of Religion,' vol. i. p. 135. ‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 80.

Philosophical scepticism has assumed many forms and appeared in various disguises, but it never metamorphosed itself in more cunning fashion than when by its assertion that 'all knowledge is relative' it led to the conclusion that we cannot know what we ourselves are, nor what the world is, nor yet what God is. For in each of these cases the exact meaning lent itself to an easy but inconsistent transformation into an apparent meaning. The apparent meaning of the assertion is an affirmation of what is now known as agnosticism; but the exact meaning was rather that all our knowledge, whether of God or world or self, must not be taken as an indication of what these three verities are *in themselves* or in their absolute character, but only of the way in which they appear to our consciousness and are construed by our intelligence. Understood in the latter sense there is no limitation of our knowledge, but only an affirmation of the indispensable conditions of our knowledge. We cannot know an object except by distinguishing it, in some way or other, either from ourselves, the knowers, or from other objects with which it can either be compared or contrasted. This is the essential law of our intelligence: by affirming it I do not cast discredit on my intelligence, I only explain what it is. Thus it is quite clear that I can only know the world in which I live by distinguishing it from myself who live in it, just as I can only know God because I start from my own consciousness, with which I contrast His. But because all knowledge thus implies at least *two* terms, it does not follow that either of these is untrustworthy.

Apart from knowing other things, I cannot know myself. Granted; but it does not follow that *therefore* I do not know myself. Unless I start with myself, together with all my powers and feelings and aspirations, God is for me unknowable; but this condition does not necessitate the conclusion that my knowledge, such as it is, of God is unworthy of reliance. That 'I know by distinguishing' does not mean that 'I do not know at all.' And yet this is the implied doctrine contained in much of the philosophy of the so-called 'relativity of knowledge,' a condition of knowledge being turned into a condition of its annihilation. But when once I have made up my mind that I must accept the nature of my intelligence, and that I cannot 'jump off my own shadow,' I can with better heart accept the truths in which it undeniably leads me to trust. What, as a matter of experience, do I find in my intelligence? I find that, apart from all the different states and phases of my consciousness, I believe in my own personality and selfhood, as the indispensable and permanent condition without which these states and phases could not exist. Therefore I believe in my own self as a reality. I find that the growth and progress of my ideas necessitates for me the belief that there is a settled order of things outside me with which I progressively get into communion. Therefore I believe in the world as a reality. I find that all my knowledge of the outside world leads me up to the conclusion that there exists some eternal Being as its source and its upholder, just as I also learn that my moral feelings of obligation

within me lead to the conclusion that there exists some eternal Power which ordains the obligation. Therefore I believe in God. All these three items of knowledge are, if you like, relative to myself. But that is only to affirm in other words that they are parts of my knowledge. They are, in the language of the schools, *noumena*. What they are apart from my intelligence altogether, of course I can never know; but then I need not concern myself with knowing them in this absolute character.* They exist for me, and that is all I want. Ah, but, it will be said, if you can only know God as He appears to your intelligence, all your affirmations about Him will be guilty of the offence of anthropomorphism, and then what becomes of such attributes as eternity and infinity? To this, however, there is a double reply. In the first place anthropomorphism, like all other useful weapons of dialectics, is double-edged. It is possible through fear of anthropomorphism to deny to God attributes of intelligence, power, and love; but what is the alternative? The substitution of a nature which works mechanically. You have got rid, therefore, of a contriver, and you put in his place a contrivance; you have abolished a machine-maker, and you substitute a machine. Are you better off? Nay, but have you even so escaped anthropomorphism? For this view of the world as a cunningly constructed machine is also due to the working of your own intelligence, and bears the stamp of your own work-

* Cf. Martineau, 'Study of Religion,' vol. i. p. 121, where a *noumenon* is distinguished from an absolute.

manship. How am I to understand a machine except on the analogies of my own mechanical ingenuity? And in the second place, it is not necessary so to translate infinity as to abolish man's personality. On this point we cannot do better than quote Dr. Martineau's words in an important passage, which, though they perhaps do not altogether get rid of the difficulty, yet present it in a new and instructive light.

"There are two ways of taking these words [infinite and absolute] : the infinite, the absolute, the all-acting may be construed monistically, as embracing and absorbing the finite, the relative, the passive ; or dualistically, as antithetic to them and implying them as their opposing foci. It is in the latter form alone, as I have endeavoured to show, that they are given to our thought : the infinite which we cognize as the background of a finite is all *except the thing* : the absolute is the sphere of the relation we contemplate, *so far forth as exempt from it* : and the universal causality is apprehended by us only as that which is *other than our own*, and planted out in the non-ego, without displacing our personal activity. In all these cases, our thought holds on to a definite locus whence its survey is taken of all else : it sails in its little skiff and looks forth on the illimitable sea and the great circles of the sky, and finds two things alone with one another, the universe and itself : the metaphysicians who, in their impatience of distinction, insist on taking the sea on board the boat, swamp not only it but the thought it holds, and leave an infinitude, which, as it can look into no eye and whisper into no ear, they contradict in the very act of affirming."

Thus, according to Dr. Martineau, we are left with God *and* man as two ultimate factors in our thought ; and we do not sacrifice man to God, as the pantheist does, nor yet God to man, as is the procedure of the individualist. This is, it is true, to crown dualism as the proper philosophical creed, which Dr. Martineau boldly does, looking

upon himself and Dr. Laurie as the only two dualists left. According to Fichte, on the other hand, it is the business of philosophy to deduce all the elements of existence from a single principle, because to rest in an unexplained dualism is to despair of philosophy. But great as are the difficulties of dualism, yet, if the result of monism be to deprive us of that which is indubitably the most real thing for us, viz., our own real personality, there are others beside Dr. Martineau who will cheerfully take upon themselves the reproach of incurring this kind of philosophical despair. And Dr. Martineau's own dualism is not in all respects inconsistent with the belief in a single principle: for to him, too, though in a different sense from that of Spinoza, God is all in all.

It is impossible in treating of a work like the 'Study of Religion,' which is a metaphysical and ethical treatise quite as much as it is a religious one, to avoid entering upon such thorny paths as those through which in his company we have just been travelling. Only thus can we see that though he accepts the doctrines of 'the common consciousness,' he yet does not incur the charge levelled at most common-sense doctrines of 'taking things for granted,' but honestly faces the position and explains what it entails. We can now, however, pass to other characteristic parts of his work, which appeal to a wider class of readers and have a more general interest. Of these the most important are: God as Cause of the world, God as moral perfection, and the meaning of death and its bearing on the life to come. We will invert the order

of topics, and as the last subject most nearly concerns us as individuals, we will begin with immortality, and from that pass to the philosophic creed of Dr. Martineau on the nature and character of God.

If we have every right in framing a metaphysical system to start with that which has the most pressing and insistent reality for us, viz., our own personal and conscious identity as individuals, what is implied in this conception? Apparently three things: first, that this personal ego has a self-consciousness, which, under whatever name it appears—whether as mind or spirit or soul—is something distinct and separate from any or every of the material elements which appear in our frame; second, that this self possesses a free activity of will, which cannot be brought under the scientific category of determination; and third, that in virtue of its specific nature it may confidently look forward to a life beyond the grave. The second of these points—the possession of free will—is of paramount importance in morality, and we knew from Dr. Martineau's earlier work on 'Types of Ethical Theory' that it was the foundation on which the moral structure was reared. But in the volumes before us it is of equal importance in its bearing on the doctrine of God as Cause, the whole conception of causation being derived by the author from the free relation in which we stand to our actions; and an integral portion of the book is therefore given up to the criticism of necessitarian and determinist theories and the elucidation of the doctrine of free will.* We need not, however,

* Vol. ii. pp. 195—320.

pause over this subject further than to point out the brilliant and suggestive criticism * which Dr. Martineau passes upon the arguments derived by Buckle and others from statistics. The other two points are more nearly connected with the subject of the duration of the individual life, which occupies the concluding part of the treatise.

Is there such a thing as a soul; and if so, what is it? Let us listen to Dr. Martineau :—

“A personal being may remain the same (in contrast with a physical object) under a total change of all perceptible attributes: the identity consisting not in partial similitude at different times, not in a reserve of stereotyped phenomena, but in the unity of the ego or self to which all the attributes and phenomena belong—a unity undisturbed by the greatest contrasts of experience and revolutions of character. This durable *self-dom* attaches to us, not as *conscious*, but as personal (*i.e.* self-conscious) beings; as is evident from our different treatment of domestic animals and of men, in case of injuries received from them. . . . This constant centre to which we refer all our acts as their source, and all our experiences as their receptacle, is what we mean by *the soul*. The conditions of which it is successively conscious are so many phenomena; but in its continuous capacity for being conscious of them as its own, it is itself an entity, which being deserted by phenomena, is not on that account lost as a possible subject of them. Hence the self or soul stands for us as the permanent term in a relation of change; abiding as the patient background, indifferent to the rates of succession, now rapid, now tardy and interrupted, that pass across it; not therefore necessarily affected by long blanks of silence, be it in the suspense of a swoon, a sleep, or death.”†

The essence of the argument is, that because there is a permanent self, a unitary ego, which abides while all the phenomena of conscious life change and pass, therefore it will exist even where there are no phenomena to appear

* Vol. ii. pp. 264—272.

† Vol. ii. pp. 350, 351.

to it. The argument is at least as old as Plato, though, of course, in his case the form of it was determined by the details of his metaphysical system of 'ideas'; and it has been generally met by two kinds of argument. On the one hand there is the pantheist or absolutist, who declares that personality is itself only a transitory phenomenon, and that it must relapse into the infinite or absolute. On the other hand there is the materialist, who refuses to believe in a mind or spirit apart from the physiological processes of nerve action and the material structure of the brain. To the first objector may be brought forward the argument to which we have before referred, which takes its stand on the belief in God *and* man, and not in a God which absorbs man; and to this may be added the consideration that in the case of personality we are in contact, not indeed with the largest but with the highest fact in the known cosmos, and that if it be absorbed or destroyed, then death can undo the utmost which the Divine will has wrought.

The other, and more common, objection of materialism must be differently treated. It is not enough merely to fall back on the metaphysical distinction between the mental or that which thinks, and the material or that which is thought, though indeed they may be made to do much and manifold service. But it is necessary to scrutinize very closely the material processes which physiology offers as the equivalent of thought, and to see how far they explain what has to be explained; and especially to watch the use made of the scientific law of correlation

and transformation of energy, which is here employed to demonstrate the impossibility of there being a mental sphere *as well as* a physical. To do this within our present limits is obviously impossible, and the reader need only be referred to the chapter in Dr. Martineau on "the physiological aspect of death," or, as he treats this important question somewhat shortly, further reference may be made, among other books, to the learned treatise on mental physiology which Mr. George T. Ladd has sent us from across the Atlantic.* There, after an exhaustive inquiry, the author strongly asserts his belief that physiology does not and cannot explain even what we mean by perception and sensation; still less can it explain thought or destroy the reality of the self-conscious spirit.

Yet even so we have by no means proved the immortality of the soul. We have at most "warded off unfavourable presumptions against the future life, drawn from alleged canons of possibility." We are so far, then, left in a state of suspense. There is nothing to forbid the future, but there is nothing as yet strong enough to prove it; and, as Dr. Martineau remarks, in such cases the intellectual balance is tantamount to practical negation. What, then, converts the attitude of suspense from its dubious balance into a decided and unmistakable tendency? For the arguments hitherto, making only for an eternity of thought or spirit, would lead to such immortality as Plato predicated of the eternal soul, in which the individual with his personal aspirations and loves would

* 'Elements of Physiological Psychology,' by George T. Ladd. 1887.

be merged in a blank and colourless infinitude. How am I to trust that not only for the principle of intelligence within me, but also for my own individual self-consciousness, there is immortality? The answer is to be found by looking at the moral aspects of the question, which thus supplement the conclusions of the physical and metaphysical. And these moral aspects must be regarded in the most comprehensive way as "relative to the character either of God as the ordainer, or of man as the self-knowing subject of death." In other words, the question viewed in this aspect moves from the consideration of man by himself to the position of man in the universe, and especially his position in relation to the Author of that universe.

A man who can look before and after, who is not limited to the present and the fleeting, but can view things, as Spinoza said, "*sub specie æternitatis*," is placed in a different position from any and every animal in the created world. Shall we look at his intellectual achievements? The highest works of the human mind—an Iliad, an Agamemnon, a Divina Commedia, a Hamlet, a Faust, a Madonna di San Sisto, a Sinfonia Eroica—have nothing of the transitory or the perishable about them. On the contrary, they seem expressly designed not for the present, but for all time. Or shall we look at his moral character, and the nature of his conscience? Are the announcements of his conscience relative to a perishable and transitory scene? Is the notion of guilt and sin something which is only guilty and sinful relatively to the present

conjuncture, or is it not rather sin and guilt for all time ? On the other hand, virtue is not merely a moral excellence which is satisfied with the fulfilment of partial and transitory claims. It looks forward, as Kant allowed in his 'Critique of the Practical Reason,' to an eternity of moral achievement ; it would be balked of its sovereign rights if it could not claim an endless roll of years through which to pursue the satisfaction of its ideals. If even so we have hardly accounted for personal immortality, we have but to transfer the question from the power of thought or the power of conscience to the power of human love, and the individual character of the future life which we crave is brought home to us as an indispensable element of the question. It is a subject on which rhetoric is facile, but which yet ought not to be given up entirely to the perorations of the orator. For as a mere matter of ordinary experience the force of human love reaches a depth and an intensity far beyond the exigencies of our present life, and, "after providing for them all, is capable of passing into a transcendent, almost an infinite, function of character." In the touching correspondence which Mr. Martineau quotes * between Schleiermacher and Henrietta von Mühlenfels, we see not only the contrast between the notions of a mere immortality of thought and a personal immortality, but also the masterful power of the human affections to overcome the barrier of death. For to the bereaved young wife the husband whom she had lost by death was not really lost ; "his image, a little paler and a

* Vol. ii. p. 357 et foll.

little graver, it may be, but suffused with a diviner light, is nearer to her than before, and guides her into higher ways. The God to whom the human affections point is a God not of the dead, but of the living. The general conclusion which is reached on such lines puts before us the following dilemma: on the one hand we find everywhere indelible marks of a morally constituted world, moving towards righteous ends. On the other, we find nowhere the fulfilment of this idea, but only here and there a partial approximation. What should be the natural attitude of our minds? Should it not be that which is appropriate in dealing with an unfinished system—the confident expectation of a justifying and perfect sequel? For we feel that “we stand in Divine relations which indefinitely transcend the limits of our earthly years.” *

In these considerations we have already passed to a second great topic of Dr. Martineau’s work—the idea of God as moral perfection. Based on the study of what our personal consciousness reveals comes the conception of an eternal Being, who is the infinite consecration, as it were, of all that is highest within us and all that that highest involves.

If we analyse our moral nature, we find as its permanent characteristic a sense of obligation or law of duty. It is this which distinguishes the sphere of ethics from that of any other science, and preserves it in its essential validity as independent of either politics or biology, physics or the so-called science of sociology. It is on the ground of this

* Vol. ii. pp. 393, 394.

law of duty that we are able to traverse the indictments alike of Hobbes and Hume, Mill and Spencer. But if we analyse the notion of duty, it involves, according to the system which Dr. Martineau expounded in his earlier book, a dualistic relation between obliged and obliger, that which is due and that to whom it is due. Thus, if conscience gives us the law of duty, it also implicitly contains the acceptance of a source of obligation, a Divine Being who gives us the law—in other words, God. For conscience is declared to be “the inner sense of differences along the scale of our impulses without regard to the quality or quantity of each;” and if we ask for the origin of this scale which conscience reflects, we find that it is not due to conscience itself or the reason, as some intuitionists have declared, but it originates with God Himself. The position of Dr. Martineau is not, indeed, wholly free from ambiguities. For if we ask whether ethics is independent of, or dependent on, religious belief, or, to use the older form of words, whether good is made good by God’s will, or is good by an inherent necessity of nature, the answer is apparently, Both. We find, for instance, Dr. Martineau declaring, “I do not regard moral rules as depending upon religious belief,” and, “I do regard the consciousness of duty as an originating condition of religion” (i. 16); and in such sentences he takes up the position of moralists like Cudworth and Clarke. But a little later on the tone is altered. “Righteousness is instituted by God’s will,” we are told (i. 28), and, “what we choose is from God’s possibilities” (i. 17), in which

case the position comes nearer to that of a moralist like Paley. There can be no doubt, however, that the latter is, in reality, Dr. Martineau's view. For ethics are declared to be incomplete unless they end in religion, and the point of contact between the two is declared to be analogous to that between the bondage of the Law and the freedom of the Gospel (i. 27). Moreover, the notion of conscience, as explained in 'Types of Ethical Theory,' is clearly that of a more or less passive register of a divinely ordained standard. Accepting, then, this subjection of conscience to God, what is the testimony which this inner sense or register bears to the nature and character of God? What attributes can be justly ascribed to Him on the strength of our moral nature? God, relatively to us, is "identical with our highest, the supreme term in the hierarchy of spiritual natures; blending in Himself the superlatives of all that we reverence as great and good; the eternal life of moral perfection." And from this conception flow at least three predicates, as attributable to God. In the first place, we cannot but ascribe to Him *benevolence towards sentient beings*; in the second, we must recognize in the Infinite Disposer *justice towards moral beings*, i. e. a treatment of them according to character; in the third place, to God must be attributed *amity towards like minds*, however vast the moral dimensions of their distance.* Such appear to be the revelations of our conscience. But now comes the great moral difficulty of the universe. If God be all that our own

* Vol. ii. pp. 43—49.

moral nature authoritatively declares Him to be, how can He allow pain, which so emphatically contradicts His benevolence, and moral evil, which seems at once to overthrow the conception of the cosmos as a kingdom of God? If, as plain matter of fact, He *does* allow them, can our reason explain the *why*?

These are old-world difficulties, which even the Stoics had to face, and which they answered according to the best of their lights. But perhaps the problem is even harder for one who, like Dr. Martineau, commences from the side of the individual and gives to the individual consciousness indefeasible rights. If the religious creed be, like that of the Stoics, the assertion of a universal and impersonal system of reason as the central fact of the universe, then pain and evil, because finite and partial in their nature, may be declared to be unreal from the point of view of the whole. But if the individual is not to be construed as himself partial and therefore unreal (and only in a pantheistic and universalistic system can he be so construed), then the pain and evil which appertain to the individual cannot be thus summarily dismissed as wanting in reality. They have to be faced as real facts, which can only be properly estimated as blots, and not merely as shadows, on an otherwise fair and sunny world. The fatal dilemma, then, presents itself: either evil is a semblance, or else God is not omnipotent. It is impossible to escape the dilemma, and the choice has to be made between the two alternatives. Dr. Martineau cannot choose the first, because his metaphysical system is con-

structed on the belief that the deliverances of the individual consciousness are trustworthy. And the second seriously interferes with the ascription of the whole created cosmos to the power of God as sole creator. As a matter of fact, he *does* choose the latter, though he gives it a somewhat novel turn. For if the scheme of Divine government is to give free play to a number of independent personalities, such as we understand men to be, and if God has pledged Himself to one course of action rather than another, and one evolution of the universe out of countless possible ones, then the full logical consequences of this limitation of possible courses of action must be accepted. It must follow that some unforeseen, or, at all events, undesigned, events should occur as parts or accompaniments of a scheme which only looks at large universal ends.

“Do you ask,” says Dr. Martineau in an important passage,* “what business have ‘imperfections’ in the work of an infinite Being? Has he not power to bar them out? Yes, I reply, if he lives out of his boundless freedom, and from moment to moment acts unpledged, conducting all things by the miscellany of incalculable miracles, there is nothing to hinder his will from entering ‘where it listeth,’ and all things will be ‘possible to him.’ But if once he commits his will to any determinate method, and for the realization of his ends selects and institutes a scheme of instrumental rules, he thereby shuts the door on a thousand things that might have been before; he has defined his cosmical equation, and only those results can be worked out from it which are compatible with the values of its roots. . . . It is vain, therefore, to appeal to the almightiness of God, unless you mean to throw away the relations of any established universe and pass into his unconditioned infinitude; in the cosmos he has abnegated it; and there is a limit

* Vol. ii. pp. 85, 86.

for what you may demand from it as within its compass. The limits, it is true, which are assigned to its play are *self-imposed*; but in order to any determinate action at all, *some* limits had to be assigned; and unless you can show that to a different scheme better possibilities and a less mixed good would have attached themselves, a tone of complaint which could only be justified by such comparative criticism is out of place."

Thus, just as Leibnitz declared that God had to solve a problem in maxima and minima, so Dr. Martineau declares that the legislative volition of God narrowed the range of events previously open, it being the general characteristic of willing that it should render one set of conditions impossible when it selects the other.

For the rest we travel over the usual lines of optimistic apology. Pain is the *postulate* of our moral nature, the structure of which, in some of its essentials, would be absolutely unmeaning without it. Pain is further the *discipline* through which our moral nature gains its true elevation, for, albeit that "ease and prosperity may supply a sufficient school for the respectable *commoners* in character," the greatest and best could not be ennobled without suffering. And, lastly, the existence of sin in a moral universe is a necessary condition, without which character could not be formed; for without responsibility and free choice there could be no character, and responsibility and free choice inevitably bring in their train the possibility of sin. For what is the alternative? If both the knowledge of the right and the power over it were secured for man, we should have not moral agents but machines. "God might have certainly [made sin im-

possible], but only by substituting mechanism for free agency—by locking up, for example, his bills and money in an iron strong room during his absence, instead of leaving them to his cashier to meet and present his claims as they fall due: at the cost, therefore, of barring out the honesty and the dishonesty together.”* There is no stronger characteristic of Dr. Martineau’s style than his fondness for metaphors, and sometimes they are not only ingenious, but in the highest degree instructive. Yet here and there the metaphor apparently comes at the very pinch of the argument, and serves to cover the defect of stringent logic. We have already seen how, when the mystery of infinity co-existing with individuality is to be explained, we are referred to the image of a solitary boat on a wide sea, where those who merge the individual in the universal are likened to those who swamp the boat by taking the sea on board. So, again, the dreary gibe of the cynic, that men betake themselves to religion when they have lost all else, is met by a metaphor of a workman in a cathedral who has no time to note the grandeur of its aisles, save when its activity is suspended.† And a still more characteristic metaphor is to be found where the author is accounting for the increase of pain due to the sentiveness of our memory and our expectation. “The longest shadows of life are cast by the light of thought from low altitudes above a far horizon, and disappear for those who live always under the vertical sun of the present moment.”‡ Doubtless this metaphorical

* Vol. ii. p. 107.

† Vol. ii. p. 103.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 98.

tendency increases the general attractiveness of the work, and makes it more widely popular. But rhetoric sometimes confuses a clear thought instead of rendering it more perspicuous; and if it be blame to Plato to have had recourse to myths when his hearers demanded dialectical argument, it is not possible for Dr. Martineau to escape some reproach when he leaves the clear issue for a flight into tropes and allegories.

We have left to the last one of the most important (and, in our opinion, most successful) portions of the book—that which deals with the notion of God as cause, together with its sequel, the treatment of teleology in relation to nature. The contents of Dr. Martineau's theism, as revealed in his 'Study of Religion,' are simple enough to satisfy the least dogmatic of theologians; for besides the notion of God as *holy*, with which we have been recently concerned, we have only the notion of God as *power*, having, that is to say, in relation to the cosmos the command of all methods needful for the accomplishment of contemplated ends. It is to this second item in Dr. Martineau's creed that we now have to turn. When we speak of God as the embodiment of power, or God as supreme cause, what is precisely the conception in our minds? One thing is, at all events, clear at the outset; that we lay stress on the *dynamical* conditions of His supremacy and we are not concerned with the *statical*. It is not enough for us that God should contain within Himself an infinitude of potential energies, unless He is found actively exerting them in reference to the universe

which He has made. We expressly put aside the notion of some epicurean God who exists in the lucid interspaces of the sky, peaceful and untroubled by the storm and stress of events which are happening in the regions below Him. In ascribing to Him the notion of power, we do not merely refer to some initial act of creation, done once and done for ever, with the universe left to work out its history according to what are called secondary or mechanical causes. We believe rather in a Divine agency which is unweariedly active in the changing scene, in the midst of which our lot is cast, and which ever works to some final end of good.

But if this be our notion in calling God a power or a cause, are we using the terms in their proper scientific import? That depends on the true meaning to be assigned to the word 'cause'—a word which has had so picturesquely varied a history, and which even now enjoys a sort of monopoly of protean shapes. A cause may mean some thing or object existing in space, as when Locke ascribed to the sun that productive force which he believed to be the essential part of the conception; a productive force which led, for instance, to the melting of wax. Or cause may mean merely some prior phenomenon, as when Hume asserted that the causal relation was merely that of the sequence of impressions, one idea constantly observed to follow another idea, so that when the first appears we naturally expect the second to follow. But the later definitions of scientific knowledge are not content with the version either of Locke or Hume. A cause means, says Mill, the sum

of antecedent conditions, both positive and negative, on which the effect invariably and unconditionally follows.* Nor is Mr. G. H. Lewes content even with this sufficiently wide and vague formula. To him there is no real difference between cause and effect, except an arbitrary distinction for convenience' sake.† The real cause of any event is not a mere given sum of antecedent conditions, but in reality the whole antecedent history of the universe. Assuredly we have now a large enough conception of what cause is; but it is so large as to be confusing and useless. Still such is the logical and necessary sequel of trying to find cause amid the relations of phenomena; if cause be nothing but the relation of phenomena to one another, then our inquiry will go back for ever in an infinity of regressive steps without ever finding a first link in the enormous chain. Shall we, then, try to amend our conception of cause, and boldly give up the scientific definition? If cause be not the relation of objects to objects, or impressions to impressions, or of phenomena to phenomena, what shall we say it is? The real meaning will never be found if we confine ourselves to the world of phenomena, for the essence of the conception is dynamical; and force, as so many scientists are constantly repeating, must have nothing mysterious or dynamical about it, but merely mean the transformations of energy. If, however, the dynamical be the essential meaning of the term 'cause,' we must throw overboard

* Mill's 'Logic,' Bk. III. c. v.

† Lewes's 'Problems of Life and Mind,' vol. ii. problem v.

the scruples of the scientist. And now emerges a wholly different definition of cause. Cause is not "the relation of phenomena to one another," but "the relation of phenomena to *something which is not phenomenal but real.*" This definition is a distinct challenge to the Positivist conception of things; and so far as the scientific view of nature is grounded on the Positivist doctrine, so far must we expect its strenuous opposition. How, then, can such a definition of cause as the last we have mentioned be justified? On what is it grounded, and where are we to look for its support?

The answer is not difficult. We derive our notion of cause entirely from our own activity as personal agents. It is from our own personal experience that we first gain the idea of cause, which we then transfer as the key of the explanation to external phenomena. "Were the world a panorama and man an intellectual eye stationary before it, he would have no insight into this relation. Not till he throws himself into the field as agent can he find the problem and try to solve it. Its very rudiments spring from the activity of the ego." * But further, it is because we are aware of our activity in the exercise of our will, and because will means the conscious choice between alternatives, that we fill in the whole conception of cause. "If I know myself at all, it is in *trying* 'with all my might' to do something needed but difficult, to heave away a retarding resistance; nor does anything sooner bring home to one the poise and counterpoise

* 'Study of Religion,' vol. i. p. 178.

between self and nature than the attempt to shut a door against a furious wind. When thus withstood, and resolved to persist rather than desist, I am conscious of exercising a causal will to institute or sustain efficient movement.* Now let us collect some of the consequences which flow from this conception. In the first place, I clearly discover an antithetic relation between self and not self, and thus get hold of my primary belief in man and the world. In the second place, my own activity I explain by the notion of myself as causal will, and attribute the various phenomenal acts which follow to the central power within me which is myself or my will. In the third place, when I attempt to explain nature, I apply the conceptions which I have already learnt from myself, and look upon the phenomena of nature as themselves due to some causal will. And inasmuch as, throughout, my view of cause is "the relation of phenomena to something which is not phenomenal, but real," and this non-phenomenal cause within me is my will, so, too, I learn to speak of a non-phenomenal, real, causal will of nature, which is God.

"In thinking of causation, we are absolutely limited to the one type known to us ; and so, behind every event, whatever its seat and whatever its form, must post, near or far, the same idea, taken from our own voluntary activity. This, it is plain, is tantamount to saying, that all which happens in nature has One kind of cause, and that cause a Will like ours ; and that the universe of originated things is the product of a supreme mind. And precisely thus, by no less immediate a step, are we carried, by the causal intuition, to the first truth of religion." †

* Vol. i. p. 199.

† Vol. i. p. 230.

The question that follows is clearly, How are we to discover the signs and evidences of God's causal volition in nature? For is not this to view nature teleologically, and is not the teleological view one which has been discredited by great scientific thinkers and superseded by Darwin's theory of evolution? Doubtless it may be said that there is a low type of teleology which, so far from increasing our knowledge of nature, actually retards it, and gives us a puerile conception of things instead of a scientific one. To ask with regard to any given natural product, what is the cause or end which it subserves, is often to disparage any real account of its nature, which can only be gained by studying its origin. It was from this consideration that Bacon first started, and many thinkers of less authority have repeated the objection that final causes are like vestal virgins, which are barren. Yet, without laying stress on the discoveries which have been made by the use of the final cause, such as Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood and Cuvier's reconstruction of extinct animals, it can be confidently maintained that there is a higher teleology which is even necessitated by evolution itself. For if evolution means the development of the better and higher form from the lower and the worse, it necessitates the conception of some grand presiding plan which the long histories of the world are slowly working out. Can such a plan or purpose be called an unconscious one? Certainly the attempt has been made, and we are familiar with theories of automatism, just as philosophers have had to take stock

of Schopenhauer's irrational will and Hartmann's principle of the unconscious. But if, as has been just explained, the key to the explanation of nature—causation, in short—is to be found in our own conscious volition, it will be impossible to accept these theories. "If will supplies whatever meaning there is in the word causality, and must itself be taken to include intention, we are led by an *à priori* necessity to look upon the universe, no less than upon the person of a fellow-man, as pervaded by intellectual power, and must assume purpose to be everywhere." * Hence Dr. Martineau boldly takes up the challenge of science, and there are no more brilliant sections in his book than those in which he explains and justifies, in dealing with scientific criticisms in general and with the Darwinian hypothesis in particular, the teleologic attitude. It is not possible within our present limits to follow the details of his exposition; it will be enough to draw attention to some of the most salient features.

What are the marks of conscious volition or intention? Clearly one mark would be selection, and, so far as its activity is to be found in the world, it would be shown in a determinate system selected from indeterminate possibilities. A second mark is concentration, the independent lines of its action converging upon an end for the sake of which they exist. And a third mark is gradation—that is to say, the subordination of minor ends to major, framing the scheme into a hierarchy of good. Now is it

* Vol. i. p. 270.

possible to find these three marks in the world as we know it? Can we discover evidences of selection, of combination, of gradation in the processes of nature, so that we shall be justified in inferring the presence of design? Selection there plainly is, and we need not go further than the works of Darwin to prove our point. Further, to take only one example out of indefinite possibilities, we find the limbs of the vertebrate animals so constructed that they are adapted to the medium in which they live; and unless we adopt the absurd supposition that the medium can mould the organs committed to it into congenial shape, we have to admit that fishes have been designed to live in the sea, beasts on the land, and birds in the air, and that, though there might be endless variation in the proportions of the skeletal frame, as a matter of fact a presiding plan has selected that which is most appropriate. Is there not equal evidence of combination or concentration? Yes, for Darwin himself has pointed out what he calls "a correlation of growth" in animals. "The whole organization," he says, "is so tied together during its growth and development, that when slight variations in any one part occur and are accumulated through natural selection, other parts become modified."* And so it is that we find that the complex stomach of the ruminants is inseparable from a hoof: that modification of the teeth carries with it an alteration of the thigh and the claw: that the web-foot goes with the spoon-bill in the duck which discusses the mud and feeds on the soft

* 'Origin of Species,' c. v. p. 143.

ground, while it accompanies the sharp-pointed bill in the gull and the petrel that have to catch and hold their fish. In all these cases we recognize without difficulty "the confluence of several provisions to a single type of life." If selection and combination be granted, does not gradation also follow? Is it not exhibited on a large scale in the change from the inanimate to the animate, from the vegetable to the animal, the animal to the man, the man to society and those social forms which we call the University, the State, the Church? Surely here, at all events, our judgment cannot go wrong. For nature is full of stages and resting-places; and at each stage and resting-place we catch sight of a fresh landscape which unfolds itself before our gaze, and scenes which would be incomprehensible for us had not the stages been exactly what they were. The only possible alternative to this conception of a designed and purposeful nature is the assertion that the development was due to chance—not, indeed, chance as a wilful and irregular agency, but chance disguised under the names of *natural selection* and *evolution of the fittest*. That such a view has recommended itself to scientists can only be due to the fact of their positivistic creed; for if we can only deal with the relations of phenomena to one another, we cannot *ex hypothesi* raise our eyes from the phenomenal scene to the eternal heaven of its Creator. But if cause be meaningless unless it designates a real volitional agency, then we can dismiss this possible empire of chance as an idle dream. As well might we suppose that types

upset out of a compositor's basket "might tumble at last into the text of Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.'"

But are there not mistakes in nature? are there not useless and noxious products, and a wasteful prodigality which is even criminal? It is not without humour that Dr. Martineau replies to such objections. He takes, for instance, Lucretius's complaint about the earth's poles, or Comte's suggestion that the moon should always be at the full, and points out that such criticisms of nature indicate rather an atrabilious than a scientific temperament. Helmholtz, it is true, declares that the human eye is so badly constructed that if such a product were turned out of a mortal workshop it would be indignantly returned to the maker. But Helmholtz himself supplies the answer to his own attack. For he has ultimately to declare that the "adaptation of the eye to its function is most complete," and that "the result coincides with what the wisest wisdom may have devised beforehand." No one has given more picturesque expression to the wastefulness of nature than Lange in his 'History of Materialism.' "If," he says, "a man, in order to shoot a hare, fired off millions of gun-barrels in all random directions upon a great moor: if, in order to get into a shut room, he brought ten thousand keys at haphazard, and tried them all: if, in order to obtain a house, he built a city and abandoned the superfluous houses to wind and weather—no one, I suppose, would call such an action an example of design; and much less should we suppose that in this procedure there lay

any higher wisdom, recondite reasons, and superior skill." It is a strong impeachment, and it needs an answer. Dr. Martineau comments on such difficulties in the following passage:—

"Unless everything is to be condemned as abortive, which, in leading to an ulterior nature, at present stops short of it, though carrying in it its own minor end, there is not the slightest resemblance between the real process of the organic world and the senseless actions with which Lange compares it. Take the maximum of what he calls *failure* in nature, and what does it amount to? Simply this: that a variation of organ, occurring once, does not repeat itself, but, like a personal peculiarity—a mole-spot or a white lock of hair—disappears with the individual; while other variations, chiming in with the present conditions of life, gain more or less persistence, and some embody themselves in permanent novelties of race. When regarded not in itself alone, but as part of a general provision for starting everywhere new possibilities of advance and enabling them to try their strength, its inutility at a particular conjuncture dissolves itself away in the beneficent intention of the comprehensive law. Evolution, rightly interpreted, sustains rather than contradicts Aristotle's principle that 'Nature makes nothing in vain.' (Vol. i. p. 379.)

Here we may take leave of Dr. Martineau's 'Study of Religion.' We have been more concerned with expounding its contents than with arrogating to ourselves the right to be its critics. To criticize adequately is the privilege only of some thinker who is Dr. Martineau's peer in range of speculative thought and depth of religious feeling. But if we do not criticize, we are not therefore debarred from admiring, so noble a work, so full of scientific insight and simple faith. His scheme is not indeed free from difficulties, such as a system of dualism would naturally suggest to a philosopher, and a system of realism bring

at once to the lips of a psychologist. But whatever may be the problems which such dualism and realism may fail to answer, there can be no other feeling than gratitude to the veteran author who has so vigorously defended for us the sanctities of our creed, and restored to us the privileges of our faith. He has long been known as the philosophical champion of theism; in two closely argued volumes he has maintained the defence of ethics against empiricism and utilitarianism; but in the marriage-feast between Reason and Faith, Science and Religion, he has kept his best wine until now.



THE END.

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